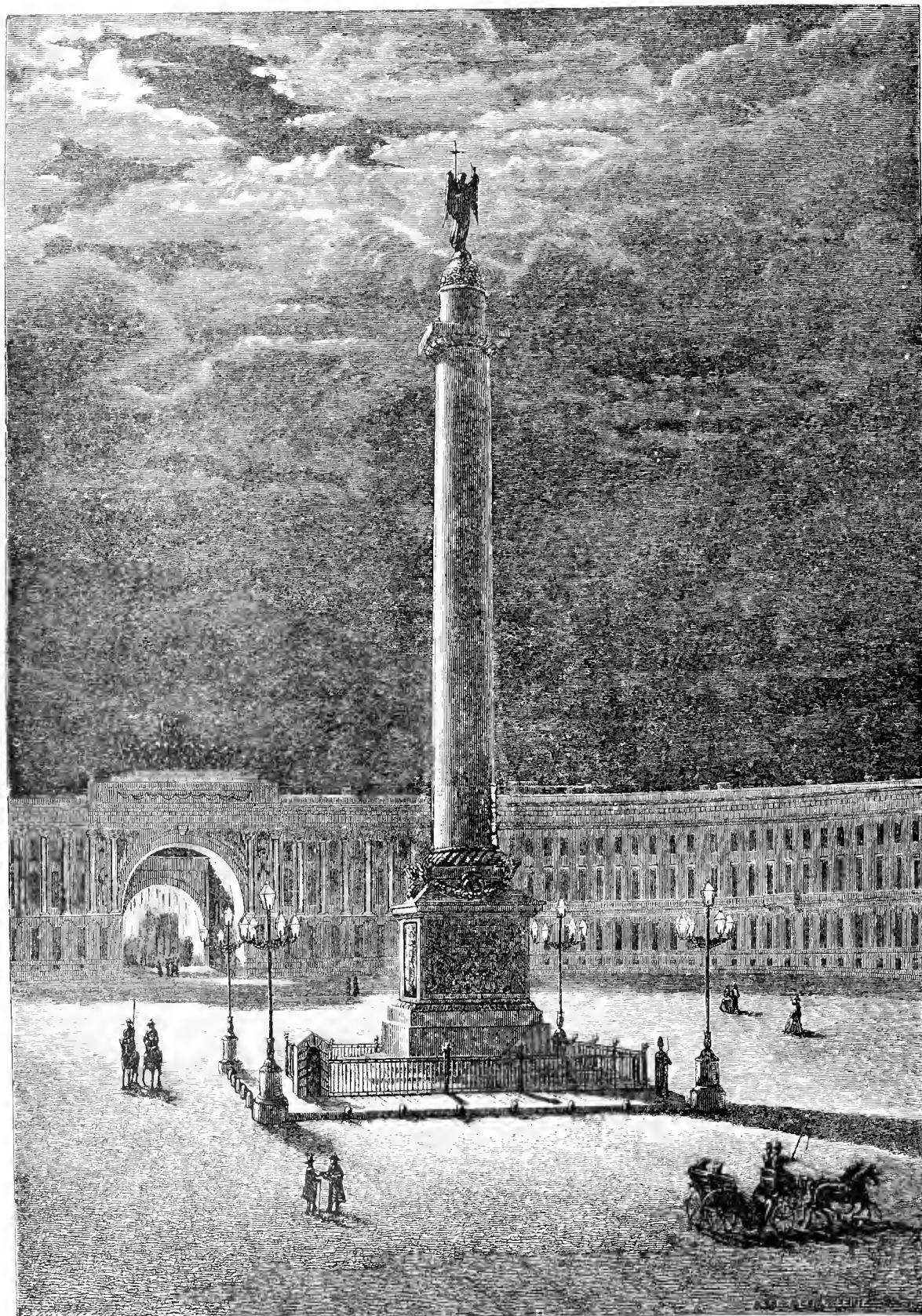


D 919

.0638



PICTURESQUE RUSSIA AND GREECE.

BY

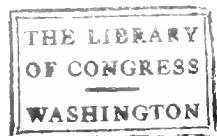
LEO DE COLANGE, LL.D.

With over One Hundred Illustrations

BY DE LA CHARLERIE, RAMBERT, ALEXANDRE DE BAR, AND OTHERS.



BOSTON:
ESTES AND LAURIADE.
1886.

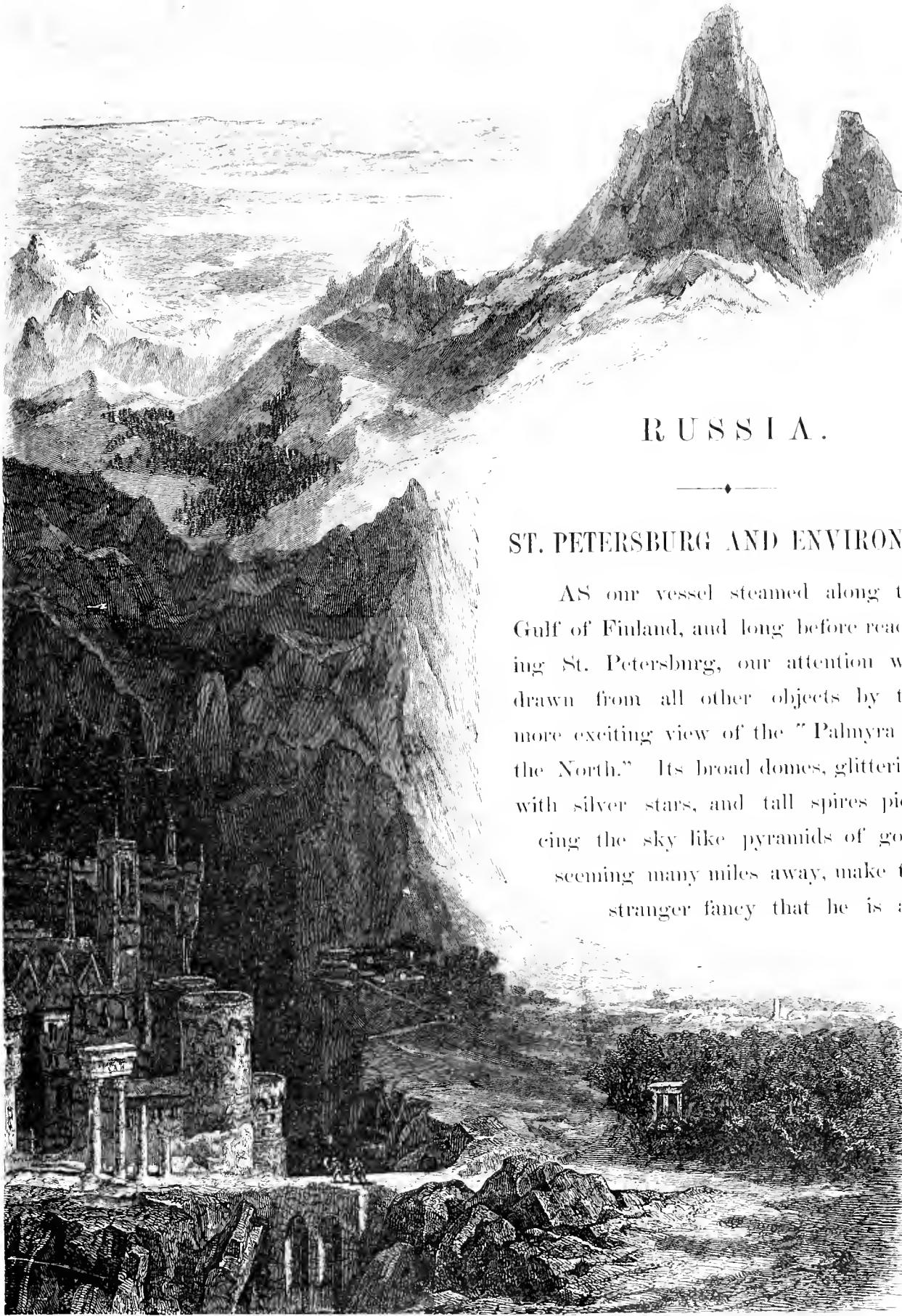


Copyright, 1885,
BY ESTES AND LAURIAT.

University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

R U S S I A,

ST. PETERSBURG, AND ENVIRONS.



R U S S I A.

ST. PETERSBURG AND ENVIRONS.

AS our vessel steamed along the Gulf of Finland, and long before reaching St. Petersburg, our attention was drawn from all other objects by the more exciting view of the "Palmyra of the North." Its broad domes, glittering with silver stars, and tall spires piercing the sky like pyramids of gold, seeming many miles away, make the stranger fancy that he is ap-

proaching an Oriental, rather than a European city. But fair as the sight in some respects is, the sea-view of St. Petersburg is, on the whole, a disappointment: it is too flat, and presents no imposing "masses" of architecture to the gulf. The domes are scattered wide away from each other, and no houses are to be seen uniting them; they are like the churches of so many separate villages, rather than the ornaments of one capital. You long wonder where the great St. Petersburg can have hid itself behind these mud islands, these wide straggling wood yards, and these red, barrack-looking structures, that lie so desolate on the flats. The metropolis of a great empire should stand boldly out on the water; but this one seems to steal away among reeds and bulrushes, sending up a few blazing sky-rockets, more like signals of distress than proofs of splendor.

Patience! patience! The shade of Peter the Great will be amply avenged when you get *in* to his capital, and see what it is. But remember, it is only when you have entered that St. Petersburg fills you with astonishment. Other places make all their show without; here it is all within. The city cannot help its position. It would look better if there were some heights in or near it; there is not one as high as a candlestick in the whole region. The islands and shores about the mouth of the Neva are perfectly level. They can do wonderful things in Russia; but they have not been able to raise mountains where Nature, for miles and miles around, placed only duck-ponds and ague-marshes.

St. Petersburg is anything but a picturesque city. Everything is there arranged orderly and conveniently; the streets are broad, the open spaces regular, the houses roomy; all is airy and light. There is no shade about the picture, no variety of tone. Everything is so convenient, so good-looking, so sensibly arranged, and so very modern, that Canaletto would have found it hard to have obtained for his canvas a single poetical tableau, such as would have presented itself to him at every corner in old French, German, or English cities, so rich in contrasts, recollection, and variegated life. The streets in St. Petersburg are so broad, the open places so vast, the arms of the river so mighty, that, large as the houses are in themselves, they are made to appear small by the gigantic plan of the whole. This effect is increased by the extreme flatness of the site on which the city stands. No building is raised above the other. Masses of architecture, worthy of mountains for their pedestals, are ranged side by side, in endless lines. Nowhere gratified, either by elevation or grouping, the eye wanders over a monotonous sea of undulating palaces.

This sameness of aspect is at no time more striking than in winter, when the streets, the river, and the houses are all covered with one white. The white walls of the buildings seem to have no hold upon the ground, and the Palmyra of the North, under her leaden sky, looks rather like the shadow than the substance of a city. There are things in Nature pleasing to look upon and gratifying to think of, and yet anything but picturesque, and one of these is St. Petersburg.

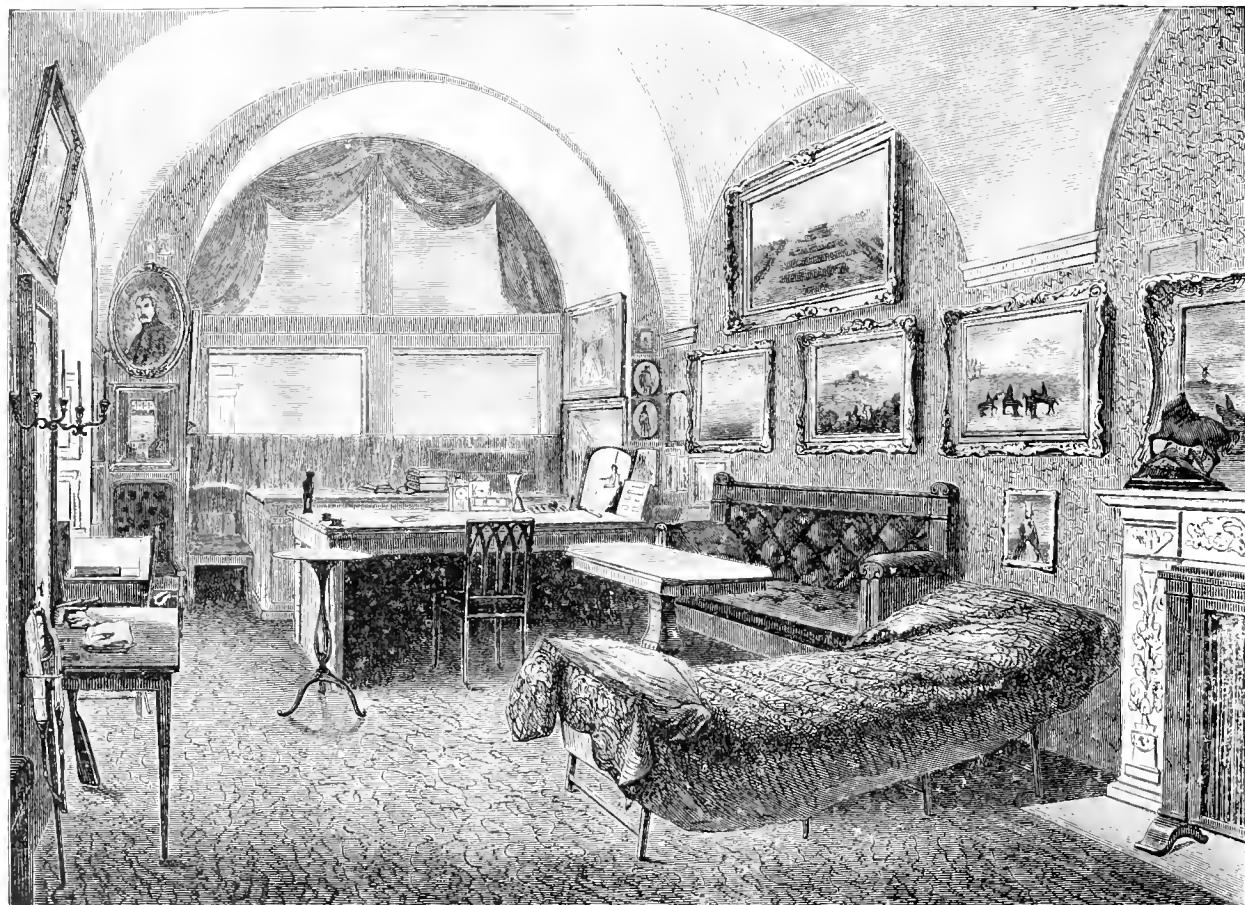


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG.

1. Okhta.	17. English Church.	30. The Observatory.
2. Sand of Gavant.	18. English Cemetery.	31. Admiralty Arch.
3. Lurid Palace.	19. English Embankment.	32. The Great Theatre.
4. Imperial Palace.	20. The Hermitage.	33. The Virgin's Convent.
5. Little Gardens.	21. The Admiralty.	34. Hotel de la Ville.
6. Champs de Mars.	22. St. Isaac's Cathedral.	35. Custom House.
7. Hotel of the Suppers.	23. St. Peter and Paul Fortress.	36. Admiralty.
8. Medollin Palace.	24. The Michael Theatre.	37. Mint.
	25. Alexander's Column.	38. Exchange.
	26. The Novskoi Prospect.	39. Custom House.
	27. St. Nicholas' Church.	40. School of Medicine.
	28. The Little Novskoi.	41. Military Hospital.
	29. The Great Theatre.	42. Petersburg Island.
	30. The English Embankment.	43. The Citadel.
	31. Admiralty.	44. Church of Peter and Paul.
	32. The Little Novskoi.	45. Nicholas Bridge.
	33. The Great Theatre.	46. Exchange.
	34. Hotel de la Ville.	47. Rastrell Column.
	35. Admiralty Column.	48. Custom House.
	36. Admiralty.	49. The University.
	37. Admiralty.	
	38. Admiralty.	
	39. Admiralty.	
	40. Admiralty.	
	41. Admiralty.	
	42. Admiralty.	
	43. Admiralty.	
	44. Admiralty.	
	45. Admiralty.	
	46. Admiralty.	
	47. Admiralty.	
	48. Admiralty.	
	49. Admiralty.	
	50. Admiralty.	

No other place, however, undergoes a more interesting change in spring, when the sky clears up, and the sun removes the pale shroud from the roofs and the waters. The houses seem to recover a firm footing on the ground, the lively green of the painted roofs, and the azure star-spangled empolas of the churches, with their gilt spires, throw off their monotonous icy covering; the eye revels again in the long untasted enjoyment of color, and the river, divested of its wintry garment, flows again in unrobed majesty, and gayly mirrors the palaces ranged along its banks.

As the city presents no elevated point, the spectator, to see it, must elevate him-



Study of the Emperor, Winter Palace.

self, and for this purpose there is no place better suited than the Tower of the Admiralty (see No. 14 on the accompanying view), from which the principal streets diverge, and near which the great arms of the river seem to meet. At the foot of the tower the inner yards of the admiralty present themselves. There the timber from the forests of Vologda and Kostroma lies piled in huge heaps, and mighty ships of war are growing into life under the busy hands of swarms of workmen. On the other side lie the splendid squares of the Admiralty, of Peter, and of the Court, along the sides of which are grouped the chief buildings of the city. The Hotel de l'Etat Major,

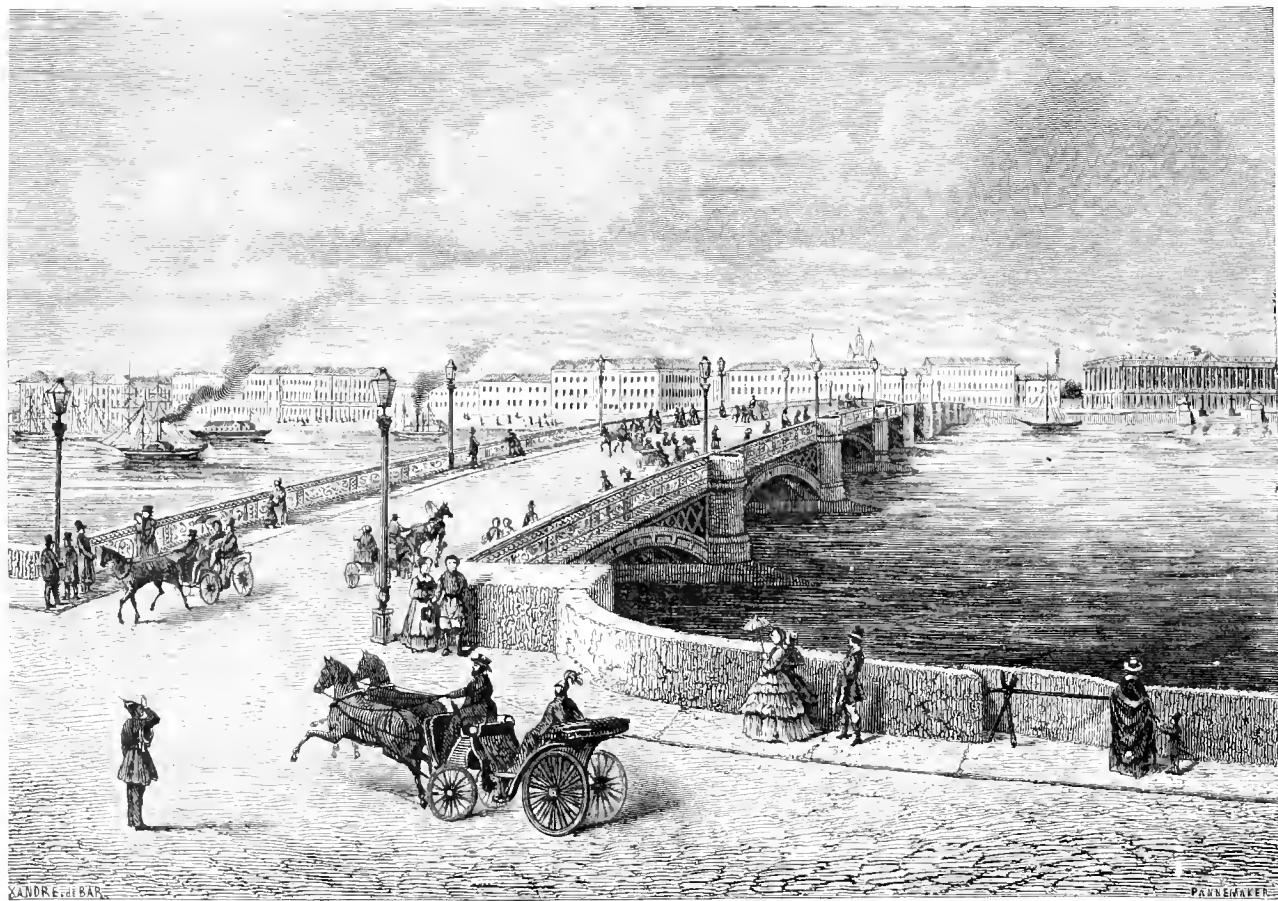
whence Russia's million of soldiers receive their orders, the Senate House, and the Palace of the Holy Synod, in which the "menin" and "tunin," the believing and rejecting, the temporal and the spiritual concerns of a hundred nations are discussed, and determined; St. Isaac's Church, with its profusion of columns, in which each stone is of colossal magnitude; the War Office, where a thousand pens ply their peaceful labors in the service of Mars; and the mighty Winter Palace, in a corner of which dwells the great man, to whom one tenth of the human race look up with hope or anxiety, and whose name is prized or dreaded, beyond any other, over one half the surface of the globe.

To the south of the Admiralty the most important part of the city unfolds itself — the Bolshaia Storona, or Great Side. Towards the west lies Vasilieffskoi Ostrof, or Basilius Island, with its beautiful Exchange, its Academy of Sciences, and its University. To the north is seen the Petersburghskaia Storona, or Petersburg Side Island, with its Citadel stretching out into the Neva, and towards the east arise the factories and barracks of the Viborg Side. These are the four principal divisions of the city, formed by the Great and Little Neva, and by the Great Nefka. The Great Side comprises by far the most important portion of the capital, with the court, the nobility, and more than half the population. Commerce appears to have selected Basilius Island for her especial residence, and the Muses have raised their temple by the side of Mercury's. The Petersburg side, a low and marshy island, remarkable chiefly for its fortress or citadel, whose enceinte drives the houses from the river side, is inhabited by the poorer classes of the population, and has already assumed much of the character of a metropolitan faubourg.

Every country has a style of architecture, or, if that word be too high, of building, peculiar to itself; and no where is the style of each more conspicuous than in its Capital. Russia also has a style of its own, but there is little of it seen in St. Petersburg. He who comes here expecting to find something national and characteristic in the general appearance of the houses, will be completely disappointed. Except for the churches, a stranger, in walking through it, might suppose himself in some new city of Italy, of France, or of Germany; for it has a little of the manners of each of these countries. Little wonder that it has not a Russian look; for, until lately, no Russian had a share in adorning it; not only the palaces, but all the streets were built by foreign, chiefly Italian, architects.

The Neva, the noblest of city rivers, serves to carry off the surplus waters of the Ladoga Lake. In this large reservoir the water has had full leisure to deposit all its impurities, and has not had time to collect any fresh ones, between the few leagues that intervene between the lake and the city. The water of the Neva, therefore, at St. Petersburg, is as clear as crystal, and reminds the traveller of the appearance of

the Rhine, when it first issues from among the icy grottos of the Alpine glaciers. About a league from its mouth the Neva divides into several arms, forming thus a little archipelago of islands, which are either included within the City of St. Petersburg, or contribute to its embellishment by their gardens and plantations. Over the large arms of the river, the communication by means of bridges is still in a most unsatisfactory condition. The two most important portions of the city, for instance, the Vassili Ostrof and the Great Side, are connected only by one bridge, the Isaac's Bridge, which merely consists of boarded carriage ways resting on pontoons. The first permanent bridge built over the Great Neva is here represented. This gigantic and splendid specimen of naval architecture, constructed of iron and stone piers, was begun by the Emperor Nicholas I., in 1843, and finished in 1858.



Nicholas Bridge.

Among the various surprises excited by St. Petersburg, the greatest of any felt by the stranger is, that it should have been built here at all. Whatever the city may have gained in strength against an enemy, by being placed in this position, it has lost in security from inundations, as well as in beauty. The object of its founder in placing it among inaccessible swamps, was to render it more safe from his active foes; but the ground is so low that the Neva at times sweeps irresistibly over a great part of the city. The inundations have often risen so high as to threaten the com-



NEVSKOI PROSPECT.

plete submersion of the finest quarters, and the sufferings and calamities by the disastrous inundations of 1824 are still unforgotten.

A stranger, accustomed to the crowds of Paris, London, or New York, is struck,



Light Cavalry of the Guards.

on his arrival at St. Petersburg, by the emptiness of the streets. He finds vast open squares, in which at times he beholds nothing but a solitary droshki, that winds its way along like a boat drifting over the open sea. He sees spacious streets bordered

by rows of mute palaces, with only here and there a human figure hovering about like a lurking freebooter among a waste of rocks. The vastness of the plan on which the city is laid out, shows that its founder speculated on a distant future. Rapidly as the population has been increasing, it is still insufficient to fill the frame allotted to it, or to give to the streets that life and movement which we look for in the capital of a great empire.



Russian Veterans.

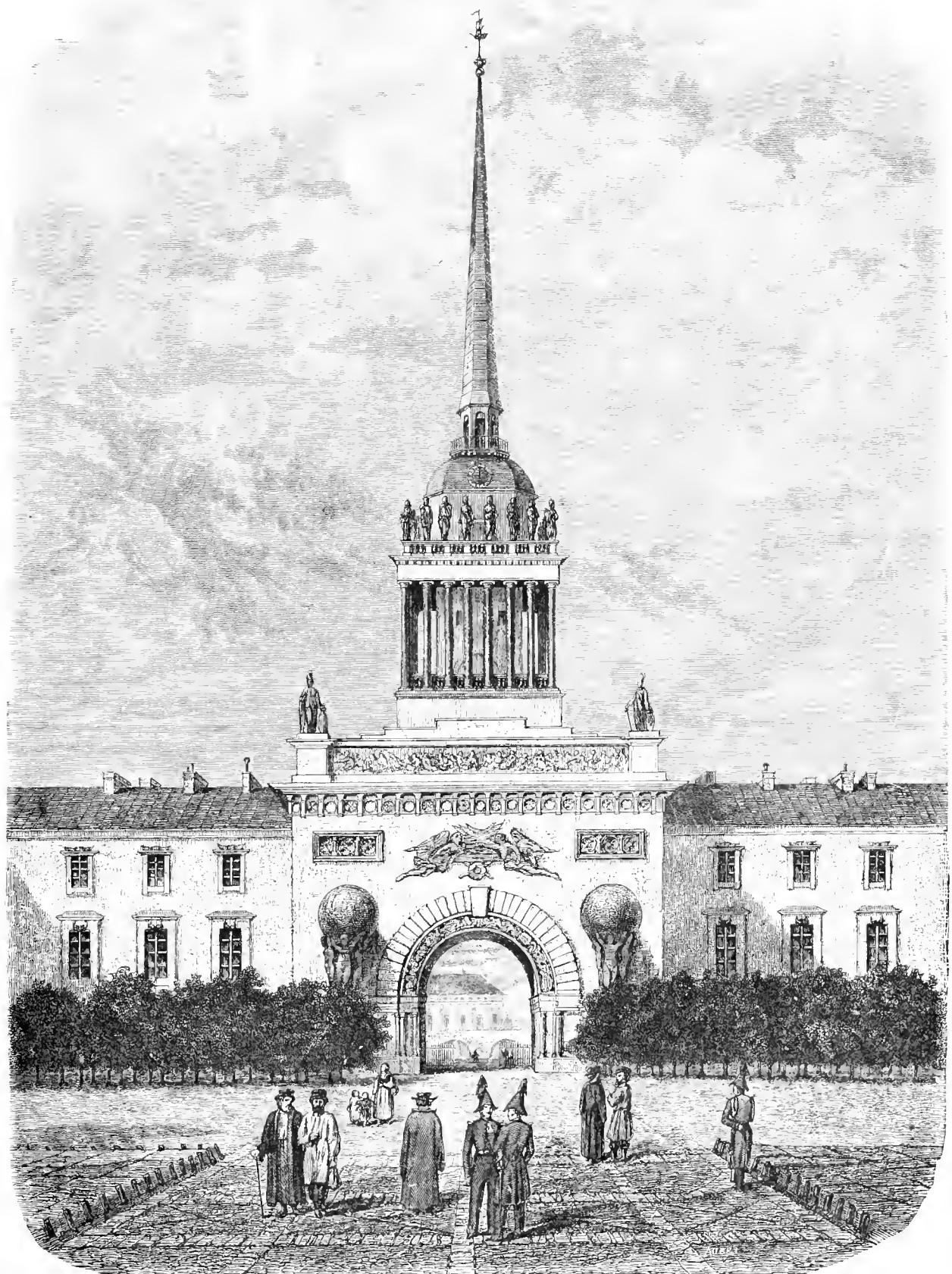
The population of St. Petersburg is the most varied and motley that mind can imagine. The garrison of the Russian capital seldom amounts to less than sixty thousand men, and constitutes, therefore, about one tenth of the population. Neither officer nor private must ever appear in public otherwise than in full uniform, and this may suffice to give some idea of the preponderance of the military over the civil costumes that one encounters in the streets. Of all the endless variety of uniform that belong to the great Russian army, a few specimens are always to be seen in the capital.

There are the Parlor Guards, the Semeonor Guards, and the Parlogradski Guards (see page 14), the Sun hussards, the chasseurs à cheval, and sharpshooters on foot; the cuirassiers, grenadiers, pioneers, engineers, horse artillery, and foot artillery; to say nothing of dragoons, lancers, and those military plebeians, the troops of the line and the veterans (see page 15). All these, in their various uniforms, marching to parade, returning to their barracks, mounting guard, and passing through the other multifarious duties of a garrison life, are in themselves enough to give life and diversity to the streets.

If, then, we turn to the more pacific part of the population, devoted to the less brilliant, but certainly more useful pursuit of commerce, we find every nation of Europe, and almost every nation of Asia, represented in the streets of St. Petersburg. French, Spaniards and Italians, Americans and English, Greeks and Scandinavians, may be seen mingling together; nor will the silken garments of the Persian and the Bokharian be wanting to the picture, nor the dangling tail of the Chinese, nor the pearly teeth of the Arabian. The "infima plebs" bears an outside as motley as the more aristocratic part of the community. The German "Bauer" may be seen lounging among the noisy bearded Russian; the slim Pole elbows the diminutive Finlander; the Esthonians, Lettes, and Jews are running up against each other, while the Mussulman studiously avoids all contact with the Jew. Yankee sailors and dwarfish Kamtschadales, Caucasians, Moors, and Mongolians, all sects, races, and colors, contribute to make up the populace of the Russian capital.

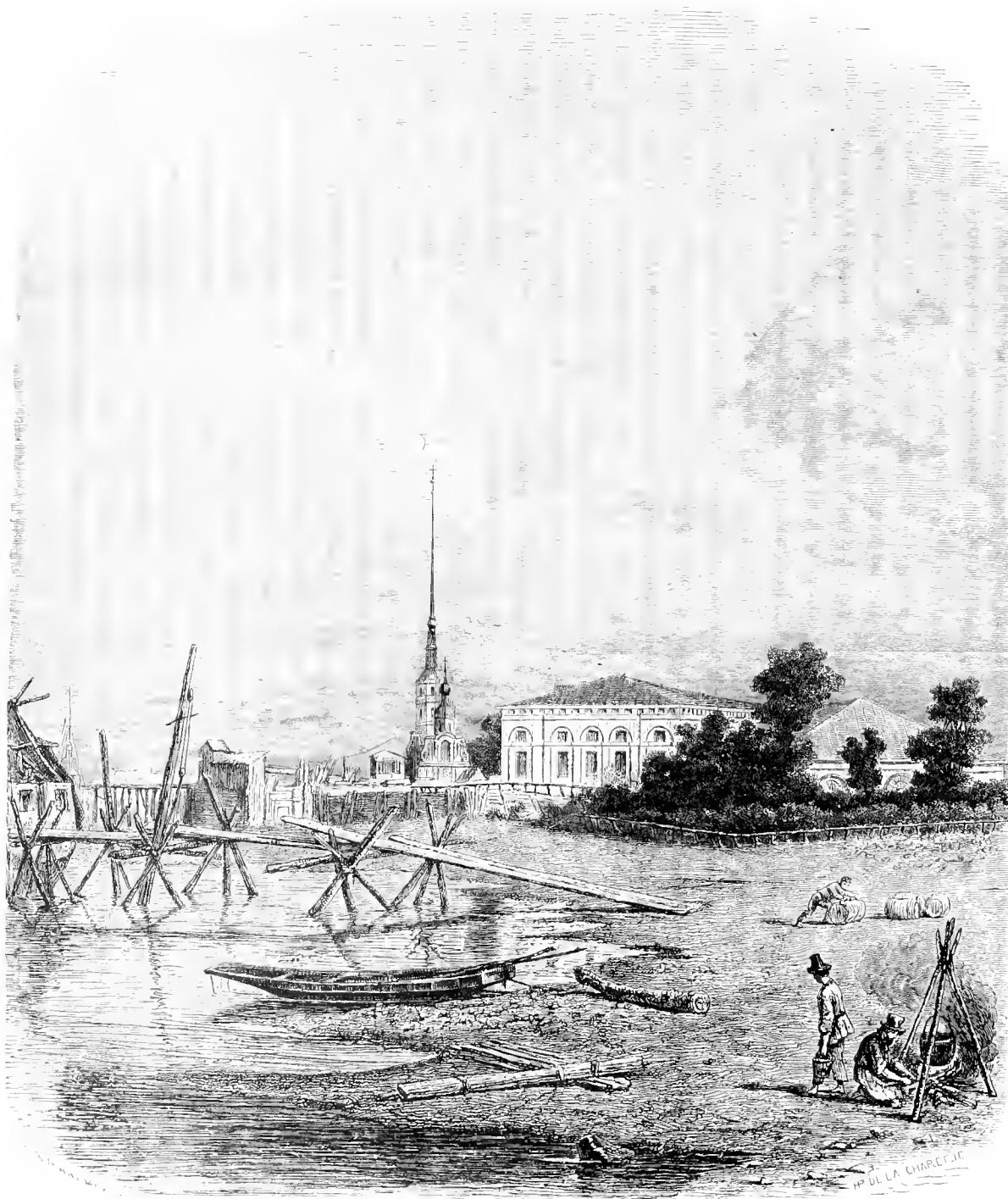
Nowhere does the street life of St. Petersburg display itself to better effect than in the Nevskoi Prospect (see page 13). This magnificent street extends from the Alexander Nevskoi Monastery to the Admiralty, a distance of four versts. Towards the end it makes a slight bend, but through the greater part of its length it is perfectly straight. It intersects all the rings of the city; the suburbs of the poor, the showy regions of commerce, and the sumptuous quarters of the aristocracy. From the Anitshkof Bridge to the Admiralty (see page 17), is what may be called the fashionable part of the Prospect. There we feel that we are in a mighty city, and as we advance, the bustle and the throng become greater and greater. Carriages-and-four at every step; generals and princes elbowing through the crowd; sumptuous shops, imperial palaces, cathedrals and churches of all the various religions and sects of St. Petersburg.

The scene in this portion of the street, from twelve till two o'clock when the ladies go shopping and the men go to look at the fair purchasers, may challenge comparison with any street in the world. Towards two or three o'clock, the purchases have been made, the parade is over, the merchants are leaving the Exchange, the world of promenaders wend their way to the English Quay, and the real promenade for the day begins,—the Imperial Family equally mingling with the rest of the loungers.



THE ADMIRALTY.

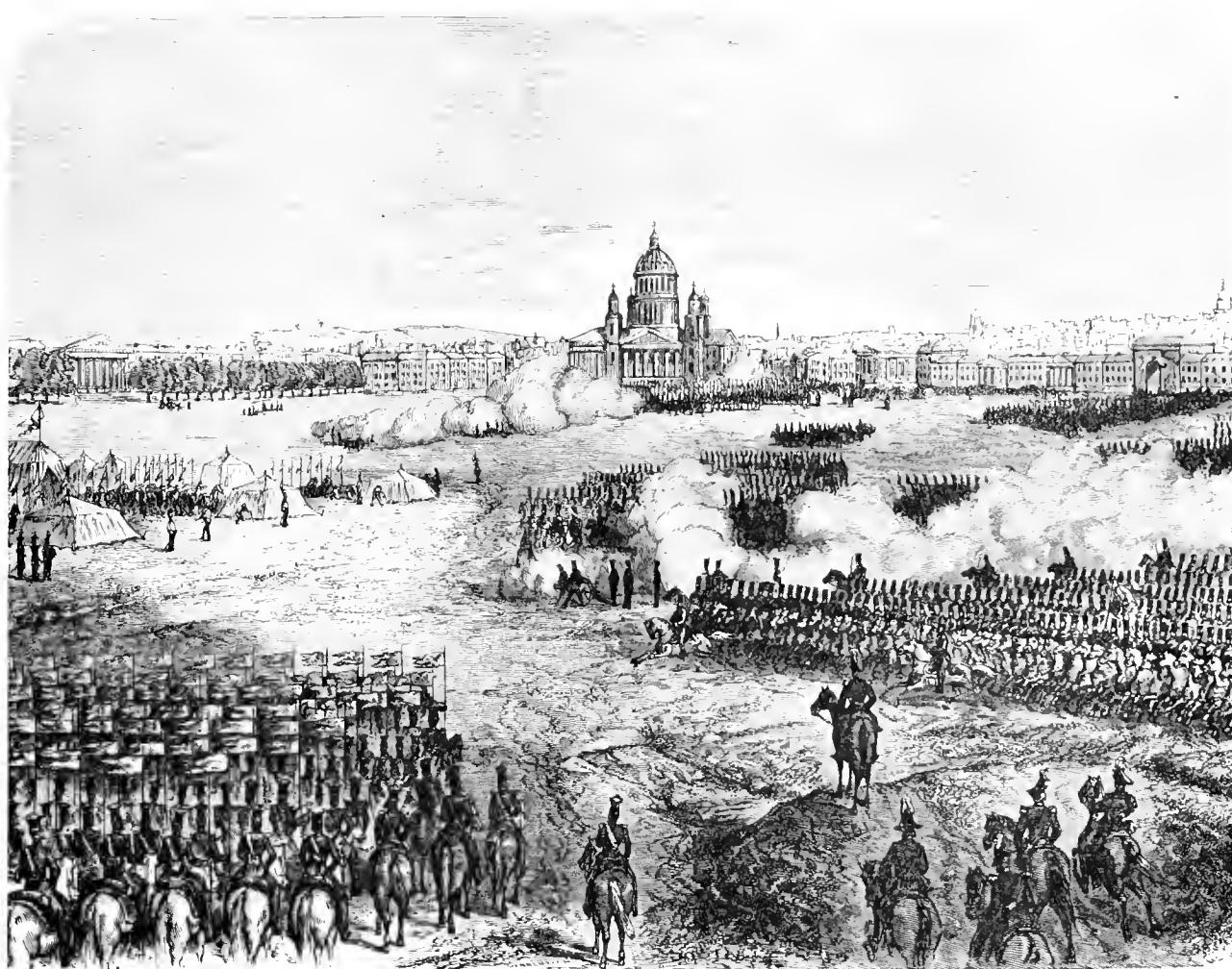
This magnificent Quay, constructed, like all the Quays of St. Petersburg, of huge blocks of granite, runs along the Neva, from the New to the Old Admiralty, and was built during the reign of the Empress Catherine, who caused the canals and



The Cottage of Peter the Great.

rivers of her Capital, to the length of not less than twenty-four miles, to be enclosed in granite. The houses along the English Quay are deservedly called Palaces. They were originally, for the most part, built by Englishmen, but are now, nearly all of them, the property of wealthy Russians.

Another promenade, much frequented, is the Summer Garden, which lies on the Neva, close to the Trinity Bridge. It is laid out in a number of long avenues, interspersed with flower-beds, somewhat in the ancient style of gardening, with an abundance of marble statues of Springs and Summers, Floras and Faunas, and other divinities belonging to the same coterie. This Garden is attended to as carefully almost as those of Zarskoye Selo, where a policeman is said to run after every leaf that falls, that it may instantly be removed out of sight. In autumn all the statues are eased in wooden boxes, to protect them against the rain and snow of winter, and all the tender



Military Evolutions in the Champ de Mars.

trees and shrubs are at the same time packed up in straw and matting, in which they remain till the return of spring, when statues, trees, and men lay their winter garments aside nearly at one and the same time.

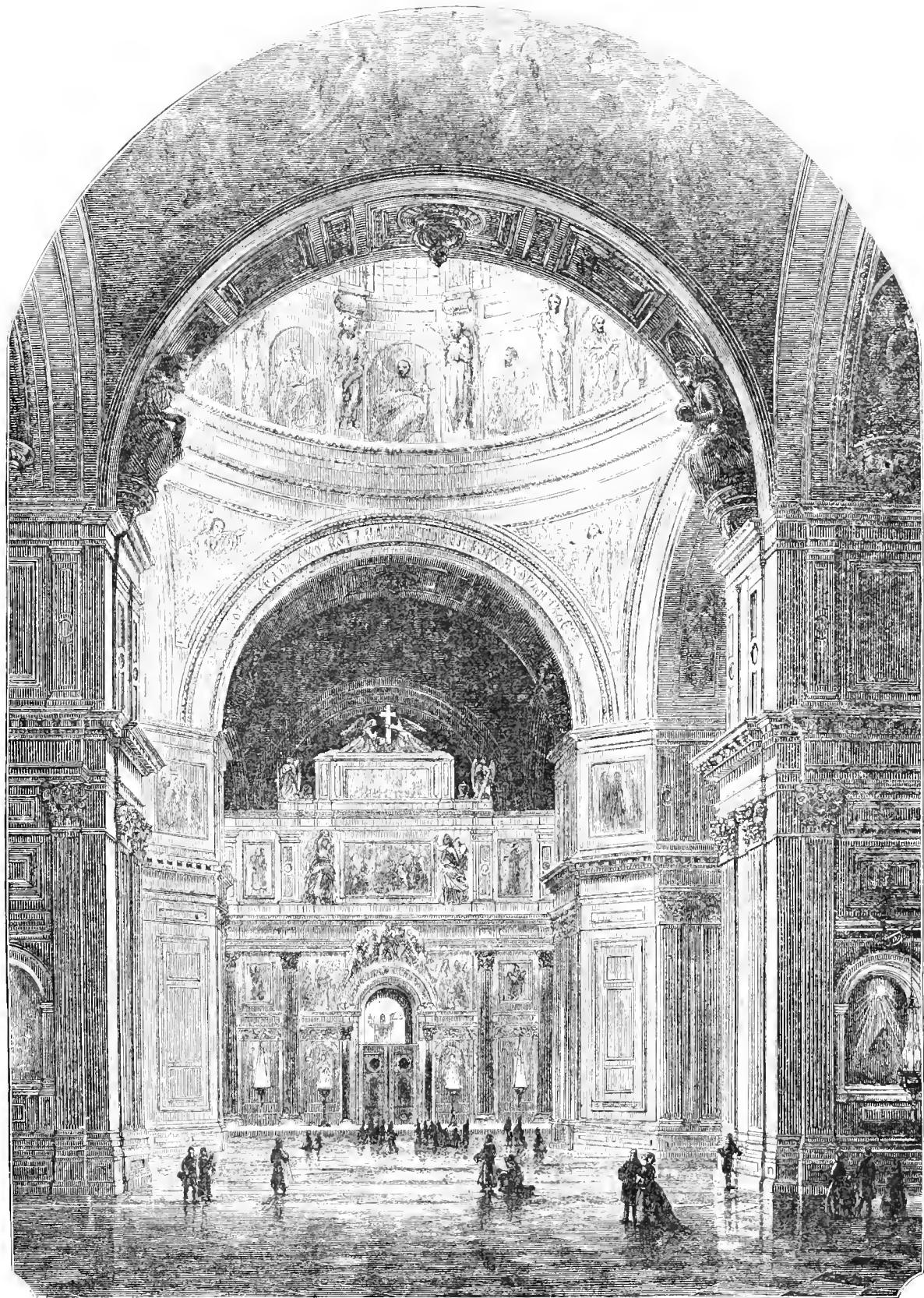
In one corner of the Summer Garden stands the little Cottage (see page 18) in which Peter the Great lived while laying the foundation and superintending the progress of his new Capital. Many reliques and memorials of him are preserved about St. Petersburg, but this is by far the most interesting. The small sleeping-room is immediately opposite the entrance; but neither in it, nor in the other rooms, is door or

ceiling high enough for a tall visitor. It is built of logs, painted to resemble bricks. The walls are hung with coarse canvas, whitewashed; the only piece of luxury being round the doors, which are edged with a pennyworth of flowered paper. To preserve this modest mansion from decay a good brick house has been built round it, within which it nestles as dry as a kernel in its shell. In the space between the cottage and its case lies a very appropriate relic of the illustrious apprentice in the dockyards of Saardam—the boat, built by his own hands, in which he rowed about the Neva to his different works.

On one side of the Summer Garden is the Tzarizinskoi Lug, or Champ de Mars. This place is more used than any other for exercising troops (see page 19), though there are several other parade places in the city, and many of them much larger than the Champ de Mars. The Alexandrofskoi Platzparad, the largest of all, occupies fully a square verst, but lies on the outskirts of the capital. The chief parade, however, is held in the Square of the Admiralty, and forms one of the daily enjoyments of many of the inhabitants.

The sixtieth degree of northern latitude crosses the suburbs of St. Petersburg. Since the creation of the world no other city has displayed so much splendor and luxury so near the eternal ices of the pole, as this Imperial Residence; and the neighborhood of the Baltic Sea is, perhaps, the only one where such an attempt in such a parallel could have succeeded. The parallel under which St. Petersburg has built palaces and cultivated gardens, is the same under which, in Siberia, the Ostiaks and Fungusians find a scanty nourishment of moss for their reindeer, and where the Kamtschadale drives his dogs over never-melting ice. In the same circle where St. Petersburg enjoys every luxury of the civilized and uncivilized world, the Greenlander and Esquimaux, with their seal fat and train oil, barely keep alive the feeble glimmer of vegetation rather than life. Swampy Livonia, which even the Poles call harsh and raw, the province whence come the wild and pitiless snow-storms, called by the Prussians Courland weather, are to the St. Petersburgers very agreeable and tolerably warm southern provinces. In Poland the Russian begins to look about him for tropical vegetation; and of the nebulosa Germania, whose frigora and gray skies inspire the shuddering Italian to strike the elegiac chords of his harp, the Petersburger thinks as of a land "where the orange trees bloom."

The climate of St. Petersburg oscillates continually between two extremes. In summer the heat often rises to 99° Fahrenheit, and in winter the cold as often falls to 55° below zero. This gives to the temperature a range of 154°,—which probably exceeds that of any other city in Europe. It is not only in the course of the year, however, but in the course of the same twenty-four hours, that the temperature is liable to great variation. In summer, after a hot, sultry morning, a rough wind will set in towards evening, and drive the thermometer down twelve degrees immediately.



INTERIOR OF ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

In winter, also, there is often a difference of 12° or 18° between the temperature of the morning and that of the night. It would be impossible to preserve existence in such a climate, if man did not endeavor to counteract its fickleness by his own unchangeableness. The winter is considered to begin in October and end in May; and in the beginning of October every man puts on his furs, which are calculated for the severest weather



St. Isaac's Cathedral.

that can come, and these furs are not laid aside again till the winter is legitimately and confessedly at an end. When the thermometer stands at 13° , every man pricks up his ears, and becomes a careful observer of its risings and fallings. At 22° or 23° all the theatres are closed, as it is then thought impossible to adopt the necessary precautions



CHURCH OF PETER AND PAUL, IN THE FORTRESS. ST. PETERSBURG.

for the safety of the actors on the stage, and of the coachmen and servants waiting in the street. The pedestrians, who at other times are rather leisurely in their movements, now run along the streets as though they were hastening on some mission of life or death; and the sledges dash in "*tempo celeratissimo*" over the creaking snow. Faces are not to be seen in the streets, for every man has drawn his furs over his head, and leaves but little of his countenance uncovered. Every one is uneasy about his nose and his ears; and as the freezing of these desirable appendages to the human face divine is not preceded by any uncomfortable sensation to warn the sufferer of his danger, he has enough to think of if he wishes to keep his extremities in order. "Father, father, thy nose!" one man will cry to another, as he passes him, or will even stop and apply a handful of snow to the stranger's face, and endeavor, by briskly rubbing the nasal prominence, to restore the suspended circulation. These are salutations to which people are accustomed; and as no man becomes aware of the fact when his own nose has assumed the dangerous chalky hue, custom prescribes, among all who venture into the streets, a kind of mutual observance of each other's noses,—a custom by which many thousands of those valued organs are early rescued from the clutches of the Russian Boreas.

Extreme cold is usually accompanied by cheerful and quiet weather; so that the magnificent City of St. Petersburg rarely appears to greater advantage than when the thermometer stands at thirty-five degrees below Fahrenheit's zero, when the sun shines brilliantly in a clear sky, while its rays are reflected by millions of icy crystals. From houses and churches dense columns of smoke slowly ascend. The snow and ice in the streets and on the Neva are white and clean, and the whole city seems clothed in the garments of Innocence. Water becomes ice almost in the act of being poured upon the ground. Every one in the streets appears to be running for his life; and, indeed, is literally doing so; for it is only by running that he can hope to keep life in him. The trodden snow crackles and murmurs forth the strangest melodies, and every sound seems to be modified by the influence of the atmosphere.

St. Petersburg, like Berlin, is a child of our days; a birth that first saw the light under the sun of a philosophical age. In opposition to Moscow, as Berlin in opposition to Vienna, St. Petersburg has neither so many nor such distinguished churches as Moscow, although the major part are built in a pleasant and tasteful style,—in the modern Russian; which is a mixture of the Grecian, Byzantine, old Russian, and new European architecture, the Byzantine, which was brought from Constantinople with Christianity, being the most prominent. A building in the form of a cross; in the midst, a large cupola, and at the four ends, four small, narrow-pointed cupolas, the points surmounted by crosses; a grand entrance, adorned with many columns, and three side entrances without columns,—such is the exterior form of the greater part of the Russian churches.

The most magnificent church in St. Petersburg is St. Isaac's Cathedral (see page 21), which was begun in 1819 and finished in 1858. This building is extremely simple, but is rendered imposing by its tremendous proportions — Montferrand, the architect, preferring to elicit the admiration of the beholders more by the lofty grandeur of his style than by adding one more to the large number of elaborately ornamented cathedrals which existed in the different cities of Europe. Some idea may



Church of Our Lady of Vladimir.

be formed of its proportions and cost when it is known that the foundation-pile on which it stands, owing to the excessively marshy nature of the soil, cost over one million of dollars. Each of its four entrances is ornamented with a Porch supported by polished granite monolith pillars, sixty feet in height by seven in diameter. Everything in this

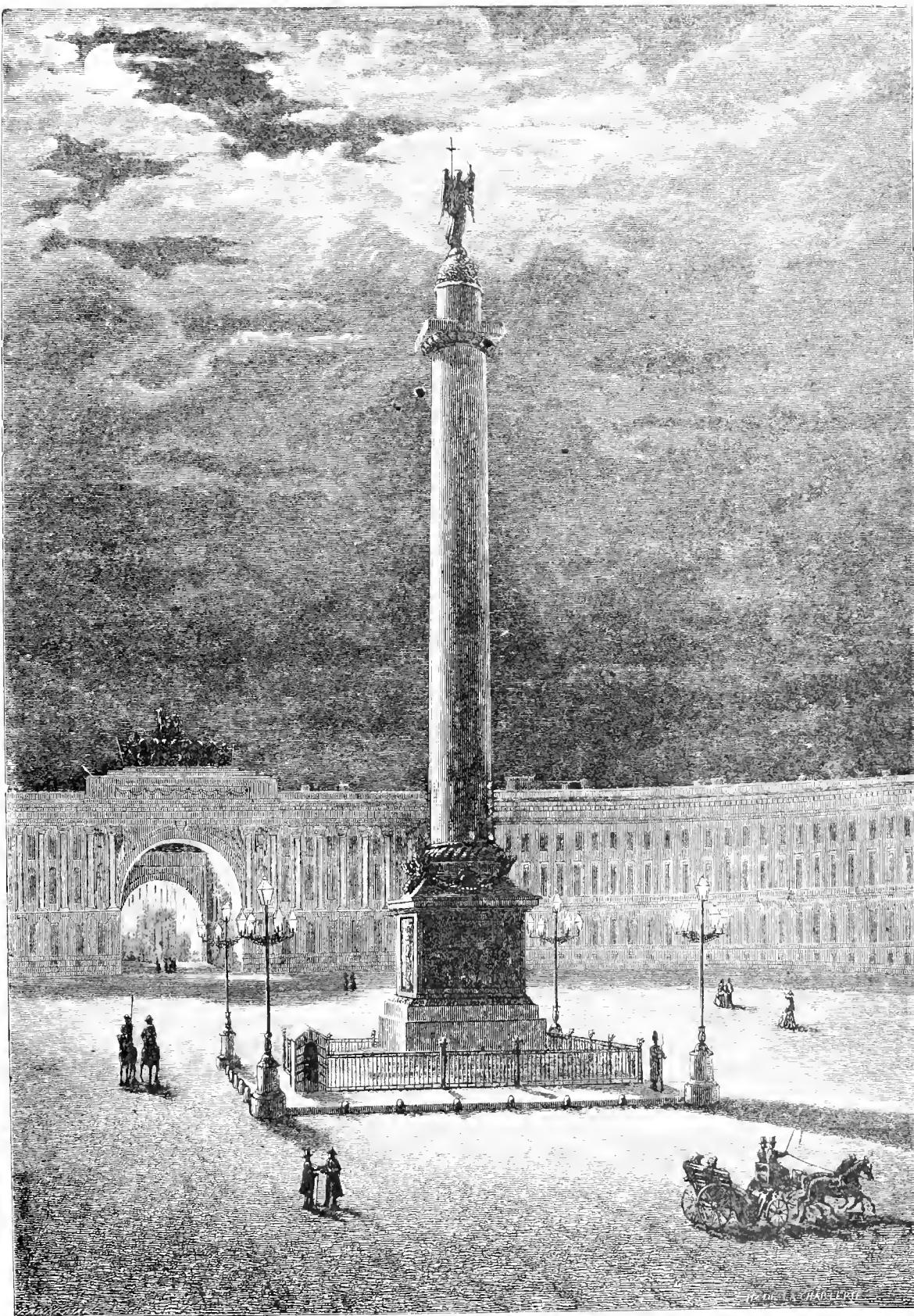
elegant structure is made of the most costly materials. Over the centre of the building rises an immense Cupola, covered with copper overlaid with gold, and supported by thirty gigantic pillars of polished granite; from the summit of this rises a smaller cupola of the same design, surmounted by an immense cross. The larger cupola is surrounded by four smaller ones, also in the same style. The small circular temple, or presbol, which forms the inmost shrine, was presented to the Emperor Nicholas by Prince Demidoff, owner of the malachite mines of Siberia. The cost was one million of dollars. The steps are of porphyry, the floor of variegated marble, the dome of malachite, and the walls of lapis lazuli, the whole magnificently gilded.

After St. Isaac's Church, that of Peter and Paul, in the fortress (see page 23), built by an Italian architect, under Peter the Great, is the most interesting. Its pointed slender tower rises like a mast, three hundred and forty feet in height; for the last hundred and fifty feet the tower is so small and thin that it must be climbed like a pine tree. The summit of the cross by which it is surmounted is over twenty feet higher than the topmost of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and in all Russia second only to that of Revel. This gilded spire is seen from all parts of St. Petersburg, like a golden needle hovering in the air, particularly when, as it is frequently the case, the lower part is veiled in fog.

The Peter-Paul Church is a kind of sequel to the Arkhangelskoi Sabor, in Moscow; the one contains the register of the deceased rulers of Russia, from where the other leaves off. In Moscow are interred the Russian czars down to Peter the Great; he, and those that succeeded him, in the Peter-Paul Church. Whoever has seen the monuments of the Polish kings at Cracow, or those of the French and English kings and Italian princes, will wonder at the simplicity and absence of ornament in this last resting-place of the Russian emperors. The single coffins are placed in the vaults, and over them, in the church, is nothing further in the shape of a monument, than a stone coffin-shaped sarcophagus, covered with a red pall, on which the name of the deceased emperor or emperor's son is embroidered in golden letters.

The Churches of "Our Lady of Kasan," "Our Lady of Vladimir" (see page 25), &c., and the Smolnoi Convent, for nuns, and the St. Alexander Nevskoi Convent, for monks, are among the more remarkable of the many religious edifices which we must leave undescribed.

Before the chief front of the Winter Palace the vast edifice of the Generality expands its enormous bow, to which the straight line of the Palace front forms the string. Between the bow and the string, at a like distance from either, the stately column erected in honor of Alexander I. rears itself. In no part of Europe have we seen anything worthy of being compared with this remarkable pillar. It is the greatest monolith raised in modern times, its height, including the figure on the top, and the cubic block that supports it, being one hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter



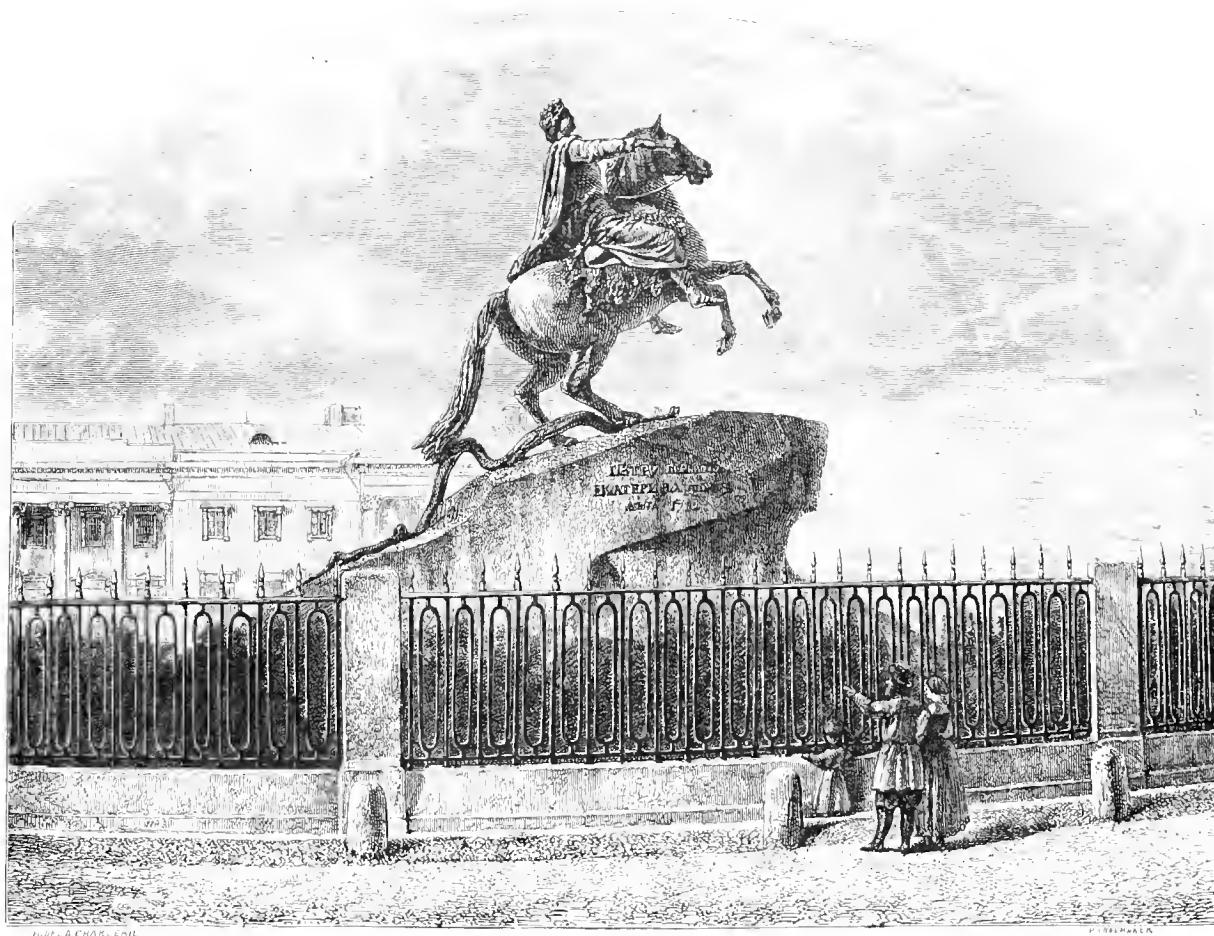
ALEXANDER'S COLUMN.

fifteen feet. It is a round column of mottled red granite, from the quarries of Pytter-lax, in Finland, one hundred and forty miles from St. Petersburg. The eye is delighted with the slender form of this giant; it is highly polished, and reflects the outlines of the surrounding buildings in its cylindrical mirror. There is something sublime in its simplicity, and we have never seen anything that attracted us so much. You never think of asking to whom it is raised; it has an interest quite distinct from any associations with him whose memory it honors. You view it merely as a triumph of human power, which would tear such a mass from the reluctant rock, transport it so great a distance, and under so many difficulties, carve, and mould, and polish it into one smooth shaft, then poise the huge weight as lightly as a feather, and plant it here, to be the admiration of ages.

This pillar is founded on massive blocks of granite, and has a pedestal and capital of bronze, made from the cannon taken in the wars with the Turks. The shaft alone is eighty-four feet high. On its top stands a bronze statue of Religion, in the act of blessing the surrounding city. If this unrivalled monument excites our admiration so strongly, even as it now is, what would have been thought of it had it been raised here of the full height in which it was cut from the quarry? Orders had been given to the director of the quarries to try and extract one solid mass, fit to be hewn into a column of a certain length. The operation was begun with slight hopes of success. It was deemed impossible ever to obtain one stone of such size. Ministers, generals, princes, the whole court, were in anxiety about what the mountain should bring forth; when, at last — who shall describe their joy? — a courier arrived with the happy tidings that, for once, the labors of the mountain had not ended in disappointment. Expectation was even surpassed; for in place of eighty-four feet, a mass had been separated nearly one hundred feet long. There were no bounds to the delight inspired by the news. St. Petersburg would now boast of a monument that might challenge the world. But, alas! there was a postscript to this famous letter. The director had been ordered to get a stone eighty-four feet long; and as in Russia they are not in the habit of giving a man much credit for departing from the very letter of an imperial mandate, — and it being a bad precedent to allow any functionary to think for himself, — the zealous man of stones added, that he was now "busy sawing away the superfluous fourteen feet." Here was a pleasant piece of implicit obedience! The Emperor Nicholas was in despair; but as it was not his custom to commission others to do things which might be better done by himself, he posted away immediately, in hopes of still having his unexpected treasure; and, as good luck would have it, arrived just in time — to see the fair fragment tumble off. This monolith was swung into its place (August, 1832) in the short space of fifty-four minutes, by the French architect M. de Montferrand.

In honoring his predecessor with a monument of this description, the Emperor

Nicholas may have been prompted by a wish to excel the boasted feat of the Empress Catherine, who selected for the base of the bronze Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great, here represented, a large mass of grayish rock, lying in the middle of marshes, at such a distance from St. Petersburg, that every one believed it impossible to transport it thither. It is a rough, irregular mass, forty-three feet long, twenty-one broad, and fourteen high in front, from which it slopes gradually backwards. The inscription is beautifully simple: "*Petro primo, Catharina secunda, 1782.*" Peter is seen riding gallantly up this rock, in the ancient costume of Muscovy, which, with a



Statue of Peter the Great.

short mantle flowing from his shoulders, has a very classical effect. He is without stirrups, and is so busy getting his steed to trample on the hydra of rebellion writhing beneath his feet, that he does not perceive the brink of the precipice till he is about to be plunged over it. Ever calm and fearless in peril, he checks his horse as if by a wish, and pauses, with the greatest self-possession, to beckon into existence the proud city which was to bear his name. This admirable work of art, executed by the French artist Falconet, stands at the west corner of the Admiralty Square.

Men are always eager about what is most difficult to be obtained. The Russians have a passion for these mountains of granite; probably because there is not a stone

bigger than a molehill within sight of their capital. If common materials could be procured at little expense, they would build monuments like other people; but since stones may not be had for thousands, they must transport whole rocks at the expense



Triumphal Arch of Narva.

of tens of thousands. In Norway and Sweden, which are strewed as thick with rocks as other countries are with furze-bushes, they build everything of wood.

What have people elsewhere that St. Petersburg should not have? Egypt had its obelisks. St. Petersburg has hers also. Paris and Rome are adorned with columns

and triumphal arches; so is St. Petersburg. There are two triumphal arches there already. They span the two roads which connect the city with her most important territories; the one the road to Narva and the Baltic provinces, the other, the Moscow road, leading to the heart of the empire. The former, called the Triumphal Arch of Narva (see opposite page), commemorates the return of the victorious Russian troops in 1815. The arch is supported by very high metal columns, and is surmounted by a triumphal car, which is drawn by six horses. In the car sits Victory, holding



The Winter Palace.

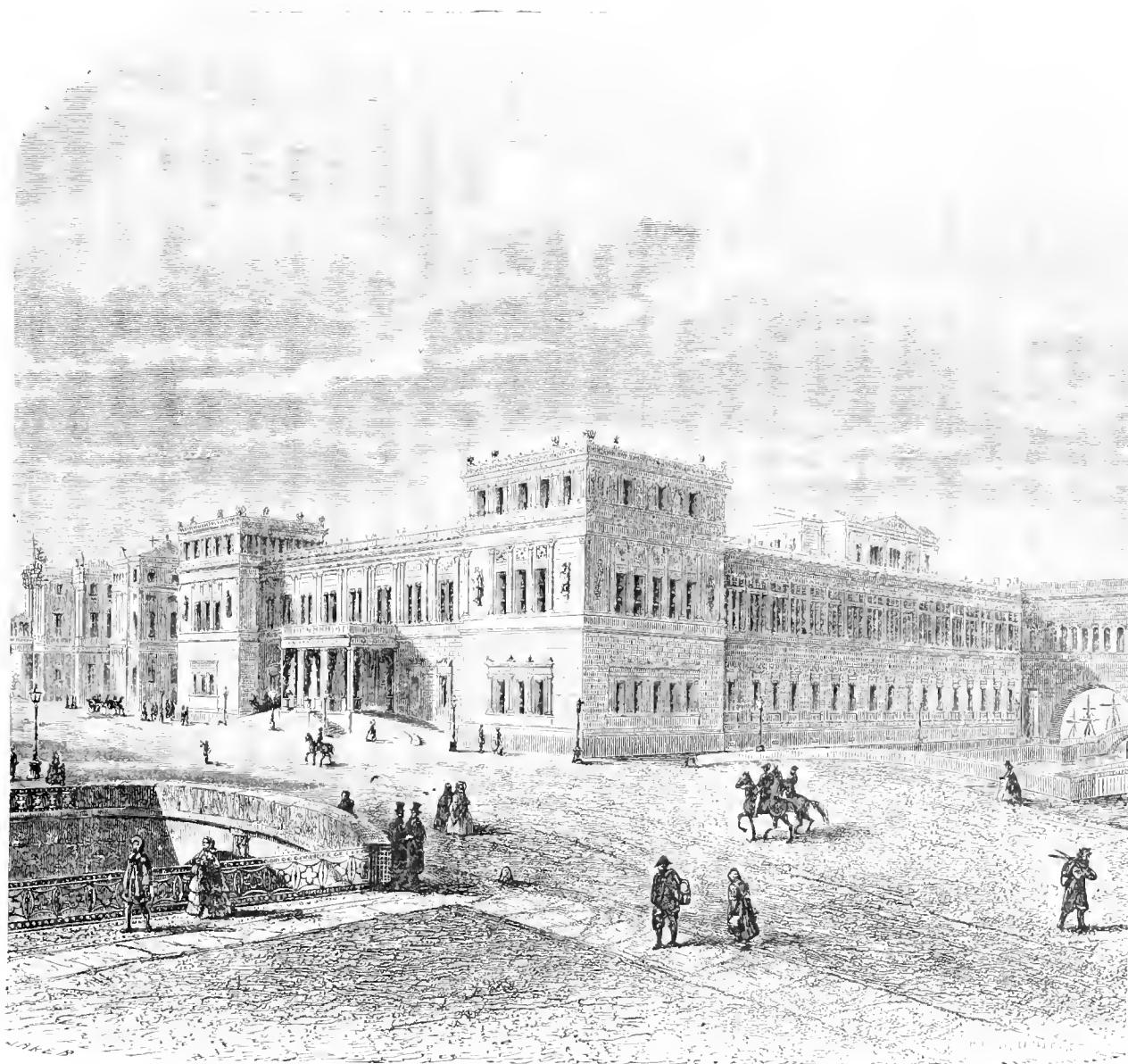
trophies of Glory and of Battles. Underneath, between the columns, are warriors in Slayonian armor, awaiting their laurel wreaths.

No modern city can boast that it is so entirely composed of palaces and colossal public edifices as St. Petersburg; in some of these several thousand persons reside;

six thousand, for instance, are said to inhabit the Winter Palace during the Emperor's residence in the capital; and when we look on this gigantic pile of building, represented on page 31, we do not fail to remember that, in 1837, it fell a prey to the ravages of fire, and that in a few hours the greedy flames destroyed much of these treasures and works of art which had, with extraordinary zeal, been collected during the prosperous and magnificent reigns of Elizabeth and Catherine, and of their successors, Alexander and Nicholas. In two years from the destruction of this palace it rose again, under the skilful hands of the architect Kleinmichael, and is now, certainly, one of the most splendid and largest royal edifices in the world. Its long façades are highly imposing, and form a grand continuation to those of the Admiralty beyond it. The principal entrance is the "Perron des Ambassadeurs," a magnificent flight of marble steps, leading from the Neva up to the State apartments. Suits of splendid apartments, galleries and halls, with gilded walls and ceilings, and filled with marbles, malachites, precious stones, vases, and pictures, constitute the gorgeous display of the interior. Among the finest apartments of the palace are the "Hall of St. George," or "Audience Chamber," a parallelogram one hundred and forty by sixty feet, where the emperor gives audience to foreign ambassadors; the Throne-room of Peter the Great; the Gallery of Field Marshals; the Alexander Gallery; the Empress's Drawing-room, a beautiful apartment. The gem of the Palace, however, is the "Salle Blanche," which is so called from its decorations being all in pure white, relieved only with gilding. Here are held the court fêtes, which are always got up on the most magnificent and sumptuous scale, no court entertainments in Europe surpassing those of St. Petersburg.

The Hermitage is no cloistered solitude, no rocky grotto hidden among the waters of the Neva's murmuring sources, but a magnificent palace, second only to that we have just described, while within it is loaded with precious objects of art and vertu. The great Catherine built it, in order that she might retire to it in her leisure moments, there to enjoy the conversation of the French philosophers and men of learning; and here, after the duties of the sovereign had been transacted in the Winter Palace, she was wont to pass the evening, surrounded by all that could gratify the eye or the senses: musicians displayed their talents, artists their works, scientific men their speculations, and political men their opinions; for, in accordance with the ukase suspended in all the apartments, perfect freedom and equality reigned; and the pictures which we see elsewhere only as allegorical representations of art and science, living princes were here every day realized. Catherine not only built this luxurious retreat, but furnished those who were admitted to her intimacy with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with those admirable masterpieces of art which had graced the walls of many of the royal palaces of Europe, and thus laid the foundation of that Gallery of Paintings which is now without a rival in Northern Europe. The Hermitage was entirely reconstructed in its present form (see page 33) between 1840 and 1850,

from Renaissance designs by the German architect, Leo Von Klenze; and as far as elegant solidity in its architectural form and costliness of the beautiful materials are concerned, this edifice challenges competition with any in Europe. It forms a parallelogram of five hundred and fifteen feet by three hundred and seventy-five feet, and everything in it is of vast and noble dimensions—the vestibule, the hall, the marble staircase; every



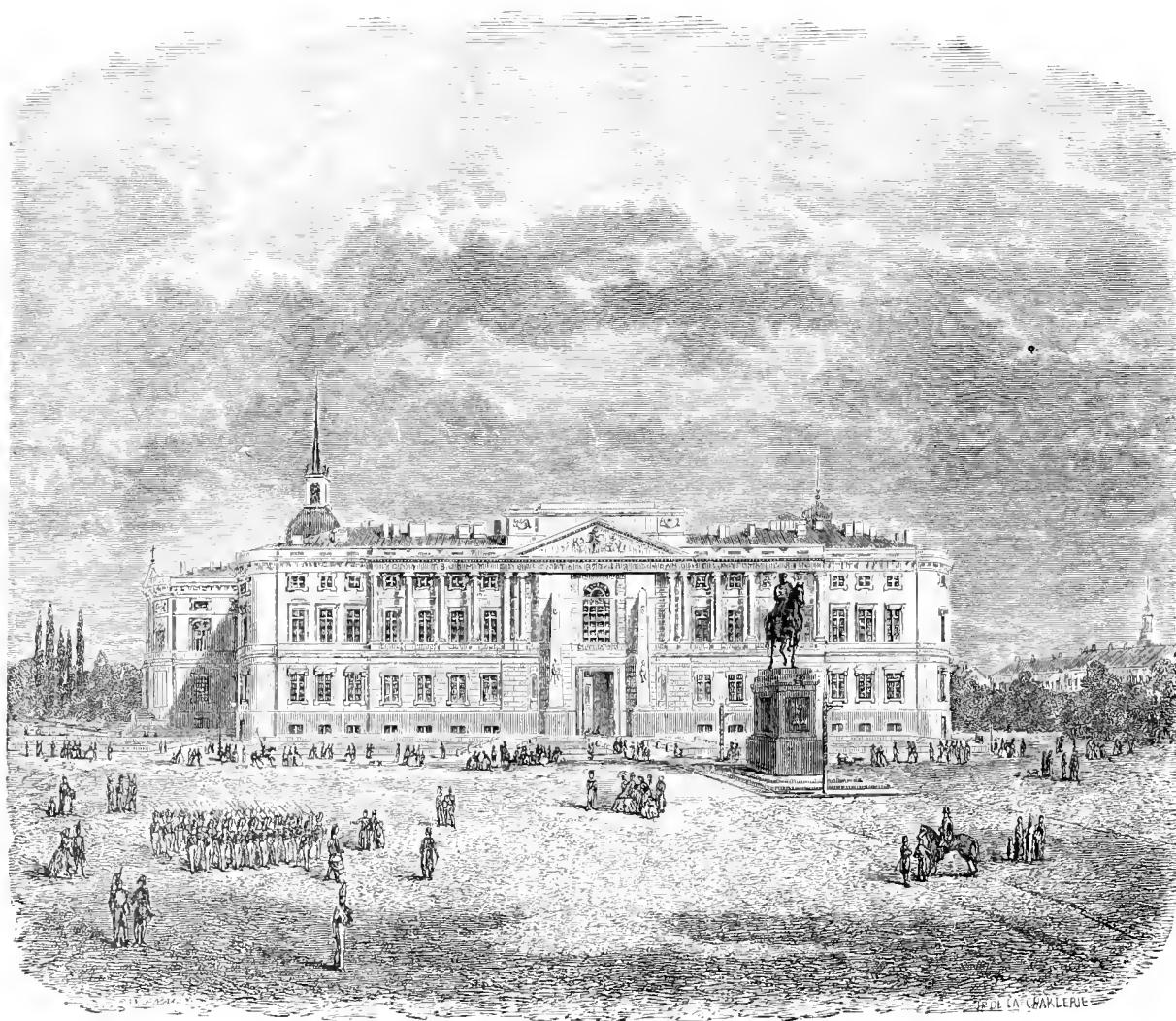
The Hermitage.

pillar and monolith of Finland granite. On the grand floor is the Museum; on the first floor the Picture Gallery.

There are in St. Petersburg a number of families of the educated classes who have never visited the Hermitage; and how little is gained, compared with what might be, even by those who do? When we look at the listless faces of the sight-satiated public lounging past the pictures, we cannot help asking ourselves how so many painters

could ever obtain such extraordinary renown. Where is the enthusiasm for their works? — the rapture they inspire? For four thousand paintings, reflecting half the natural world and half mankind, a two hours' saunter; for thirty thousand engravings, a few minutes; for three rooms full of statues, as many passing looks; for the antiquities of Greece, a couple of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and for twelve thousand cameos and gems, scarcely a half-opened eye!

The most admired objects here are, beyond all doubt, the crown jewels and other

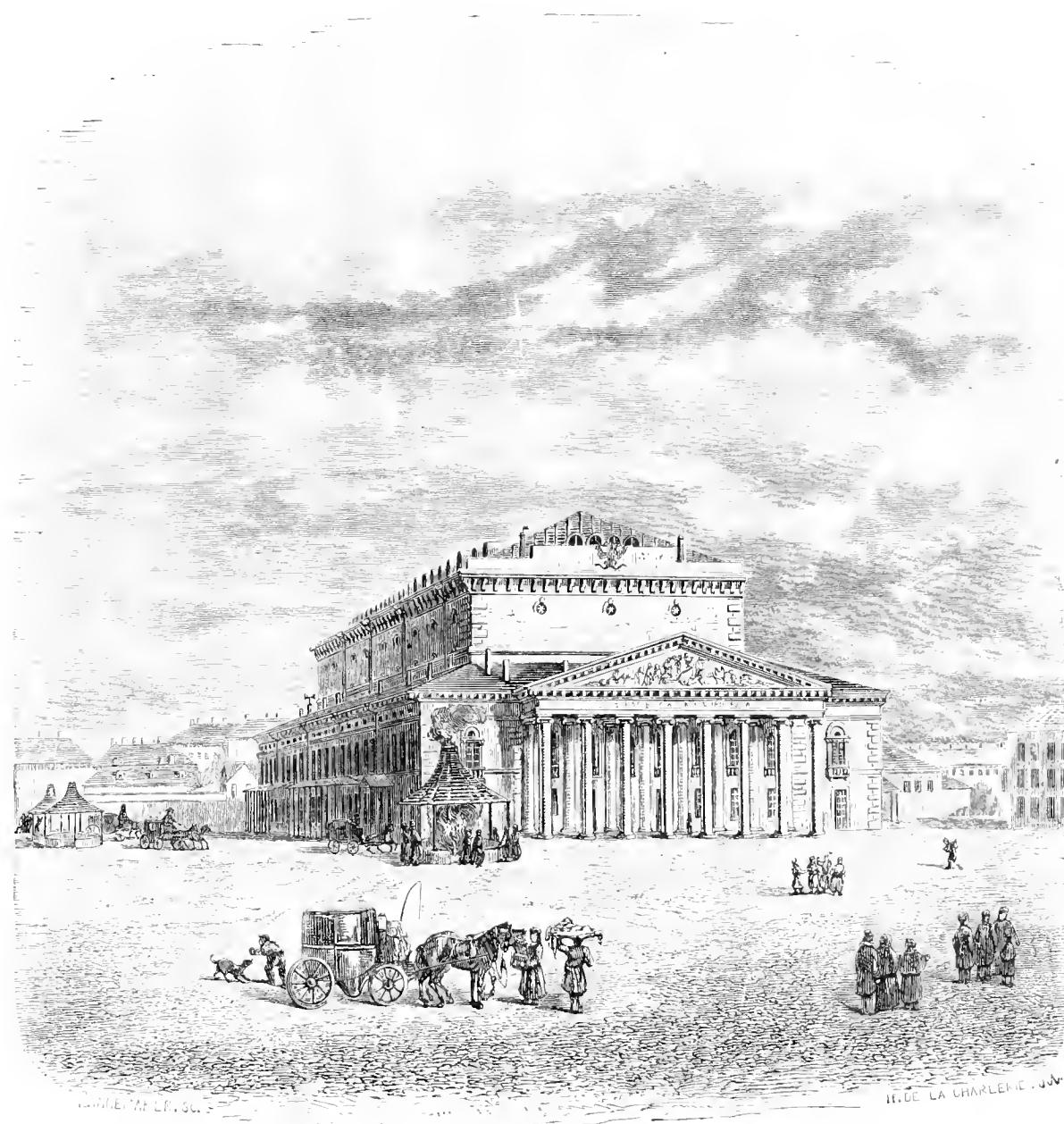


The Michailoff Palace.

valuables, arranged in a separate cabinet with them. For, boast as we may of our higher cultivation, the old Adam is so little driven from his kingdom, that we all grasp, like children and savages, more eagerly after what is bright and glittering, than after that which breathes life and grace. What is the water of Ruysdael's forest-brooks to the water of the imperial diamonds? — all the melting lustre of Carlo Dolce, to the lustre of these pearls? Cuyp's green meadows seldom touch the heart, but the green of the emerald in yon sceptre fills all hearts with hope and longing.

We human creatures, taken on the whole, are very sensual, rapacious, unrefined

beings, and when we see hundreds yawning in the face of Rembrandt's "reverend old man," we scarcely see one so much a philosopher as not to grow more animated when the jewel-keeper grasps his keys, and opens that magic cabinet. In fact, it would be hard to find so many jewels together. The old connection of Russia with India and Persia has brought a quantity of precious stones into the treasury; and



The Great Theatre.

lately her own subject mountains have opened their bosoms, and yielded such treasures, that many a private person might be well contented with what was meant for the imperial little finger alone.

When the Emperor Paul began to be afraid of his subjects, he intrenched himself behind the strong walls of the Michailow Samok (fort). He pulled down the old

Summer Palace on the Fontanka, and built in its stead one of granite, surrounded by walls and ditches, and bristling with cannon, and dedicated it to the Archangel Michael, according to Russian custom, which dedicates to protecting saints not only churches, but fortresses, castles, and other buildings. Although it has been completely repaired, the Michailoff Palace (see page 34) has a more gloomy exterior than the other palaces of St. Petersburg. It is an immense, high, strong, massive square, whose four façades all differ the one from the other. The ditches are partly filled up, and laid out in gardens, but the main entrance is still reached over several draw-bridges, like a knightly castle in the middle ages. In the square before the chief gate stands

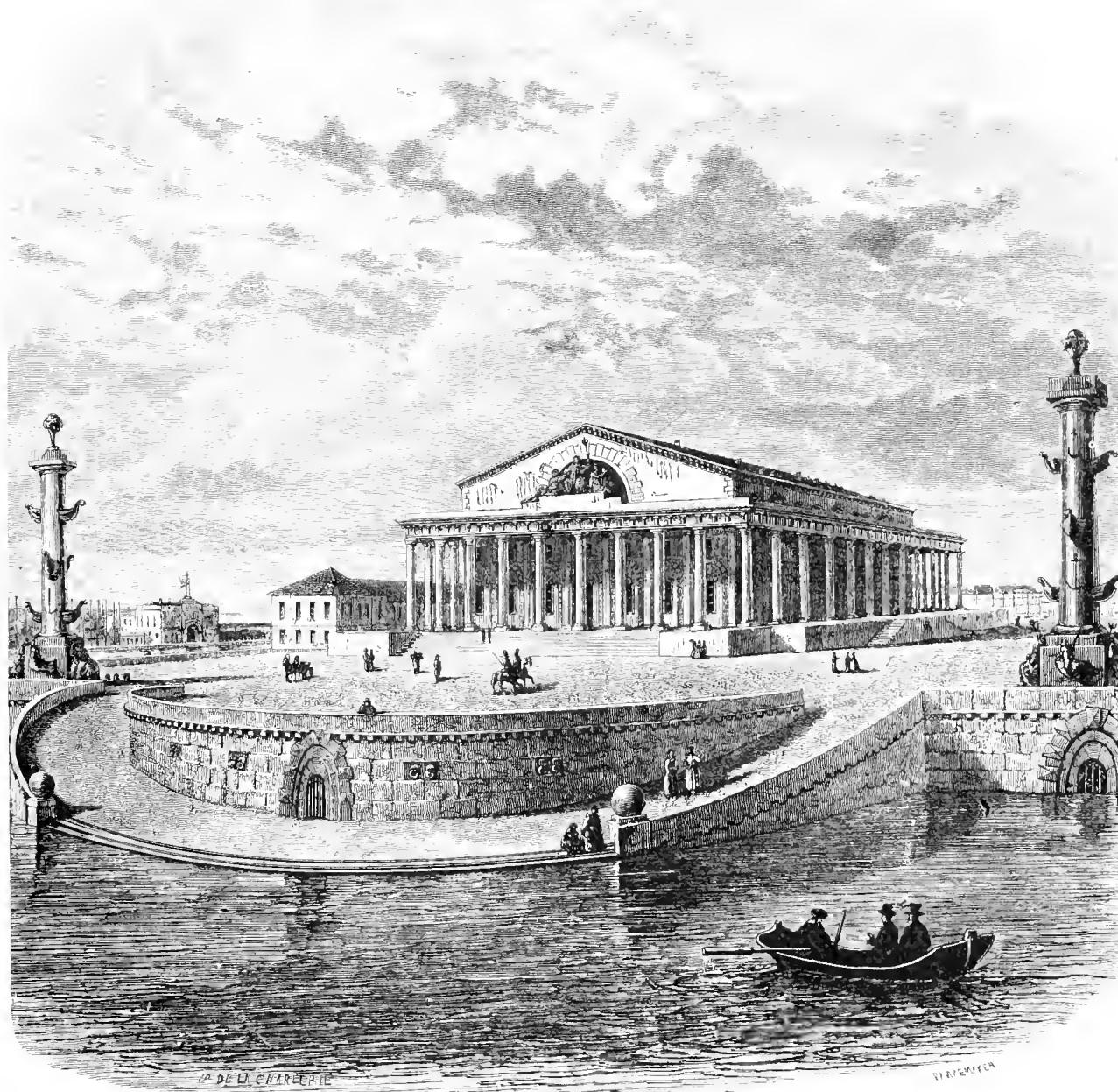


Michael Theatre.

a monument, insignificant enough as a work of art, which Paul erected to Peter the Great, with the inscription, "Prodädu Pravmuk" (the grandson to the grandfather). This palace was built in an incredibly short space of time, at a cost of eighteen millions of rubles. It was abandoned soon after the death of Paul, and has never been dwelt in since. It is now the abode of the School of Engineers. The rooms where Paul was murdered are sealed and walled up. The Russians generally do this with the room in which their parents die. They have a certain dread of them, and never enter them willingly.

The painted ceilings of the principal halls have considerable interest. In one are

represented all the gods of Greece, whose various physiognomies are those of persons of the court at that time. The architect, whose purse profited considerably by the building of the castle, appears among them as a flying Mercury. When Paul, who was a ready punster, and who knew very well that all the money he paid was not changed into



The Exchange.

stone and wood, caused the different faces to be pointed out to him, he recognized the face of the Mercury directly, and said, laughing, to his courtiers, "Ah! voilà l'architecte qui *vole*."

The theatres of St. Petersburg are generally built in a uniform and very indif-

ferent style of architecture, but they are admirably conducted, for the simple reason that the government has the sole charge and management of them. A government censor examines every piece before it is performed, that nothing injurious to the morals of the citizens may be produced. Of course the best scenery and dresses are used, and the accommodations for the public are admirable. The Great Theatre (see page 35), built in 1836, and capable of containing about three thousand persons, is devoted to the Italian Opera, where one of the best troupes of Europe may always be heard during the winter season. In the Michael Theatre (see page 36), French plays are performed by troupes as fine as any in Paris.

The Exchange of St. Petersburg (see page 37) is more favorably situated than many great public buildings. It stands on the extreme point of Vassili Ostroff, with a noble open space before it, and is reared on elevated foundations. On either side the superb granite quays, that give solidity to the point of the island, divide the majestic river into two mighty arms, in which it flows in calm power to the right and left. Stately flights of granite steps lead down to the river. On the space before the building, two massive "Columnæ rostratae," above a hundred feet in height, and decorated with the prows of ships cast in metal, have been erected to the honor of Mercury. These columns are hollow; and on the summits, which are reached by flights of iron steps, are gigantic vases, that are filled with combustibles on all occasions of public illumination. The great hall, of colossal proportions, is lighted from above. At either end and on both sides are spaces in the form of arcades: in one of the first stands an altar, with lamps constantly burning, for the benefit of the pious Russian merchants, who always bow to the altar, and sometimes even prostrate themselves, on their entrance, to implore the favor of all the saints to their undertakings. The blue or green modern frock coats of the worshippers form as curious a contrast, with their long patriarchal beards, as the altar itself, with its steps covered with an elegant Parisian carpet and its age-blackened image of a saint, which none would venture to modernize any more than they would attempt to put the razor to the Russian mercantile chin.

Historians say so much about Peter's firmness in extirpating the long beards in which his people delighted,—with his own imperial hand cutting off, not the beards merely, but the heads, of the refractory,—that we expected to find the chins of the Russian as naked as those of barbers' blocks. But there are national prejudices too strong even for the most unshinking reformer. The Russian loves his beard with no common love, and there it still flows in ample waves to his girdle, defying alike the beheading-sword and the razor. The peasant would sooner part with his purse than with his beard; it is his pride, his birthright. Better abandon children and home to wander into forlorn exile, than give up the only thing left him to glory in. Liberty is not worth contending for, but a beard is. Liberty is but a *word*, an untangible,

fanciful thing, which no man ever saw or could make money of; a beard is a reality; something which a man can not only see, but handle also. And if he cannot exactly make money by a beard, it gives him that which is better than gold, for he knows that no true Russian maid would look to him if shorn of this beauteous appendage. Without his beard he would neither have affection from others, nor respect from himself. A beard is graceful, imposing, venerable,—in one word, it is *Russian*.

Whether the long beard is consistent with cleanliness, is a question soon settled



Imperial Library. (Room of the Incunabula.)

in the streets of St. Petersburg. Nothing can be more filthy than the appearance of the people. The nature of their dress powerfully contributes to the disgusting appearance of the native population,—greasy sheep-skins being not great promoters of cleanliness. It is a notorious fact, also, that the great bulk of the people never allow water to touch the person, except once a week,—on Saturday evening, when their religion prescribes a visit to the bath, when they get such a thorough ablution as entitles them to eight days' filthiness. To wash the face on ordinary week-days is a folly unknown; the hands may, by a few, be occasionally polluted with water. In the country, a small

jar of this scarce liquid may be seen hanging by some of the doors, for washing with; at least a thimbleful being allowed, oozing from below, to each person. At some inns, and eating houses also, a metal cistern, of the smallest dimensions, hangs by the entrance; from which, on pushing up the pin stuck in the bottom, a few drops of water trickle, to smear the hands with, before going to dinner. But the practice is scarcely associated in our minds with any idea of cleanliness; the towel hanging near having



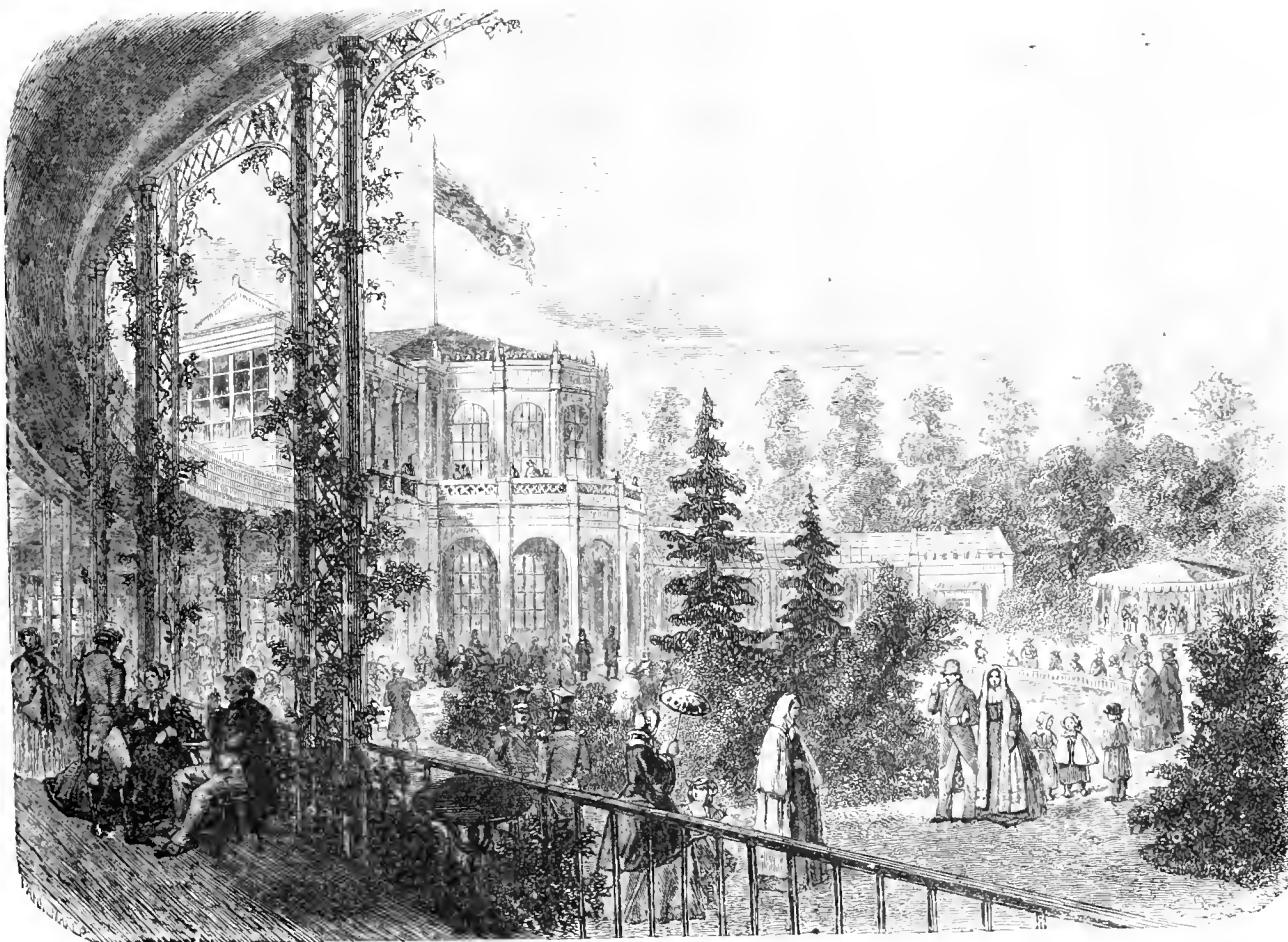
Academy of Arts.

already been used by every comer for a week past, and being often as black as if it had been scouring the sance-pans.

The Imperial Public Library, situated on the Nevskoi Prospect, is one of the richest in Europe. It contains eight hundred thousand printed volumes, twenty thousand manuscripts, and a collection of incunabula (see page 39), or books printed before the year 1500, which is generally considered to be unique. The building itself has been

many times enlarged, to suit the increasing size of the library. The last addition, made in 1862, consists of a beautiful reading-room, only equalled by that of the National Library in Paris and that of the British Museum in London.

On the Vassili Ostrof, not far from the Exchange, stands the Academy of Arts. This building was erected by a Russian architect, between the years 1765 and 1788. The façade, on the Neva (see page 40), about four hundred feet in length, and adorned with columns and pilasters, is very fine. The lower floor is devoted to sculpture; above are galleries appropriated to paintings, and on the second story a large

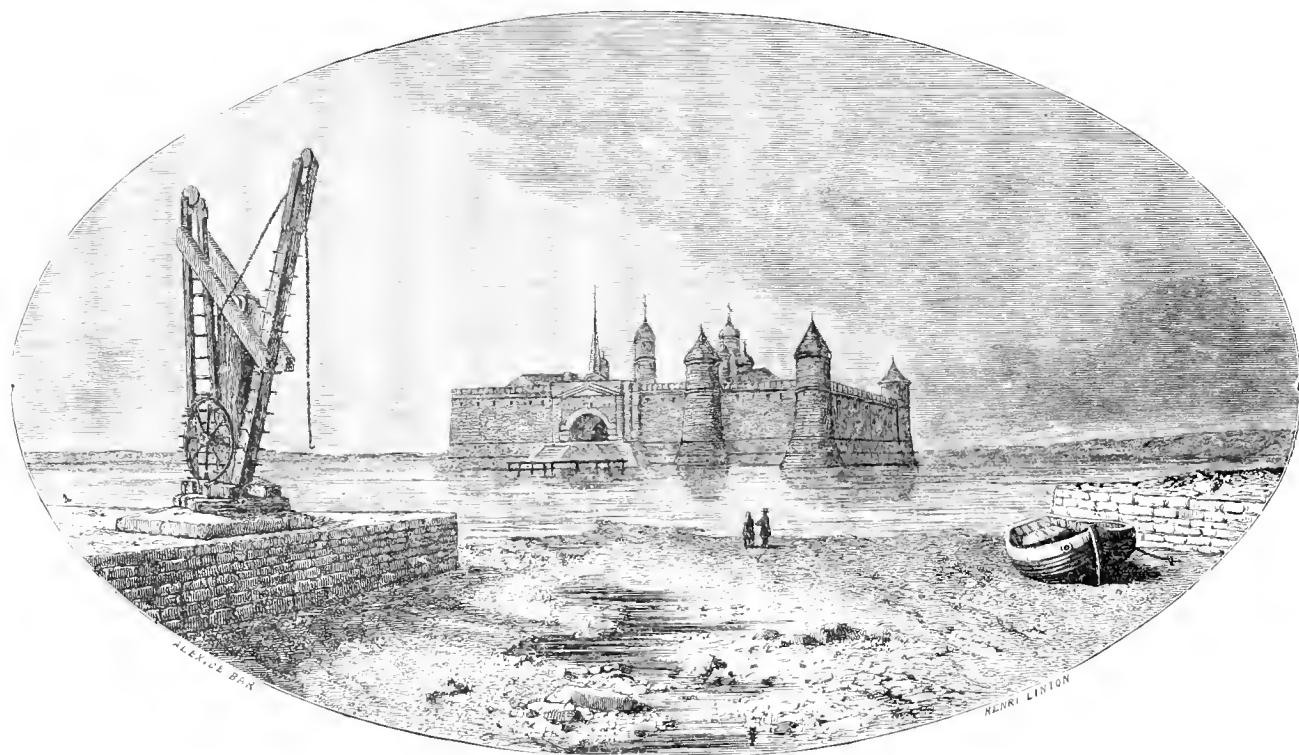


The Vauxhall (Garden Islands).

collection of drawings, illustrating the progress of architectural art, together with a well-lighted hall, destined for an annual exhibition of paintings, held in September. A fine collection of French, Belgian, and German pictures was bequeathed to the picture gallery by Count Konchelof, in 1861, greatly adding to its interest and value.

In the whole delta of the Neva there are more than forty islands, great and small. Some of these islands, although all belong to the precincts of the city, are still perfectly desert, inundated by the sea and the Neva, visited only by seals, or by wolves who come over the ice. Such are the Volney Islands, the Trukhtanoff Islands, and some others. The largest are the often-named Vassili Ostrof, the St. Peters-

burg Island, and the islands formed by the Moika, Fontanka, and the other canals. These are almost entirely occupied by the houses of the city, and form the centre of the island-metropolis. North-west of St. Petersburg Island lie five others of moderate size, separated by the arms of the greater and lesser Neyka, and the Neva: these are *the* islands, emphatically so called, the "Garden Islands," — Krestovsky, Kammessoi Ostrof, Petrofskoi Ostrof, Yelaginskoi Ostrof, and the Apothecary Island. When they say, in St. Petersburg, "We will go to the Islands this summer," "We will make a party to the Islands," they mean these five Garden Islands, and no others out of the whole forty. Nothing can be more lively and varied than the sights witnessed there in summer. Gay palaces for the royal family, and handsome carriage-drives for the nobles, adorn them; while on them, also, the lower classes find the ordinary means of amusing themselves, — eating-rooms, dancing-places, concerts, &c. The most popular



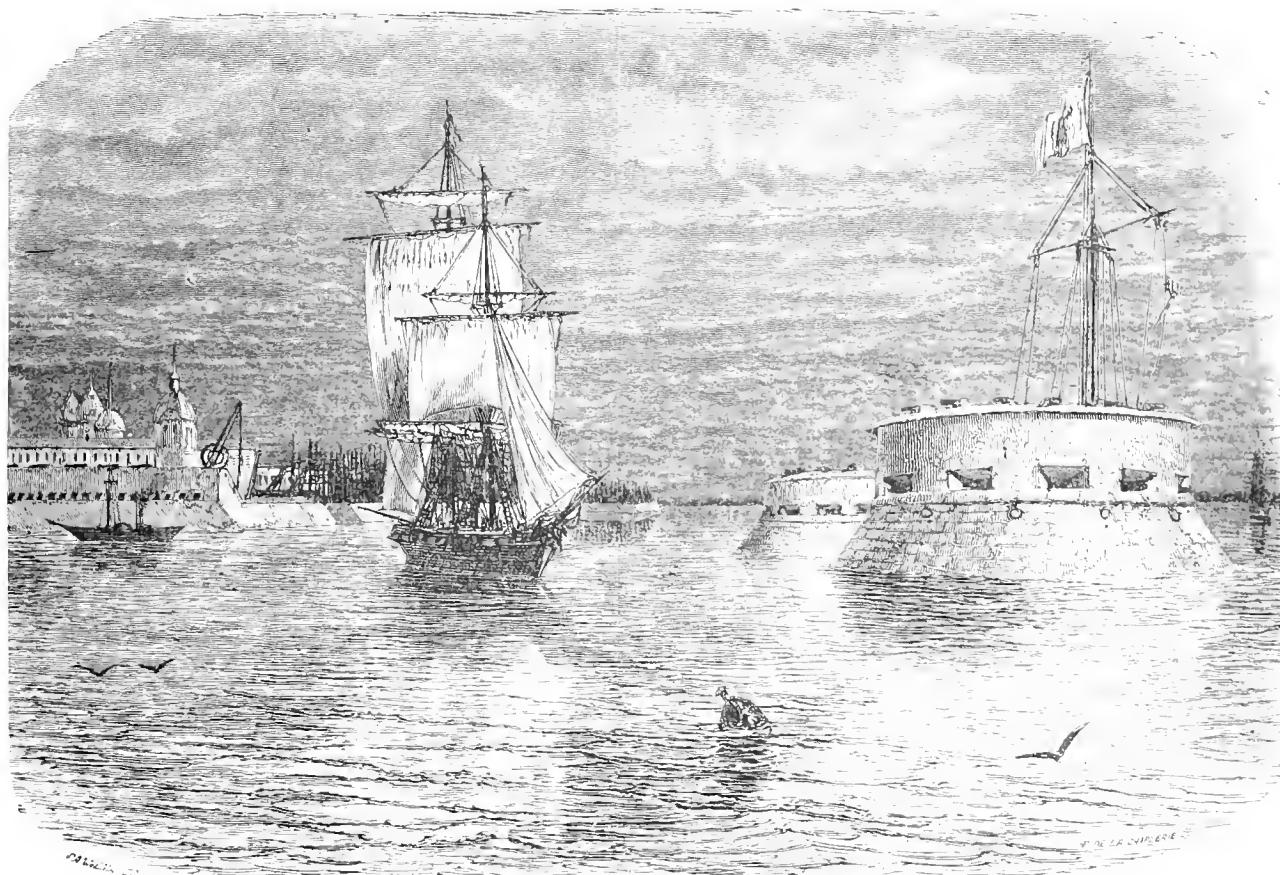
Fortress of Schlusselburg.

public garden is the Vauxhall (see page 41). The Garden Islands may, therefore, be said to form both the "Champs Elysees" and "Bois de Boulogne" of St. Petersburg. They are much farther away from the centre of the capital than these places are from that of Paris, but the cheapness of the droschky brings them near, as their crowded state shows.

The branches of the river, which twine round these islands in most confusing but beautiful variety, give to the scenes a singular life and interest. The waters are constantly enlivened by gay barges, shooting past in every direction, with lofty prows, and gaudy streamers floating behind; in these, many, and generally the merriest parties,

come all the way by the river; some shaded by striped awnings, some sitting unprotected, but all singing most beautifully.

Singing, in fact, is one of the great amusements on these islands; and though the Russian is generally a most disagreeable vocalist, when heard alone, nothing can be more delightful than to hear two or three of them joining in their national airs together. To the Russian, singing appears to be as natural as speaking is to other nations. The moment a stone-cutter gets the chisel in his hand, the song begins; and the "yemtchik" (postilion), in seizing the reins, strikes up his horrid melody, as regularly as if the amount of hire depended on the qualities of his voice. Watch a



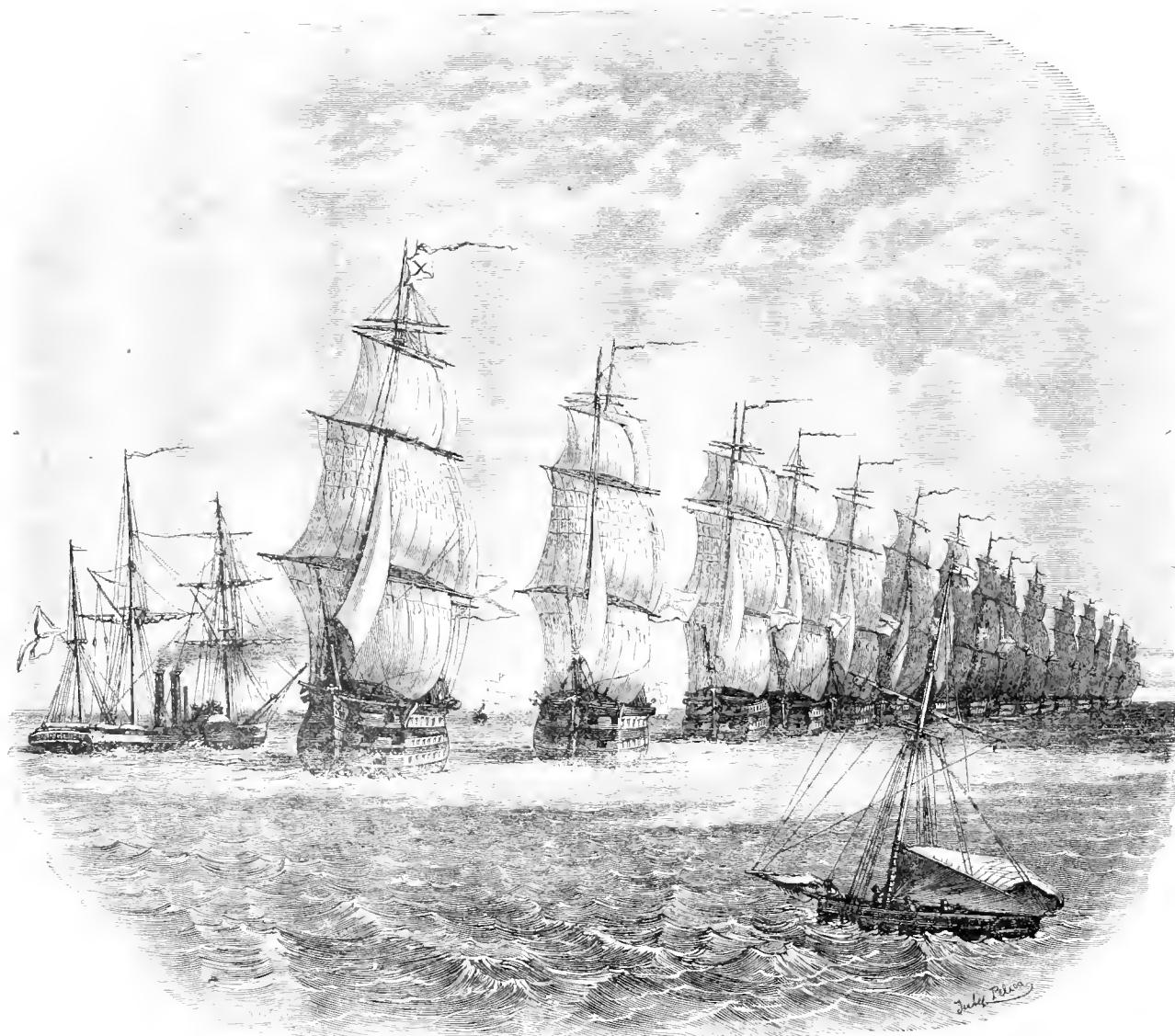
Cronstadt.

party of friends returning at night; if in a boat, the oars keep time to their harmony; if on foot, the pavement rings with their measured steps. But most of all are they musical in their droschkies. Five, six, or eight of them will crowd on one of these vehicles; how they do not all tumble off—like that bearded gentleman, or long-gowned lady, whom you see rolling in the mud not far off—is wonderful. Notwithstanding this accident, the song is not stopped—the vehicle is, perhaps; but the worthy fallen continues his song till raised by his brethren, who build themselves on again, and drive away, with a fury of voice increased by the delay.

From the Garden Islands up to Lake Ladoga, a distance of twenty-one miles,

the Neva is extremely beautiful. At the point where the river issues from the lake, rises, on a small island, the old and celebrated fortress of Schlusselburg, that we give on page 42. It is the key and only outwork for the defence of the capital on the east.

Cronstadt — the great bulwark of Russia, her chief naval station, and most thriving trading-port, all in one — stands on a naked, sandy island, about five miles long and one broad, in the middle of the narrowing Gulf of Finland, sixteen miles from St.



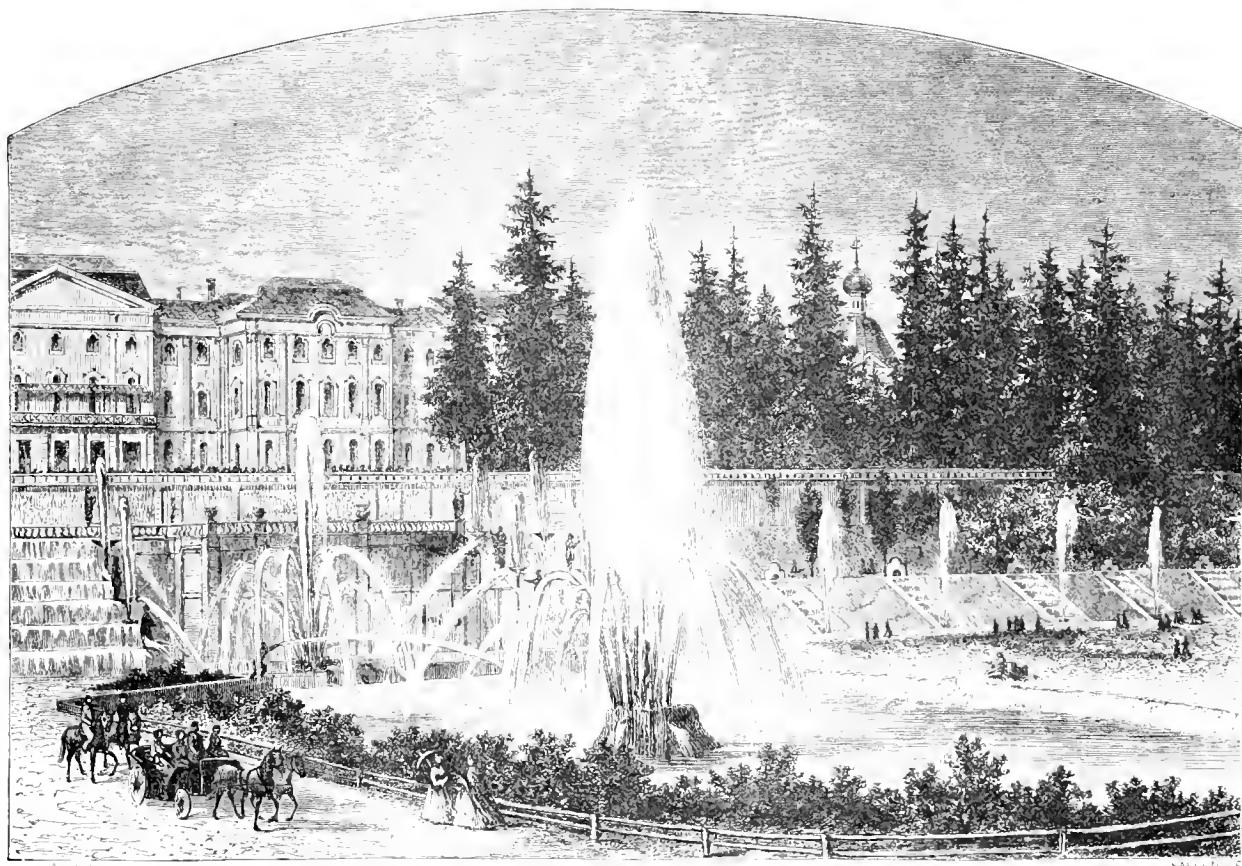
Sailing Vessels of the Baltic Fleet.

Petersburg, five or six from the rising shores of Istria on the south, and the same distance from the flatter coast of Carelia on the north. The island is so perfectly level that no ground is seen in approaching it; it looks (see page 43) a vast fortress rising on piles, rather than a town on solid ground.

So strongly is it defended by every device which skill can suggest, that many look upon it as impregnable. One part of its strength lies in the shallowness of the

gulf about it: except on one small line, there is not more than eight feet of water all round it. Ships can approach only through a narrow, winding channel, with twenty-six or twenty-eight feet of water, along which stand several fortifications of immense strength, and so placed that no enemy could pass without being demolished by their united fire. First comes the Citadel, close by the passage which all ships must take; then follow the frowning batteries on the Riesbank rock; and lastly, stronger than all, the Castle of Cronschlott, a polygon with double batteries.

Whether viewed in detail, or as a whole, Cronstadt is every way worthy to be the outpost of the largest empire of Europe. There is nothing mean or disappointing



Palace of Peterhof.

about it, as is often the case with the first places seen in approaching a new country. It speaks boldly out, an unblushing frontispiece to tales of war and despotism.

During our voyage from France to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, it had been our fortune to behold a stirring exhibition of Russia's strength. It was about noon, in the month of July, when our attention was drawn to a large vessel bearing down, with all sail set. She proved to be a ship of the line of the largest dimensions. Another soon appeared — another — and another;

“The cry was still, ‘They come!’”

till we could reckon about twenty-five men-of-war, all in view at the same moment.

A more splendid scene it had never been our fortune to witness. Such a number, even of small vessels, would have formed a beautiful sight; but the effect produced by this vast array of large ships is beyond description.

When the first feelings of wonder had subsided, we rubbed our eyes, and began to ask where we could have got to? We were in the midst of the sailing vessels

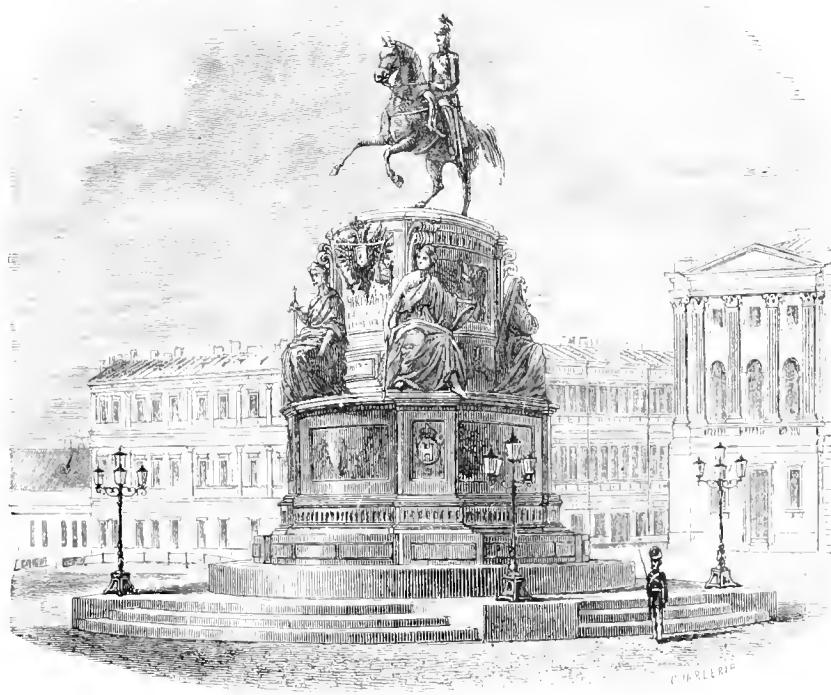


Monastery of St. Sergius.

of the Baltic fleet (see page 44), which was now out on its annual cruise; and we had come just at the luckiest moment, the ships being all in their highest trim, in expectation of the emperor, who was on his way down to superintend the manoeuvres which were to take place before a great proportion of the fleet should return to port for the season. Such a splendid sight we never expect to see again.

The day was most beautiful ; every ship had her sails set, and ploughed the waters with the grace of some stately bird that scarcely ruffles her native lake. The fine breeze kept all in motion. Signals for changing position were rapidly passing from one end of the line to the other; new groups, the most varied and most beautiful, were thus every moment presenting themselves. A little more of storm — something of danger — black hurrying gloom in place of that sunny sky, and it would have been a scene for a Vernet.

From Cromstadt to Peterhof, a distance of about eleven miles, a series of country houses stretch along the coast of the gulf. The Palace of Peterhof, that we have given on page 45, was commenced in 1720, by Leblond, under the direction of Peter the Great. Alterations and additions have been made to the building by every suc-



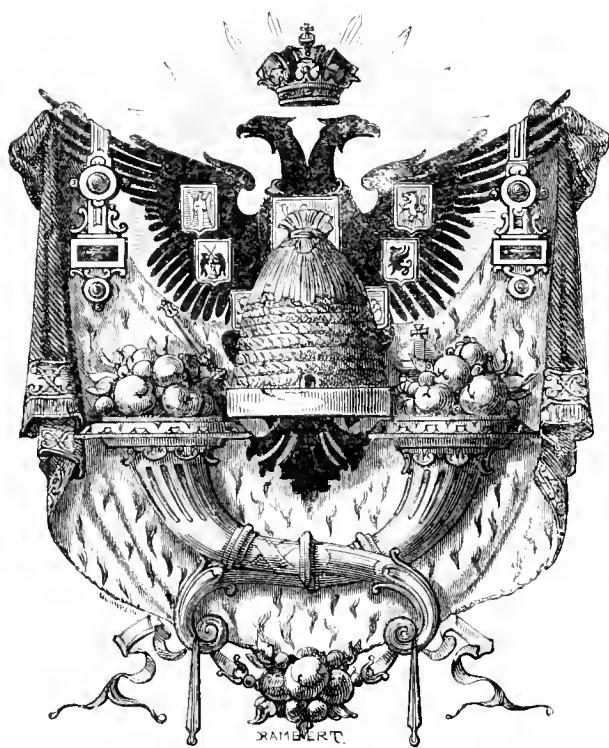
Statue of the Emperor Nicholas.

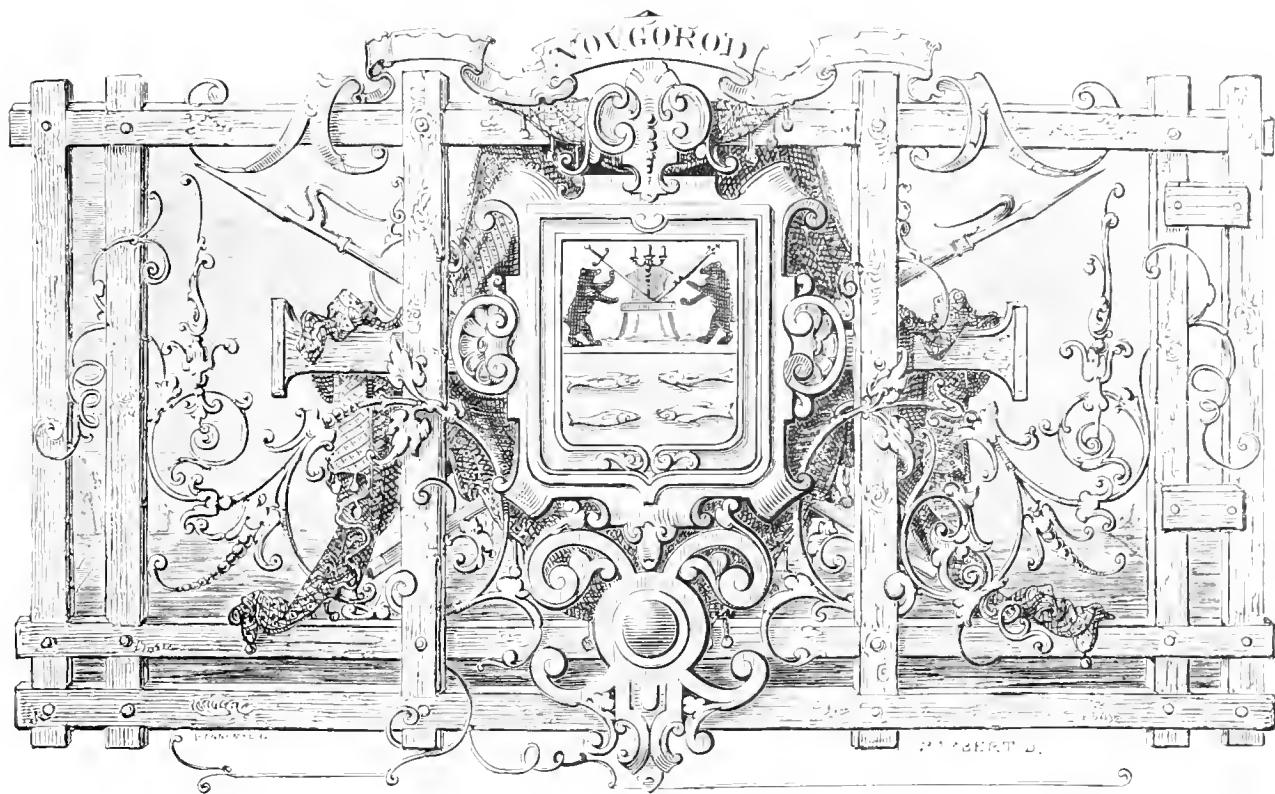
ceeding emperor and empress, but the general character is still preserved, even to its color, yellow, which is continually renewed. Its architecture is very insignificant in character, and deserves as little to be mentioned with Versailles and the other French chateaux which may have served as models, as the Kasan Church deserves to be compared with St. Peter's at Rome. Animating as the view is from the lofty coast over the sea, covered with ships of war and merchantmen, it is strange enough that the main front of the castle should be turned landwards. Downwards to the sea-shore, the garden descends in terraces, adorned with fountains and waterfalls. The basins, the Neptunes, storks, swans, and Nymphs, the Tritons, dolphins, painted rocks, and grottos, are copied from the engravings in Hushfeld's Art of Gardening ; but

we cannot pass the oaks and lime trees planted by Peter himself without reverence. The smaller buildings of Marly and Montplaisir, which lie under these trees, as wings to the larger edifice, remind the beholder of the modest arrangements of the carpenter of Saardam, the great reformer of Eastern Europe.

About six miles farther on we come to the Monastery of St. Sergins (see page 46), which was founded in 1734, the grounds having been bestowed, by the Empress Anne, on Warlaam, the superior of the Froitsa Monastery, near Moscow. By him the first church and cells were built. The principal church is probably one of the prettiest in Russia; it stands on an elevation which overlooks the estuary of the Neva, and, with its stalls of oak and open roof, has an appearance of elegance which is possessed by few of the Russo-Greek churches. Underneath are the sepulchral vaults and mortuary chapels of many great families. Great crowds assemble here on Sundays to listen to the music and singing at the monastery, which are always very fine.

[48]



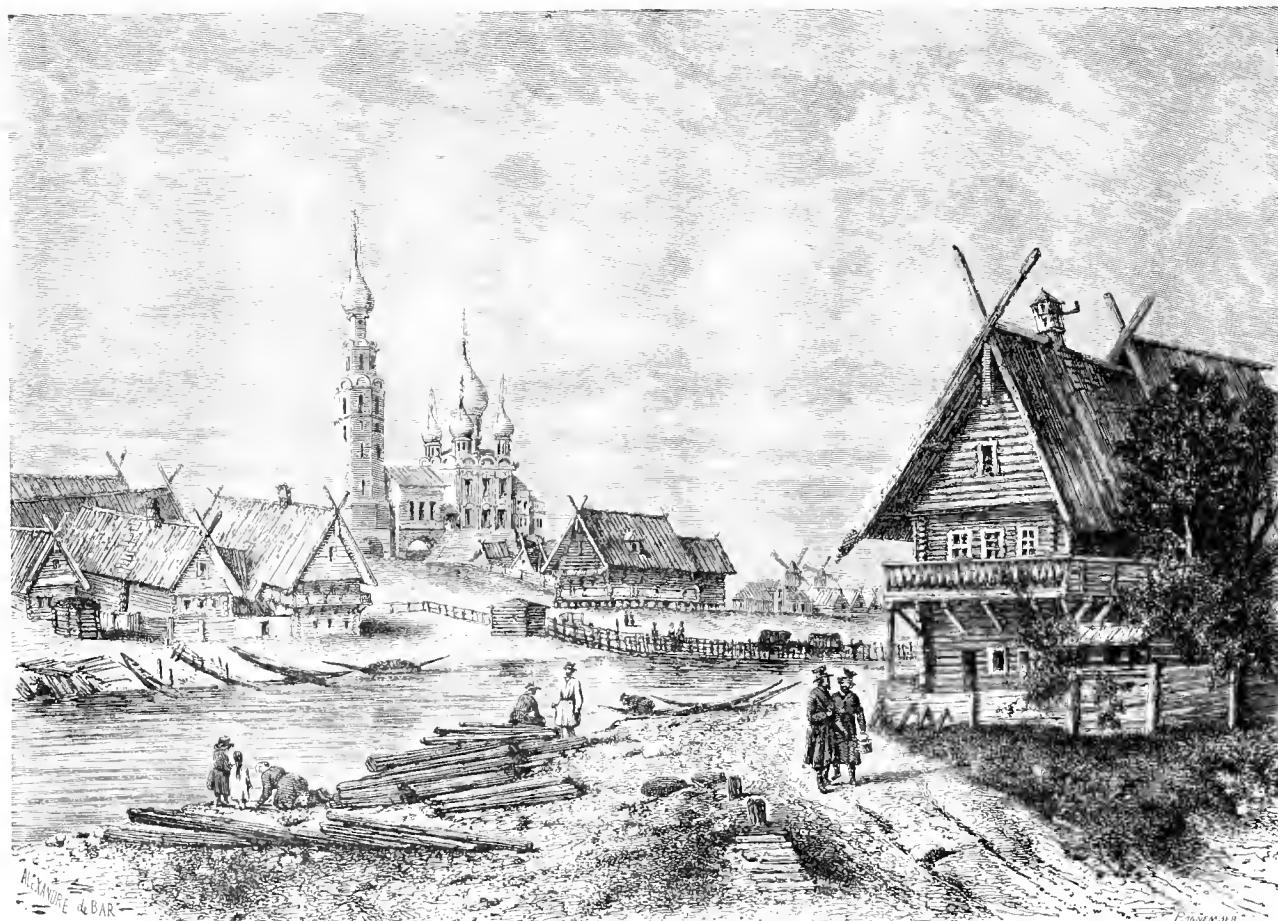


Russia is the largest and the ugliest country in the world. Nature seems to have lavished all her deformity on this one empire, which, without question, covers the least beautiful portion of the whole habitable globe. With the exception of the Crimea, the Russian Italy,—and even of it must we speak in terms of very moderate praise,—there is scarcely a single inch of this overgrown territory that can be called picturesque. In Russia, it is possible to travel five hundred miles without being once arrested by a romantic scene. He who journeys over it, cannot indeed say, "It is all barren;" for he passes many an interesting sight; but assuredly he will not find a single beautiful mountain, nor a rugged cliff, nor a brawling stream, nor a fresh green glen to detain him. He finds nothing but the dead, wearisome, ceaseless monotony of tame plains and tamer forests.

Yet if Russia possesses little beauty in point of scenery, in one respect it surprises the stranger most completely. He comes expecting to find large portions of it entirely desert; and, doubtless, there are many in this state; but the lines through which the great roads lie are generally so well cultivated, that, with the exception

of the Steppes, Russia will by no means be found such a wilderness as we usually conceive it to be.

On the road from St. Petersburg to Novgorod, and, indeed, throughout the whole of Russia, a house is almost never seen standing by itself: the peasants are all congregated in small villages, containing from thirty to one hundred houses which are fairly illustrated by the accompanying engraving. It is in these places that the Russian is found in unsophisticated purity. Flatterers may prate as they please about the progress Russia is making: the Russian, whatever his country has been doing, remains exactly where Peter found him. That royal reformer gave him a push for-

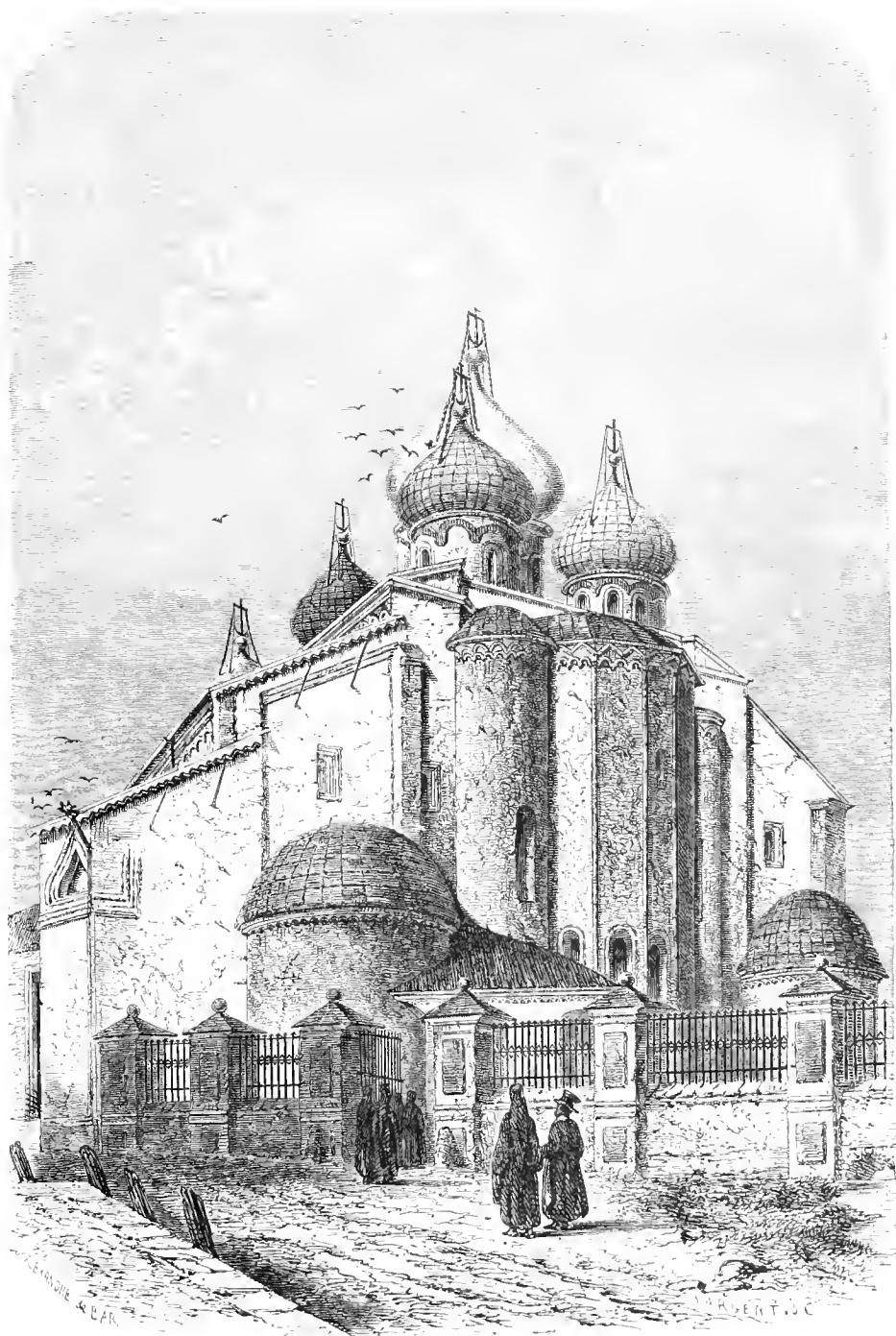


Village of Goummi, near Novgorod.

ward, after his rude fashion, but the moment its influence ceased to be felt, the good Russian came to a stand-still, and there you may see him at this hour, in his skins, and his shoes of bark, standing by the door of his filthy dwelling, everything precisely the same as early authors describe.

Novgorod-Veliki, that is, the "Great," is the cradle of the Russian empire, and stands one hundred and twenty miles south-west of St. Petersburg. It is well known that in the days of its commercial prosperity this city was so splendid, that the proverb said, "There is nothing great but God and Novgorod;" but now it is so

sadly fallen that its one hundred thousand inhabitants have dwindled to less than twenty thousand. It is, however, still a very showy, interesting place, with its time-worn Kremlin, wide, well-paved streets, St. Petersburg houses, and, above all, a most romantic history. There is a fine iron bridge, founded on granite pillars, built across



Cathedral of St. Sophia.

the Volkhoff, the river which drains Lake Ilmen; but the churches are the only surviving monuments of the greatness of Novgorod.

Foremost among them stands the Cathedral of St. Sophia (which is here presented),

or, as it was formerly styled, "The heart and soul of Great Novgorod," where the princes were crowned, and in front of which the *Vechés*, or popular assemblies, were sometimes held. This building was originally constructed, in 1045, by the grandson of St. Vladimir, after a model of Justinian's Temple. It was pillaged by the Prince



Types of Novgorod.

of Polotsk in 1065, and by the Opritchniks, under John the Terrible, in 1570. The entire building was completely restored in 1837.

The Russians are naturally sober and self-denying, can live long without indulging in excess, are most industrious when it is in their power to gain a little, and anxious to store up something against the evil day. Yet, put liquor in their way,

— let temptation come across the path, — and that instant, farewell sobriety, industry, saving habits! all are forgotten as much as if they had never been known.

That propensity is the worst part of the Russian character. Nothing is more common, in the quiet streets of Noygorod, than to meet a pair of blue-coated gentlemen reeling home in most helpless intoxication. They neither see nor hear you. If they run against the passenger, they think it is the wall that they have struck, and shoulder on, without moving eye or lip. They are generally arm in arm, trying to help each other; but the effort cannot be continued much longer; they are evidently getting more oblivious. There is neither oath nor angry word betwixt them; they are reeling on in perfect silence and brotherly love. They have still some sense of shame left, and are anxious to get home out of sight; they raise their feet to make longer steps, — but it will not do; the foot falls where it rose from; the head is getting giddier, the street wider, the limbs feebler, till down they fall in the nearest gutter, snoring in most complete insensibility. A melancholy, but a too frequent sight! If the emperor could eradicate this debasing propensity, he would do more for his people than if he should overrun Asia.

There is something remarkable, too, in the Russian's way of getting drunk. Even in his vices he is unlike other people. Some nations drink for amusement; the Russian drinks to get drunk, and that in a moment. He enters a brandy-shop, beckons to the master, counts down his kopecks, seizes the measure, and, at one draught, quaffs enough to make him a beast.

Some nations seek to justify their drinking by the pretext that they do so to make themselves merry, — their phlegmatic blood will not move without a stimulant. The Russian drinks to make himself sad. He needs no stimulants to put him into spirits; he is by nature the merriest soul alive. Frolicsome as a young colt, he may be seen, when two or three have got together on a walk, flinging his heels as high as the trees, playing all manner of fantastic tricks with his companions, and keeping the ring in laughter with his jokes. But the moment this happy creature has swallowed the poisonous dose, he becomes heavy, flat, and powerless. Mirth and strength alike are gone. He must be cared for by the police, or tied in the droschky among his mates.

Two miles out of Noygorod is the Monastery of Yuryev (see page 54), one of the most ancient in Russia, having been founded by Yaroslaf, son of Vladimir, in 1031. It stands on an elevation between the Volkov and Kniajovka Rivers, and presents from a distance a most picturesque appearance. Within the monastery are three churches, the oldest dating from 1119, and dedicated to George the Martyr. The charters given to the monastery in 1128 and 1132 are among the objects shown to the visitor; also an altar-cloth of the fifteenth century, and a cross, presented in 1599, which is studded with pearls and precious stones.

To a stranger, the humble Russian peasant, in his sheep-skin, is worth all his civilized superiors in the empire. Wherever he may be seen, he is a most interesting subject for study; but nowhere more than in church. Follow him into one of the beautiful churches of Yuryeff, and you will find him on his knees, repeating his prayers after the priest, with a fluency which nothing can arrest, and a devotion which nothing can distract. Pass him, or jostle him as you may, he is too deeply engaged with his pious work to take the least notice of you. It is always painful to be present, an unconcerned spectator, where a religious service is going forward



Monastery of Yuryeff.

in which the heart cannot join. We feel as if intruding on that which we have no right to witness, and seem to scoff without wishing to do so. In Russia, however, there is no occasion for feeling thus. Let the stranger take off his hat on entering, and he is no more looked at than one of the pillars; he disturbs nobody.

During our stay in Novgorod we had an opportunity of witnessing a church marriage ceremony, of which we had read so many dissimilar accounts. The officiating priest, decked in his church vestments, advanced from the sanctuary towards the door of entrance into the church, and there received the pair about to be made happy, to

whom he delivered a lighted taper, making at the same time the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. We stood by the side of the table on which were deposited the rings and the silvered crowns, and before which the priest halted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud



Church Marriage Ceremony.

and impressive voice, a short prayer, his face being turned towards the sanctuary, and the bride and bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers. The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and taking the rings

from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man, and proclaiming aloud that they stood betrothed, "now and forever, even unto ages of ages," which declaration he repeated thrice to them, while they mutually exchanged the rings an equal number of times. The rings were now again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the forehead of the couple with them, and put them on the forefinger of each; and, turning to the sanctuary, read another impressive part of the service, in which an allusion is made to all the circumstances in the Holy Testament where a ring is mentioned as the pledge of union, honor, and power.

The priest, now taking hold of the hands of both parties, led them forward and caused them to stand on a carpet, which lay spread before them. The congregation usually watch this moment with intense curiosity, for it is anguished that the party which steps first on the carpet will have the mastery over the other through life. In the present case, the fair bride secured possession of this prospective privilege with modest forwardness. The priest then placed the two silvered crowns on the heads of the happy pair, and blessing the common cup which was brought to him, gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to her who was to be his mate, for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short prayer, the priest took the bride and bridegroom by the hand, and walked with them round the table thrice, having both their right hands fast in his, from west to east.

Then taking off the bridegroom's crown, he said, "Be thou magnified, O bridegroom, as Abraham! Be thou blessed as Isaac, and multiplied as Jacob, walking in peace, and performing the commandments of God in righteousness!" In removing the bride's crown, he exclaimed, "And be thou magnified, O bride, as Sarah! Be thou joyful as Rebecca, and multiplied as Rachel; delighting in thine own husband, and observing the bounds of the law, according to the good pleasure of God!" The ceremony now drew to its conclusion; the tapers were extinguished, and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who, walking towards the holy screen, were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other.

From this scene of joy we turn to one of grief and sorrow, to examine the usages prevalent in Russia in regard to the disposing of the dead. A Russian funeral, from what we have seen, differs but little from that of the Catholics. There are, however, a few circumstances attending it, which are commonly observed in the interior of the country. When a patient is in imminent danger, and death seems to await him, he assembles his family round his bed, and blesses them with an image, and with some bread and salt, distributing gifts, and declaring his testamentary determination. After his dissolution the eyes and mouth are closed by the nearest relative, when two copper coins are laid on the former. After some time the body is washed and dressed. A priest is now sent for, who perfumes the body with in-

cense, singing a psalmody over it. It is then placed in the coffin, which is kept open and exposed on a table, and a succession of priests and clerks attend in the chamber of death, reading the Gospel or the Psalter, both by day and night. On the third day the body is taken to the church, where the coffin is still left open, while the officiating priest recites the prayer for the dead. After the interment, the friends, who have been invited by cards to the ceremony, just as if it were to a dinner or to a rout, return to the house of the deceased, where a table, spread with refreshments, offers an opportunity to the spectators to recruit their strength. The principal

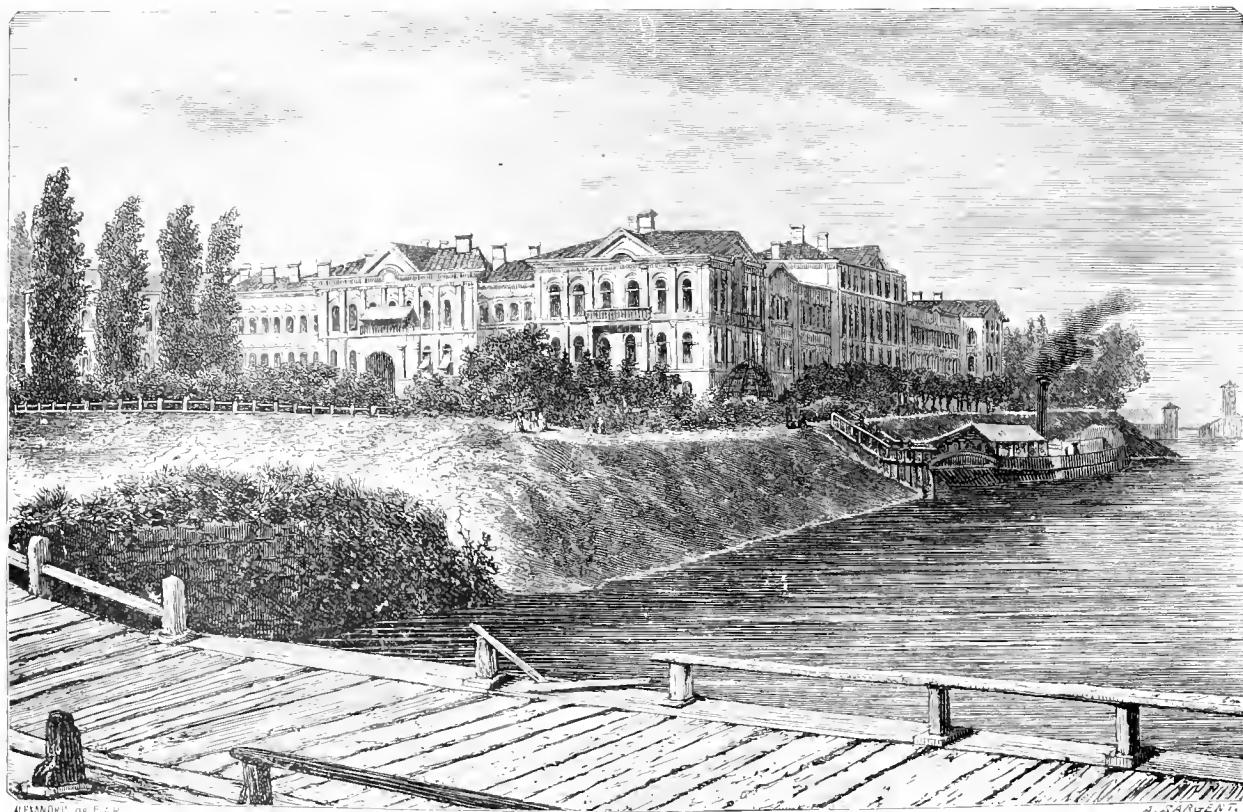


Funeral of a Poor Russian.

dish is the *koutiyyâ*, which is a composition of honey, wheat, and raisins. The priest first blesses and incenses this dish, of which every one immediately after partakes. The funerals of the poorest class are, of course, more summarily conducted, and you cannot travel long in the interior of Russia before witnessing some scenes similar to that here represented: a shaggy, bony horse, looking like the very emblem of hunger and misery, harnessed to a sledge only consisting of a pair of skates coarsely joined; on this shabby vehicle, a coffin scarcely nailed, and covered with a sheep-skin. A poor little ragged girl, seated on the coffin, drives the horse, and a woman carries the cross

which will mark the resting-place of her departed husband. Where are the relatives and the friends?

Mitau, which we present here, is the capital of Courland, and lies on its most important navigable river, the Aa, in a sandy yet fruitful district. The surrounding country is free from forests and marshes, and towards the south is particularly adapted for the growth of wheat. The situation of Mitau is another circumstance favorable to its prosperity. The province has somewhat the form of a snake, with a very large head, and small, tapering tail. Mitau is situated nearly in the centre of this figure, alike distant from tail and head, in the heart of the country, in its most fertile district, on its most navigable river; and it is not to be wondered at that first the great



Mitau.

masters of the knights, and afterwards the dukes and nobles, should have selected it for the residence of the court, and the rendezvous of society and refinement, and that under the Russian dominion it should have remained the seat of government, and the residence of the highest authorities of Courland. Mitau is, consequently, the most important and best known town in the province. Any one who hears Mitau mentioned by a petty proprietor of the interior, who, living in his wooden castle, takes little part in the doings of the fashionable world, would imagine Paris or London was spoken of. Its social circles are the highest objects of ambition to

the young gentlemen and ladies of Courland; and the Lettes speak of Yelgava, as they call it, as if it was the capital of the world.

The most distinguished edifice of Mitau is the Castle, the old residence of the Courland dukes. This castle (see page 58), an extensive, gigantic building, in the style of Versailles, lies on an island surrounded by the arms and canals of the Aa. It was built by the powerful favorite Biron, who by Russian influence became Duke of Cour-



Types of Mitau.

land; it was inhabited by two dukes, was almost entirely destroyed by a fire in 1788, was rebuilt, and became subsequently an asylum for the fugitive king, Louis XVIII. It now serves as a residence for the chief officers of the city, and apartments are reserved for the members of the imperial family, whenever they may happen to pass through Mitau.

The population of Mitau amounts to twenty thousand, but it is difficult to say what part of this population can be described as permanent residents, the noble families inhabiting the town only in the winter, and many of them only for three or four weeks. The merchants, lawyers, artists, and men of letters are almost all Germans. The poorest and most miserable inhabitants are the Jews, four or five families of whom often live "cuddled up" together in a damp, dark cellar, and lead a life that it is difficult to think worth preserving, yet to which they cling as if it were a costly jewel.

The environs of Mitau have few pleasing features. Though its citizens are not confined in walls and ramparts,—for its suburbs gradually lose themselves in the open



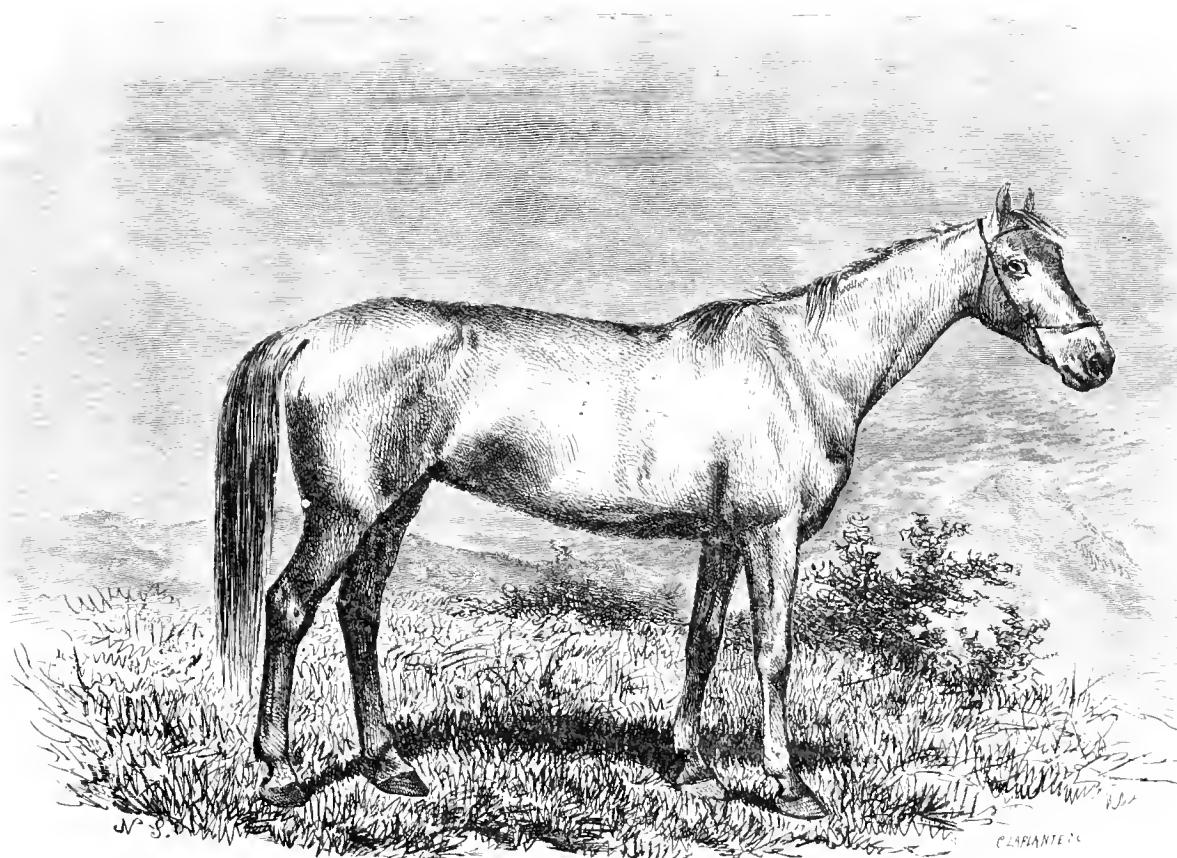
The Chase.

country,— yet the inhabitants keep as strictly within the town, as if they were besieged by a hostile army. If sandy wastes, dreary deserts, and snow-storms are enemies, they are, indeed, almost the whole year in a state of blockade. Mitau is not surrounded by pleasant villages and gardens; immediately without its gates begin the wide domains of the "Bene possessionati," and the castles and mansions of the nobility follow one another as in the interior of the country, except that they are closer to each other than in other parts of Courland. On the right hand a morass, on the left a marsh, then flat, sandy wastes or sand hills raised into waves and undulations by the wind; here

and there a few firs or beech trees; far and wide a barren wilderness; such, all around the mouth of the Dwina, is the country from Mitau to Riga and the sea.

Now that there are no more heathens and barbarians to attack, the most important occupation for a Courlander or Livonian is the chase, whether directed against wolf, bear, badger, elk, lynx, deer, hare, otter, snipe, heron, swan, or heath-cock. No one is a hunter by profession, but every one is a born sportsman, and hunts and shoots for pleasure. Nothing is forbidden game; and every man—that is, every nobleman—may shoot bears and elks as freely as sparrows.

The two kinds of sporting most practised are the "flying hunt," and the "clapper



A Russian Mare.

hunt." The "flying hunt" (see page 60) is followed entirely on horseback, and with hounds. The hunters follow the noise of their canine guides, who find out the track of the game, and all that the dogs raise is shot. The "clapper hunt" requires the assistance of drivers, and is confined to wolves, bears, elks, and such animals. It has its name from the clapping instruments of the drivers, with which they strike against the trees, to rouse the game. The Lettes and Esthonians, the skilful assistants of the noble hunters, raise a tumult with whistling, screaming, shouting, and clapping, which might drive a Diogenes from his tub, let alone the poor shy beasts of the forest.

The rich land-owners sometimes invite all their neighbors, for twenty miles round,

to a great hunt. The field is then taken for eight successive days against the shy inhabitants of the forest, in sledges, droschkies, and coaches, or on horseback, accompanied by multitudes of peasants and dogs. The meals are taken under the shade of a lofty fir tree, from which a lynx has just been expelled, or in the den of a bear, which has just been overcome, or in the lair of a newly-shot elk. Sometimes a corps of musicians accompanies the party, and cards and dice are seldom wanting. It might be imagined that Tacitus had made his remarks on the ancient tribes of Germany, in these haunts of their unsophisticated descendants; except that, instead of savages clothed in bear-skins, these hunters are always well dressed, sometimes young and handsome, and generally well educated and intelligent. The assuming of the *toga virilis* was the great era in the life of a Roman youth. The fowling-piece is here an emblem of the same significance. The first elk shot by a nobleman's son is talked of half his life, and the last bear conquered by an old man before his death is long thought of with mournful pity by his friends.

[62]



MOSCOW.



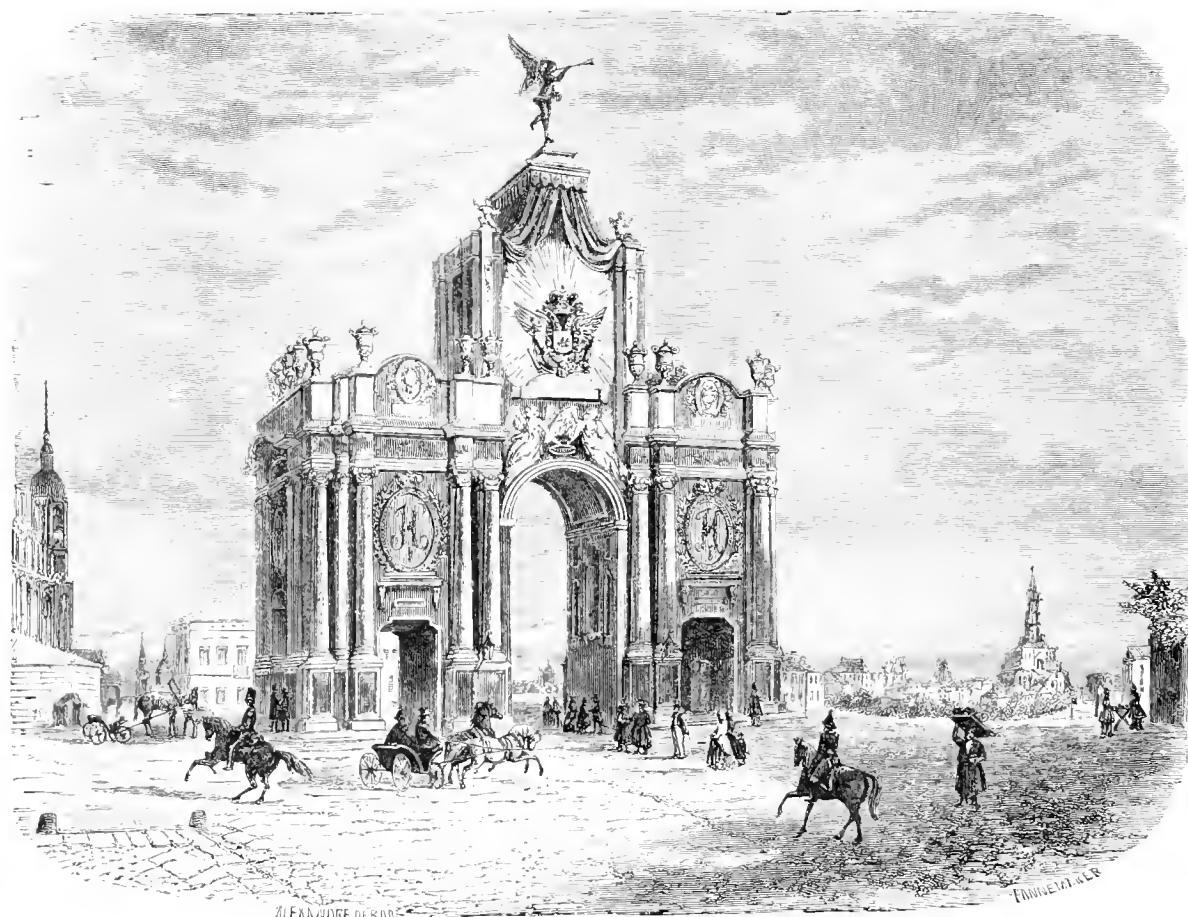
PALACE OF PETROWSKY.

THOSE who have first seen Moscow under a beautiful sunset, as we did, will not soon forget the sensations of that moment. It is certainly one of the most beautiful sights in the world. We do not recollect any city which makes so fine a show at a distance, and disappoints less when entered. Full eight miles away

its countless towers and cupolas were gleaming bright in the sun, and each moment

brought new domes of blue, and gold, and white, into view. We could scarcely persuade ourselves that we were not in Asia,—so truly Oriental is the aspect of this glittering city.

The fair Moscow, in circuit not less than thirty miles, and sheltering eight hundred thousand inhabitants, according to the census of 1872, now lay, as it were, at our feet,—not in one thick mass of impenetrable buildings, but spread with exactly that degree of open and orderly confusion which taste prefers to straight lines and sharp angles—over a finely undulating hollow, embosomed among a circle of broken heights, some

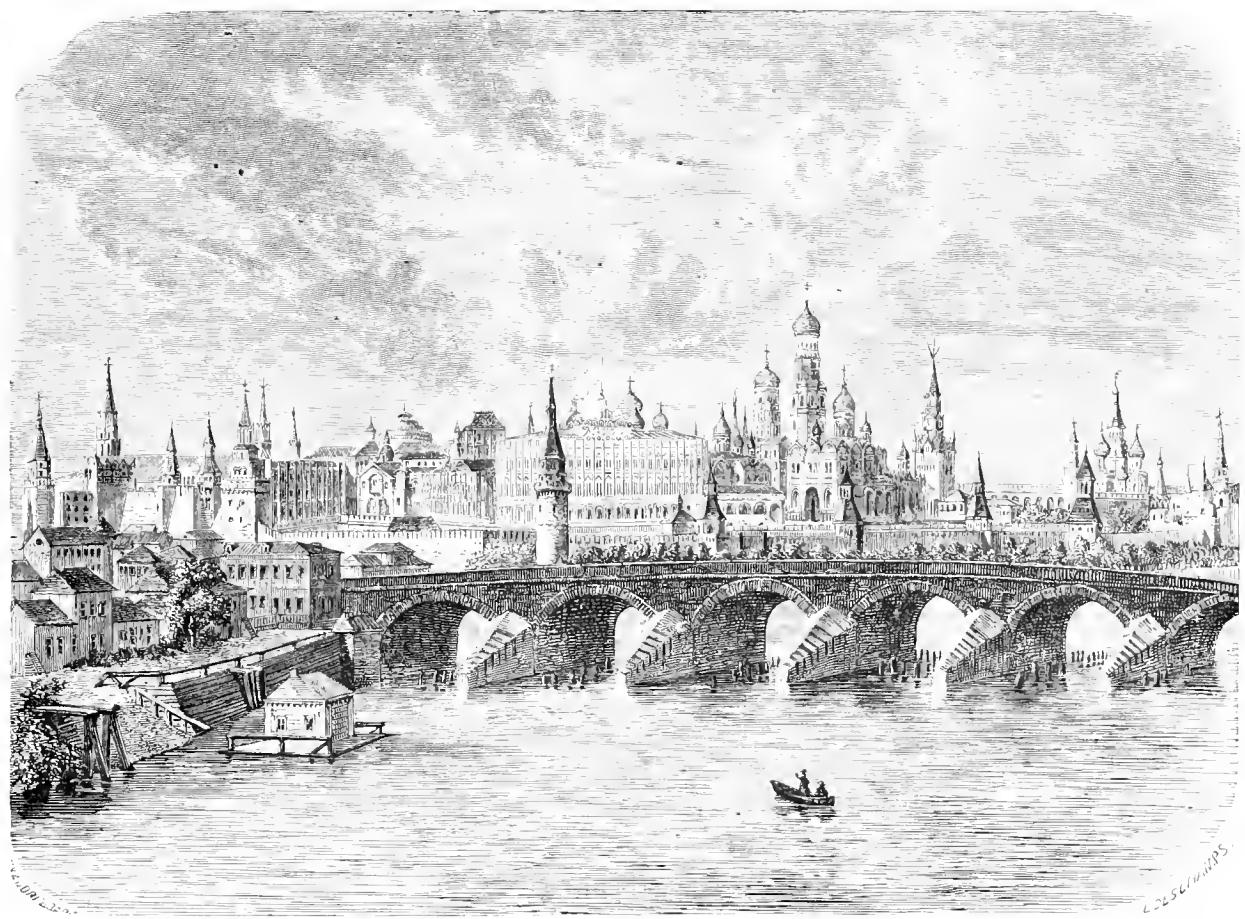


The Red Gate.

fringed with wood, some green with cultivation, which at once give protection and beauty to the stately city.

The original founders of Moscow settled, without doubt, on the Kremlin Hill, which naturally became the centre of the city at a later period. Nearest that fortified hill lay the Kitai Gorod (Chinese City), the oldest part of Moscow. Around both the Kremlin and Kitai Gorod lies Beloi Gorod (White City), which is encircled by the Tver Boulevard, and the other boulevards, forming together one street. Round Beloi Gorod runs, in a like circular form, the Smelnoi Gorod, surrounded by the Garden Street, in which, among other buildings, is seen the beautiful Red Gate, here given, a

jewel of the ancient capital of Russia, erected in honor of Peter the Great. These rings, forming the body of the city, properly so called, are intersected by the Tverskaya, Dimitrovskaya, and other streets radiating from the open places round the Kremlin as the common centre. Nowhere is there a sufficient length of street to form a perspective. The greater number of the streets wind like the paths of an English park, or like rivers meandering through fields. We always fancy ourselves coming to the end; and in every part where the ground is level, we appear to be in a small city. Fortunately the site of Moscow is in general hilly. The streets undulate continually, and thus offer,



General View of the Kremlin.

from time to time, points of view whence the eye is able to range over the vast ocean of house-tops.

The Kremlin is best viewed from the south side, and from the Bridge of Moskva Rekoi, here given. From the river that bathes its base, the hill of the Kremlin rises, picturesquely adorned with turf and shrubs. The buildings appear set in a rich frame of water, verdant foliage, and snowy wall, the majestic column of Ivan Wilikoi rearing itself high above all, like the axis round which the whole moves. Amidst the confusion of the numerous small, antique edifices, the Belshoi Dvorez (the large palace) has an imposing aspect. It looks like a large mass of white rock amidst a multitude of frag-

ments. The churches and palaces stand on the plateau of the Kremlin as on a mighty salver, the little red and gold Castle Church of the Czars coqueting near the border like some pretty little maiden, and the paler-colored cupolas of the Michaelis and Uspenski Churches representing the broad corpulence of a merchant's wife; the Maloi Dvorez (little palace) and the Convent of the Miracle draw modestly back, as beseems hermits and little people. All these buildings stand on the summit of the Kremlin like its crown, themselves again crowned with a multitude of cupolas, of which every church has at least five, and one has sixteen, glittering in gold and silver. The appearance of the whole is so picturesque and interesting, that a painter has only to make a faithful



Krassnaya Square.

copy, in order to produce a most attractive picture; but we never saw one that did not fall far short of the original, certainly one of the most striking city views in Europe.

Moscow, with its labyrinth of courts, shrubberies, and gardens, and with streets that nowhere take the direct business-like course, has, throughout, the character of a suburb or village. This is more particularly the case round Semlanoi Gorod. The houses do not stand in straight rows, nor are they all of similar height and dimension; one house will be large and magnificent, another small and paltry; one is painted white, another green, a third yellow. One stands boldly forward, seeking notice; another



TYPES. — GREAT RUSSIA.

1. Woman of Moscow.
 2. Girl of Moscow.
 3. Girl of Pskov.
 4. Woman of Pskov.
 5, 6. Men of Novgorod.
 7, 8. Girls of Pskov.
 9. Woman of Tver.
 10. Woman of Torjok.

11. Woman of Kaluga.
 12, 13. Gentlemen of Moscow.
 14, 15. Women of Smolensk.
 16. Woman of Trogolouge.
 17. Girl of Trogolouge.
 18. Girl of Viazma.
 19. Woman of Orel.

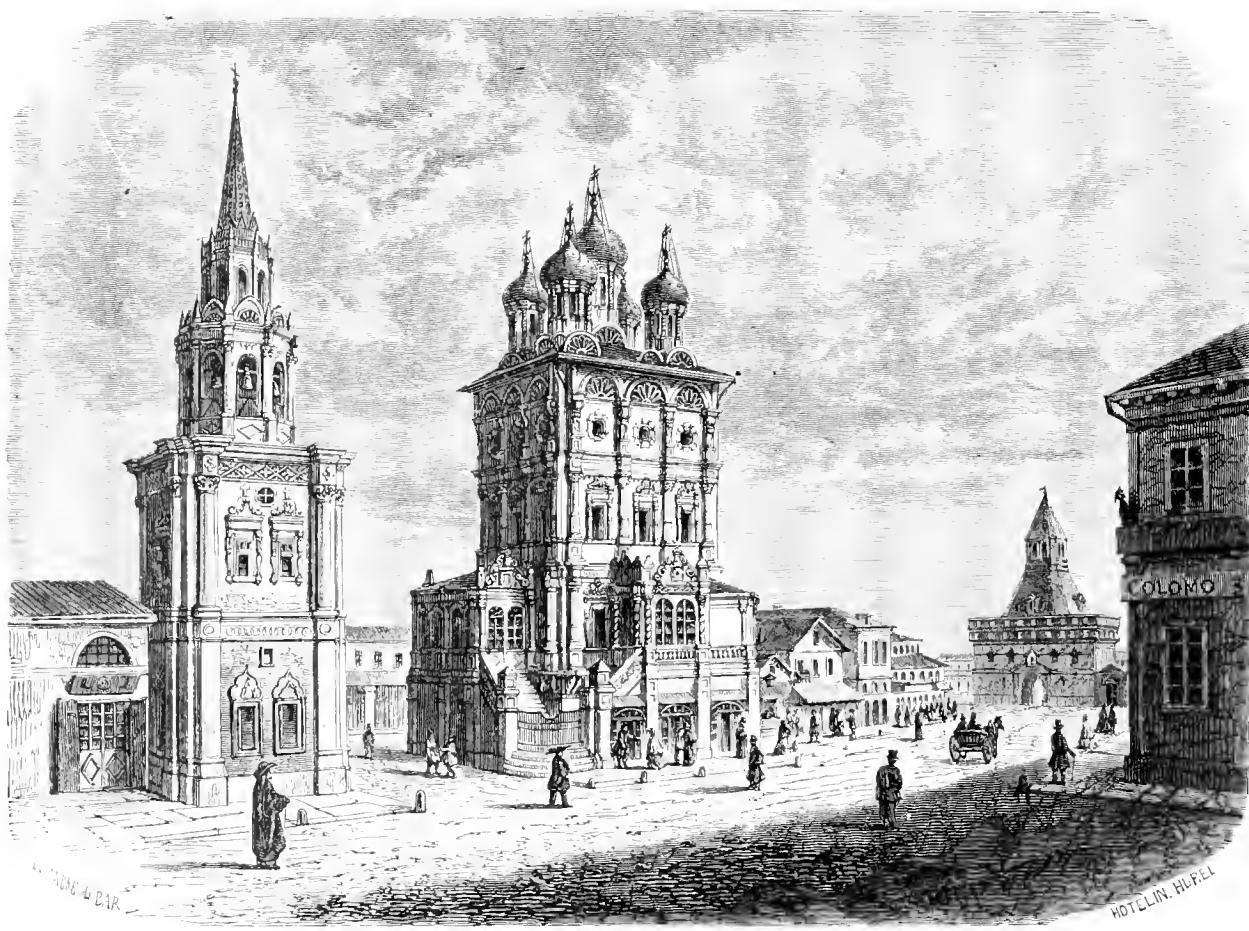
20. Girl of Orel.
 21. Young Man of Orel.
 22. Woman of Riazan.
 23. Girl of Riazan.
 24. Girl of Saratov.
 25. Woman of Saratov.
 26. Man of Kolomna.

27. Woman of Kolomna.
 28. Girl of Koursk.
 29. Girl of Lgov.
 30. Man of Koursk.
 31. Young Man of Saratov.
 32. Woman of Saratov.
 33. Girl of Saratov.

34. Girl of Toul.
 35, 36. Women of Toul.
 37, 38. Workmen of Toul.
 39. Girl of Toul.
 40. Girl of Toul.
 41. Girl of Riazan.
 42. Girl of Kozly.
 43. Girl of Kozly.
 44. Girl of Lgov.

retreats within its little garden or stately court-yard, in which coaches-and-four are constantly circling. A city, in one sense of the word,—that is, an assemblage of human dwellings pressed closely together till they seem as if hewn out of one rock,—Moscow is not, excepting, perhaps, the square verst contained in the Kremlin and Kitai Gorod.

The weakest part of Moscow is its rivers. The two chief rivers are the Moskva and the Yansa. The former winds so much that it remains, for nearly three miles, within the limits of the city. Both are extremely shallow. The Moskva is a meagre nymph, whose proportions become no fuller after she has swallowed up her sister, the Yansa, which, in summer, drags heavily along its slimy bed. Indirectly, however, these rivers



St. Nicholas Church and St. Nicholas Gate.

yield the city its finest ornament, if we consider the trees in the moist green valleys, and the gardens on the hill-side, as their work.

Krassnaya Square (see page 66), with the walls of the Kremlin to the right, the Gostinnoi dvor (bazaar)—the greatest standing warehouse of the empire—to the left, and on the south side the Vassili-Blagemoy Church, is the largest open square in Moscow. In the centre of the place is a monument erected in honor of Mininn and Tojarsky, two Muscovite patriots. Almost facing the Vassili-Blagemoy Church is seen the Spiasski Vorota, or "Redeemer's Gate," the most important of the five gates by which

the Kremlin is entered. Over it has hung, since the foundation of the city, a picture of the Savior, which is an object of the greatest reverence to every Russian, from the emperor to the lowest peasant in the country, and neither one nor the other would dare to pass under it without removing his hat. The outriders of splendid equipages, the princes in the same, the bearer of despatches who rushes in on matters of life or death, all remove their hats and hold them in their hands until they pass through to the other side. Any one passing through and forgetting to uncover, is immediately reminded, nor would it be safe to neglect the warning.

The St. Nicholas Gate (see page 68), although not so privileged as the Redeem-



The Bolshoi Devoreth (Large Palace).

er's Gate, has also a wonder-working picture, that of St. Nicholas, over its entrance. It was near the entrance of this gate that, in 1812, Napoleon's powder-wagons exploded and destroyed a large part of the arsenal and other buildings. The gate escaped with a rent which split the tower in the middle as far as the frame of the picture, which stopped its further progress. Not even the glass of the picture, or that of the lamp suspended below it, was injured. So says the inscription on the gate, and the remarkable rent is eternalized by a stone differing from the rest in color.

All the gates of the Kremlin are connected by a strong and lofty wall, surrounding it in the form of a vast triangle, with many towers. Within this wall are contained

all the most interesting and historically important buildings of Moscow; the holiest churches, with the tombs of the ancient czars, patriarchs, and metropolitans; the remains of the ancient palace of the czars, the new ones of the present emperor, celebrated convents, the arsenal, senate house, &c., &c., and architectural memorials of every period of Russian history; for every Russian monarch, from the remotest period down to the present emperor, has held it his duty to adorn the Kremlin with some monument.

Moscow, by a kind of political fiction, is still considered as a capital, as well as St. Petersburg. In the Kremlin everything is kept in constant readiness for the reception of the emperor, as if it were his usual residence. In official documents, Moscow is always designated "Stolnitsa" (Chief City), and the inhabitants call it "Nasha Drevnaya Stolnitsa" (an old capital) with evident satisfaction. If we consider the position of Moscow, in the very heart of Russia; how the stream of active and commercial life, rolling hither from the Black, Caspian, White, and Baltic Seas, finds its natural centre on the fair hills of the Moskva; how the whole acquires form and substance from this centre, and that the empire is in fact rather Moscovite than Russian, it will be evident that Moscow seems destined by Nature, as well as by History, to be the capital of Russia, and must one day again become so.

The Bolshoi Devoreth, or Large Palace (see page 69), was built, by Alexander I., on the site of the old Tartar Palace. It is very lofty compared to the length of the façade, but the whole effect is good when viewed from the base upwards. The interior is not very magnificent. The walls are of brick; the windows of ordinary glass; the furniture is elegant, but not strikingly so; there is infinitely more splendor in the houses of many of the mighty emperor's subjects than here. The "Treasury," erected in 1851, forms the right wing of the palace, and is filled with relics of great value.

The two most important remains of the old palaces of the czars are the Terem and the Granovitaya Palata (see page 71), the former containing the Gymnaceum, the latter the Coronation hall of the czars. They are by the side of the Large Palace, and connected with it by stairs and galleries. The Terem, formerly devoted to the czarevna and her children, is a large building four stories in height, each succeeding story being less in diameter than the one below it, thus forming a balcony on each floor, from which one may have a splendid view of the city. The two lower stories were built in the early part of the sixteenth century, and the two upper were added by Michael Feodorovitch, in 1636. The whole was restored, however, between the years 1836 and 1849. In the first story were the throne and reception rooms. The Emperor Alexis and his sons were brought up in the Terem; it was also sometimes inhabited by Peter the Great, whose unfortunate son Alexis was its last occupant.

The Granovitaya Palata, or Banqueting-room, is a singular little building, hanging like a casket on the huge Bolshoi Devoreth. An inscription over the door states that it

was built by John III., who married Sophia Palaeologus, and restored by Nicholas I. On the second story it contains nothing but the old Coronation Hall of the czars, and of the present emperor. The hall is low and vaulted, the arches uniting in the centre of the hall, where they rest upon a thick square column. The throne is placed under a velvet canopy, opposite the entrance, and over the windows are the armorial bearings of the different governments of Russia. The emperor sits enthroned here, after the ceremony of coronation in the cathedral, wearing for the first time the imperial insignia, and dines in the midst of his nobles; none but crowned heads,



The Granovitaya Palata.

however, can sit at the table with him. The imperial plate is now displayed around the room.

The Palace and Gardens of Petrossky (see page 63) were founded by the Empress Elizabeth; they are at a short distance beyond the walls of the city. The Gardens are the great resort of the middle classes on summer evenings, and are filled with booths, restaurants, cafés, and tea-gardens, with a pretty little summer theatre. Whole families come from the city, bring their tea-urns with them, make their tea in the presence of thousands, and sit and drink, a tea-cup in one hand and a piece of sugar in the other; they never put their sugar into the tea. The palace, which is small, has very little to recommend it, either historically or otherwise. It was here

that Napoleon I., in sight of the blazing city, dictated the intelligence of the conflagration to France.

No country in the world has so few old churches as Russia, because formerly all were built of wood, and therefore fell into decay, or became the prey of the flames. A few stone churches were built towards the latter end of the middle ages, and are still to be seen in Kieff, Moscow, and a few other cities. Although the most renowned and honored temples in Russia, they are excessively small and incredibly dark. The roofs rise in five paltry cupolas, which sit on them like the breasts on the statue of Diana at Ephesus. Every cupola is surmounted by a tall gold cross,



Cathedral Place.

resting on a crescent, and hung about with all sorts of chains, that fasten it to the cupola. Without, these cupolas are painted of the gaudiest colors the palette can afford, and are often gilded or silvered into the bargain. From their interior a gigantic picture looks down, whose enormous ugliness is much better calculated to scare than to assist devotion. The centre cupola is supported by four pillars so immoderately thick that they diminish the space of the church very considerably.

If there are few old churches in Russia, there is, at least, no scarcity of new ones. The essential part in the new style is naturally copied from the old, and reduces itself to a square form, with a large cupola in the centre, and four smaller ones

at the sides. The principal innovation is a lavish use of columns, generally the ornamented Corinthian, with an enlargement of space and an increased number of windows. In the new churches, the chains, with which the cupolas in the old ones are loaded, like filigree work, are left out; but otherwise all are alike be-cupolated, be-



Vassili-Blagennoy (Church of the Protection of Mary).

crossed, be-pillared in white, green, and gold, from the Black Sea to the Baltic, and thence to the Pacific Ocean. The cupolas and towers of these churches are mere ornaments, and serve no other purpose, as our steeples do. The custom of placing clocks in them is wholly unknown in Russia.

The bells are not suspended in the cupola, but placed in a side building erected for the purpose,—the kolokolnik (bell-bearer). These towers are hung as full of bells as a palm tree is full of cocoa-nuts,—small, middle-sized, and of colossal dimensions, tinkling, ringing, and bellowing. When such a kolokolnik sets at work on a holiday, and gives its lungs full play, or when, in a capital, twenty or thirty at a time begin their concert, Heaven have mercy on the ears that are not dead to every sense of harmony! It is a curious sight to see a Russian ringer begin his work. He does not put the bells themselves in motion; indeed, they have no clapper. To every bell a movable hammer is attached, and from the hammer strings are passed to the ringer. If he have only two to ring he sits down and pulls on either side alternately. But when he has many, he holds some in his hands, fastens another to his back, and sets others in motion with his legs. The motions he is obliged to make have a most comical effect; a former czar found the business so diverting that he used generally to ring them himself in the court church.

Near the base of the tower of Ivan Veliki, or the Great John, which is about three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, on a pedestal of granite, stands the monarch of all bells (see pages 72 and 78.) It was cast in 1730, during the reign of the Empress Anne. The tower in which it hung having been burned seven years later, it fell, and remained buried in the earth for one hundred years, when it was placed upon the present pedestal by order of the Emperor Nicholas. It is almost impossible to give an idea of its immense size, and it must be seen to be appreciated. Its height is over twenty-one feet, and its circumference sixty-seven feet; its weight is four hundred thousand pounds, and, at the present price of the material, it must be worth two million dollars.

It is difficult to decide on the exact number of the churches in Moscow, the accounts given differ so widely. While some speak of "forty times forty," others reduce the number to five hundred. It is sufficient to say that the buildings in Moscow destined for divine service are countless. The most classic and holiest of all is within the inmost heart of the city, on the height of the Kremlin. This consecrated spot (see page 72), Sabornoi-Ploshtshad (Cathedral Place), contains the church of the czars' tombs; the church with the tombs of the patriarchs; the cathedral where the coronation takes place; the church in the old Palace of the Czars; the Great John, and the chapel of Mary of the Cave. It is hard to say which of these is the most important; perhaps the preference belongs to the Uspenski Sabor (the Cathedral of the Resurrection), as the emperors are crowned in it, and the patriarch formerly officiated there.

Ivan IV., "The Terrible," was certainly one of the most original monsters that ever walked the earth in the human form. In the Terem, in the highest room, which rears itself into the air as an eagle's nest, where he passed his youth, he

practised his hand by torturing animals. Of all the incredible deeds that are related of this tyrant, the most extraordinary is his putting out the eyes of the architect of Vassili-Blagdenoy, or Church of the Protection of Mary (see page 73), which he built in gratitude to God for the conquest of Kasan. The czar was delighted when



The Chapel of the Iberian Mother of God.

this pearl and crown of all churches was finished. He had the architect called before him, pronounced a warm panegyric of the work, embraced him in thankfulness, and then ordered the man's eyes to be put out, that he might never build such another

The church, with its twenty towers, large and small cupolas and roofs, forms one of the most singular objects in the world. Every one of the towers differs from the others in size and proportion, in shape and ornament. The whole is far from forming a whole; no main building is discoverable in this architectural maze; in every one of these hollow irregularities lurks a separate church, in every exerescence a chapel. One of the towers stands prominently amid the confusion, yet it is not in the centre, for there is, in fact, neither centre nor side, neither beginning nor end; it is all here and there. Imagine all these points and pinnacles surmounted by very profusely-carved crosses, fancifully wreathed with gilded chains; imagine, further, with how many various patterns of



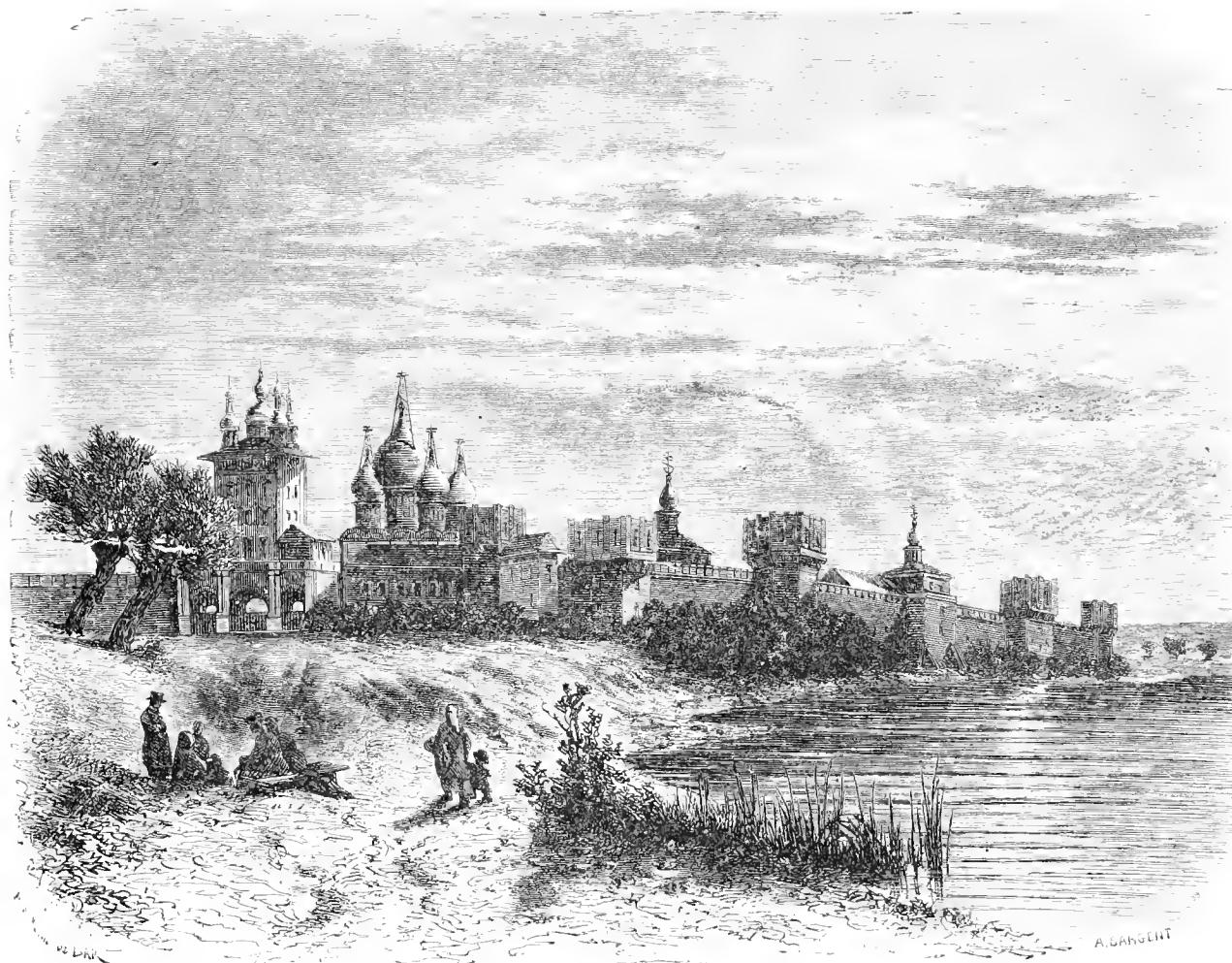
Convent of the New Jerusalem.

arabesques every wall and passage are painted; how from painted flower-pots, gigantic thistles, flowers, and shrubs spring forth, vary into vine-wreaths, wind and twist further, till they end in single lines and knots; imagine the now somewhat faded colors, red, blue, green, gold, silver, all fresh and gaudy, and you may in some degree comprehend how these buildings must have delighted the eye of so original a tyrant as Ivan the Terrible.

The Chapel of the Iverskaya Boshia Mater, or Iberian Mother of God (see page 75), is situated near the Sunday Gate, the most frequented entrance of Moscow, and was built by the Czar Alexis Michaelovitsh. This Iverskaya Mater was born in Iberia,

the modern Georgia. After passing her childhood in the deep valley of the Kur, she took shipping and followed the fleet of the Argonauts to Mount Afonsk (Athos), to which she took a great fancy. Who built the ship, or who steered it, whether it was Tamara, the Iberian queen, or any other royal personage, the Russian monks do not know, nor how long she remained in the cloister which she founded on the mountain. She enjoys the greatest reputation not only in Russia, but throughout Oriental Christendom.

The Church or Chapel of the "Iberian Mother" consists of one undivided area,



The Devitshei Monastery.

She herself, however, is in a kind of sanctuary hollowed out at the farther end. Like all the Russian saints, she has a dark-brown, almost black complexion. Round her head she has a net made of real pearls. On one shoulder a large jewel is fastened, shedding brightness around, as if a butterfly had settled there. Such another butterfly rests on her brow, above which glitters a brilliant crown. The doors of the chapel stand open the whole day, and all are admitted who are in sorrow and heavy-laden; and this includes here, as everywhere else, a considerable number. None ever pass, however pressing their business, without bowing and crossing themselves. The greater

part enter, kneel devoutly down before "The Mother," and pray with fervent sighs. Since Alexis, the czars have never failed to visit her frequently. The Emperor Nicholas never omitted to do so, when in Moscow. It is said that he went to the chapel more than once in the middle of the night, and wakened the monks, in order that he might perform his devotions.

The Convents of Moscow, about twenty in number, are situated, some in the interior and oldest part of the city; others—as, for instance, the Convent of the New Jerusalem, represented on page 76—in the meadows and gardens of the suburbs, with their walls embracing so many churches, buildings, gardens, and fields, and crowned with such numerous towers, that each looks like a little town.

The Devitshei Monastery (see page 77) stands at the end of the Devitshei-Pole (Maiden's Field), a large grass-grown waste, without Semlanoi Gorod. The Maiden's Field is more interesting from its historical associations than its outward appearance. It is the field on which the Russian emperors entertain their subjects on the occasion of their coronation. In 1856, Alexander II. had the tables laid here for fifty thousand persons. On the walls that surround the monastery alone, there are sixteen towers; the principal church has, as usual, five small ones; others rise on all sides, belonging to the supplementary churches and chapels, and a great tower for the bells is, of course, not wanting. This convent was founded by Eudonia, wife of Dimitry of the Don, in 1393. She retired here, after the death of her husband, and from that time this nunnery became the burial-place of the princesses of the reigning house.

The Russian clergy are divided into the "white" and "black" clergy; the former are the secular, the latter the cloistered clergy. The appellations are derived from their respective dresses, the one party being clothed from head to foot in black, the other performing divine service in white robes bordered with gold. The dress of the black clergy is throughout Russia the same, like the ruler under which they live. The head is covered with a tall, cylindrical black cap, round which flutters a long piece of black gauze, which hangs down behind like a lady's veil when thrown back. The principal garment is a long, full tunic, made generally of black velvet. The handsome curling beards, with which the monks are universally decorated, harmonize admirably with this dress; they look like rich fur trimmings on the velvet robes. Their long hair, divided into three tails, one falling down the back and one over each shoulder, is not quite so ornamental. As the monks all wear black, the secular priests, almost without exception, choose brown for their ordinary dress; when they are officiating as ministers of religion, it is, of course, different. They wear long brown coats, buttoned from top to bottom, and over them long, full, open tunics, with wide sleeves. The hair and beard are worn like those of the monks. On their heads they wear high brown or red velvet caps, trimmed with handsome fur, and carry



Clergy of the Russian Church.

excessively long brown sticks, studded with wrought silver knobs. Such is the appearance of the Russian secular priest, as he marches with stately steps through the streets.

The highest rank in the church, since Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate, is that of Metropolitan, of which there are three, one for Moscow, one for Kieff, and

one for St. Petersburg. Of these, the Metropolitan of Kieff is first, and he of St. Petersburg the second in rank. After the Metropolitans come the Archiepiscopi, and Episcopi, also called Archipastori (archpastors). The Archimandrites are superiors of convents, and rank next to the bishops. They are followed by the inferior clergy, that is, the Protopopes, or Protopresbiteri, the first popes of the principal churches, who are also the heads of several congregations; the Popes (simple priests), the Archidiakons, the Diakons (under priests), who may read the mass; and lastly, the Dia-tschoks, the most insignificant lights of the church, but must also have "studied," and who, though they perform only manual offices during the divine service, are competent to rise up the ladder of spiritual promotion.

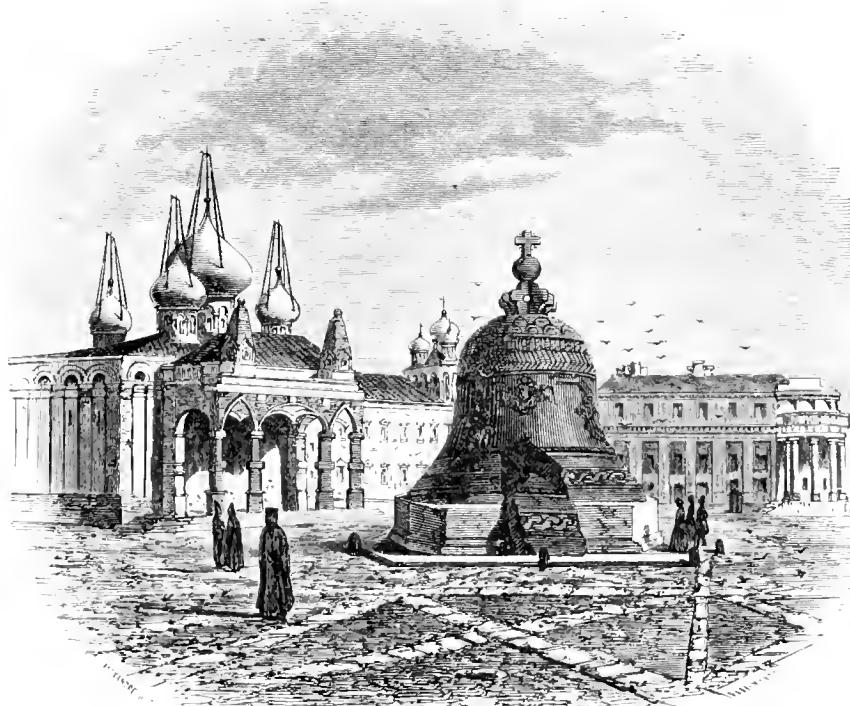


Russian Sledges.

The incomes of the Russian clergy are exceedingly small; the convents, with few exceptions, are very poor, since Peter the Great deprived them of their lands, and reduced all monks and nuns to ridiculously small pensions of the state. Taken at the utmost, the income of a metropolitan never can amount to more than thirty or thirty-five thousand rubles a year; and the bishops, all additional sources of revenue included, have seldom more than twelve thousand rubles a year. The poor nuns, when they offer their little works to travellers, often complain of their poverty, with melancholy faces; they receive only twenty-five rubles yearly, and what more they want they must work for or beg.

Poor as the Russian clergy appear to be with respect to revenue, they are rich enough in titles, which are sometimes a yard or two long. If a person enters the apartment of a metropolitan, and addresses him, the title runs so: "Vnissokopreosswäshtshennaishi Vladiko," or if he wrote to him, "Yewo Vnissokopreosswäshtshenstvo Milostiväishu Gossudarin i Archipastuurn." The principal word may be translated, His most high holiness. The whole address is something like, His most high holiness, the most dear and gracious lord, the lord archpastor. All these titles are most rigidly observed in addressing a letter; in addressing them personally, a little less strictness is permitted. Yet these very persons who so load them with verbal honor, are not thereby deterred from sometimes laying aside all respect for the most high holiness in a very unceremonious manner. So long as he is engaged in the performance of his functions, the priest is treated with extreme reverence. Not only the laity kiss the hand of the chief priests after the service, but the inferior priests do the same when they receive the chalice, Bible, or anything else from them; and withal, when the priests make state visits, the ladies kiss the hand of the meanest of them, on which account many carefully cherish a pretty hand, and decorate and perfume it when they pay these visits. These two occasions excepted, the priests enjoy no great personal influence or consideration. A priest's advice is seldom asked in family matters; even the domestic chaplains in great houses are there to perform divine service only, and never penetrate into the interior of families, as the Catholic clergy do. The German, French, or English peasants know no better counsellor than their pastor; but the Russian peasant, in cases of difficulty, rather turns to his saint's pictures, and invokes the sacrament rather than the priest who comes with it.

[81]



Tzar Kolokol (The King of Bells).



SIBERIA.

THE city of Kazan is situated on the small River Kazanka, about four versts from where it falls into the Volga, four hundred and thirty miles east of Moscow. It contains over thirty churches, nine convents, and sixteen mosques, and is renowned for its numerous educational and literary institutions, including a university opened in 1816, which has a special importance from the attention given in it to the study of living Asiatic languages. Kazan is the great emporium of the commerce between Russia and Siberia. It has eighty thousand inhabitants, about one fourth of whom are Mohammedan Tartars, who dwell in the suburbs. The Kazan Tartars are a more civilized people than their Russian masters. The Tartar who is unable to read and write is held in very little estimation by his

countrymen, and hence it is a leading consideration with the fathers of families to send their children to school at an early age, with a view to their being instructed in reading, writing, and the principles of religion. To promote these objects, every mosque



Calmuck Tartars.

has its proper school attached to it. Many of the Tartar merchants of Kazan are very rich, nearly the whole trade being in their hands.

During our stay at Kazan, we had an opportunity of visiting a great horse

market, held, not far from the city, by the Calmuck Tartars. About five or six hundred of these people were assembled in a field, with a number of horses all running loose, except those on which the Tartars were mounted. The buyers came from various parts of Russia. The Tartars had their tents pitched along the river side. These tents are of a conical figure: several long poles are erected, inclining to one another, which are fixed at the top into something like a hoop, that forms the circumference of an aperture for letting out the smoke or admitting the light. They are covered with pieces of felt, made of coarse wool and hair, and are so contrived as to be set up, taken down, folded, and packed up with great ease and quickness, and are so light that a camel may carry five or six of them.

These Tartars were strongly made and stout, their faces broad, nose flattish, and eyes small and black, but very quick. Their dress consists of a loose coat of sheep-skin tied with a girdle; a small round cap, turned up with fur; leather or linen drawers, and boots. As they are almost always on horseback, they are excellent riders. The dress of the women differs little from that of the men; only their gowns are somewhat longer than the coats of the men, more ornamented, and bordered with party-colored cloth. The better sort dress in silk in summer. It must be observed, for the honor of the women, that they are very honest and sincere. Adultery is a crime scarcely ever heard of. The Tartars make very good and faithful servants; and the more mildly they are used, the more faithfully they perform their duty; for their wandering, unconfined manner of life naturally inspires them with sentiments of liberty, and an aversion and hatred of tyranny and oppression.

Not far from Kazan, we crossed the Kama, which enters the Volga forty miles below that city. From there to Perm, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles, the country on the east side of the Kama is wild and dreary, interspersed with forests of fir, birch, and poplar, with nothing to interest except the Tartar villages scattered at intervals of five or six miles. It is, however, a grand sight to travel through those forests; the dark pine-points stand clear out against the sky, and, day after day, and night after night, seem hurrying away behind you in a never-ending train. The weather was cold and dreary; but this seemed in accordance with the road by which we were travelling: we were on the high road to Siberia; we had not seen the sun for two days, but at night the moon had sometimes shot out fitfully between the clouds, and shown the majesty of the darkness. Occasionally we were awakened by a deep-red glare, and flames leaping out, even above the tallest trees: were we far away at home among the iron districts of Pennsylvania, or were we coming to the "Lake and mouth of Avernas"? The forest was on fire. Then the chill, gray morning drew on; and beneath the double row of birch trees, which seemed drooping to shelter them as they passed, was a long line of drab-clad figures, marching in the same direction as ourselves. We instinctively knew what it was, but could still hardly believe

that a story so sad, so strange, so distant, was being realized before our eyes. Near the post-house which we were approaching, there was a palisaded building; and there, comforted by the contributions of the sympathizing peasantry, they rested themselves for awhile from their weary march. Ten thousand annually pass this way; and of them one fourth find their last resting-place in life before reaching their destination.

The mines of Neschinsk, in Eastern Siberia, are four thousand four hundred and seventy-two miles from Moscow; and thither the exiles condemned to the most severe punishment are still sent. And although the rigor of the system there has been



Convicts on their Way to Siberia.

considerably mitigated, yet the eight hours' underground work in the silver mines is far from a light punishment. But it must not be supposed that all traverse that immense distance, or that all are subjected to the same treatment. The severity of the punishment is proportioned to the heinousness of the crime of which they are convicted. One of the most painful parts of the penalty which the exiles undergo is the march; for it is performed entirely on foot, and frequently in most inclement weather. Stations where these wayfarers either eat or sleep are maintained at dis-

tances varying from fifteen to twenty versts; and here, besides the *stchi*, or soup, provided by government, the peasants of the neighborhood are in the habit of bringing their contributions for the comfort of the convoy. But in addition to the power of shortening or lengthening the march by one half, according as the place of deportation is in Western or Eastern Siberia, the latitude may be varied through some



Kirguis Tartars.

twenty degrees, as far northward as forty-four degrees north. The southern parts of the governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk are not ill adapted to agricultural pursuits; while part of the district of Semipolatinsk, south and east of Lake Balkash, has acquired the name of Siberian Italy.

The face of the country is generally level till near the Siberian frontier, at the

base of the Ural Mountains, which commence at the distance of one hundred and sixty versts from Perm. The ascent and descent of this mountain barrier are so nearly imperceptible, that were it not for the precipitous banks everywhere to be seen, the traveller would hardly suppose he had crossed a range of hills. On reaching



Tunguzes.

the Asiatic side, the inhabitants of all the villages are found much more civil, more hospitable, and more cleanly dressed.

Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia, stands at the confluence of the Irtish and the Tobol. It is fortified with a strong brick wall, having square towers and bastions, and is always well furnished with military stores. A considerable trade with China is still carried on here; but Irkutsk has become, from the superior advantages

of its situation, a formidable rival. It has also lost much by the change of route, the caravans no longer using it as a halting-place in their road to farther Siberia. The climate is severe, but in other respects it is by no means so uncomfortable a



Tunguzian Dance.

place of abode as, from the latitude and country in which it lies, would naturally be supposed. Provisions are cheap and abundant; and, what is remarkable, the society is good; at least, gay and polite. Shops, theatres, and other places of public amusement, are numerous.

Three hundred miles south-east from Tobolsk is Omsk, at the junction of the Irtish and the Om. It was one of the strong places of the Tartars, and there is always a strong garrison here. The country round is quite flat, fertile, but not well cultivated. Opposite to the town is the territory of the Kirguis Tartars (see page 84), with whom the inhabitants carry on a considerable trade in bartering tobacco, spirits, &c., for cattle. The Kirguis, though in some degree tributary to Russia, have their own khans. They are divided into three hordes, who wander over the country between Omsk and the Caspian Sea. Their appearance is handsome and manly; a long robe of blue cloth, beautifully embroidered, and fastened round the waist by a highly-polished silver belt, from which is suspended a dagger, a knife, a pipe, and what in Europe might be termed a tinder-box; a shirt of colored cotton, large trousers, and boots to correspond.

A country for the most part wild and uncultivated extends nearly the whole way from Omsk to Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. Irkutsk stands in a plain, on the right bank of the Angara, about thirty-five miles from its source in Lake Baikal. It is well built, paved and lighted, and has about thirty thousand inhabitants. The Baikal Lake is five hundred and eighty-five versts in length, and about one hundred in width, extending from about the fifty-first to the fifty-fifth parallel of north latitude. The water is fresh and transparent, but of a green or sea tinge. It is usually frozen from the latter end of December, and not free from ice till May. In the summer this sea is crossed with some difficulty and danger, in consequence of the sudden changes of the wind. In winter, sledges drawn by horses are employed. There is, however, some danger even in this mode, not only from the ice giving way at points that are imperfectly frozen, but also from the gusts of wind, which sweep with irresistible violence along its surface.

In pursuing our route to Kamtehatka we did not cross the Baikal, but proceeded down the River Lena, till we reached Jerbat, where we passed the line which divides the Tunguzes from the Yakuti. The Tunguzes are nearly all nomads; their features are regular and pleasing. Their gay and poetical disposition is shown in the grace and agreeableness of their outward appearance, that we could not help feeling and admiring more and more every day that we travelled with them on the snow. They take much pains to enhance their natural beauty by the aid of art, and they adorn in the most careful manner all parts of their dress. The upper garment of the men is open in front, and has broad tails, which, in riding, hang down the sides of the reindeer. It is made of reindeer skin. The leather side, which is turned out, is dyed yellow, and the tails are richly embroidered with blue and red threads and beads. Still more striking are the pretty wristbands or mittens, of the finest leather, which are fastened below the sleeves of this coat. Some wear, by day, a veil of colored silk, which is sewed to the lower edge of their snow-shades, and reaches down to the chin. It protects from the injurious effects of the snow-light, for this

reddens and swells the face to a much greater degree than the direct rays of the sun in summer.

In consequence of the river being frozen over, we had to perform the last part



Siberian of the Yakutsk Province.

of our journey to Yakutsk by land. This town is situated on the west bank of the Lena, in a very bleak situation. It is a considerable place for the fur trade.

From Yakutsk we proceeded to Okhotsk, a seaport of two thousand inhabi-

ants, and the capital of a province of the same name, which is situated in the north-east part of the sea of the same name, in latitude $59^{\circ} 20' 10''$ north., longitude $143^{\circ} 13' 45''$ E. No cultivation can of course be expected in a climate wherein scarcely a blade of grass is to be seen. The inhabitants manage, notwithstanding, with great labor, to feed a couple of cows; though, to do this, they are obliged to bring the hay eighty miles. The occupation of people in that part of the world naturally depends upon the season. Laying in wood for fuel, hunting and trading, are the winter occupations; while fishing and fowling are almost the exclusive employment in spring and autumn: summer is generally the building-time. The women embroider gloves, caps, boots, shoes, and various things, in a neat manner.

An old Okhotshian told us many particulars respecting the present manners and customs of his people. "Here, in the neighborhood of the Russians, every one contented himself with one wife; but among the families of the northern tracts polygamy is as prevalent as ever. The old custom is kept up in regard to what is called the kolum, or the sum for which every man buys his wife. This is usually a number of cattle, to the value of two or three hundred rubles; but as the family of the man are not always in a condition to pay the stipulated amount at once, it is customary to affiance the boys already in their twelfth year. The betrothed girls may be visited in their parents' yurts, by their intended husbands, but cannot be taken home by the latter till the payment of the kolum is completed. The sum thus paid goes wholly to the father of the bride, who carries only a few presents with her to her new home. Match-makers, male and female,—the svati and svakhin of the Russians,—are indispensable as witnesses in settling the price of the bride."

We remarked in Okhotsh an old exile, who had his nostrils slit up. This mode of marking those who have been punished with the knout is said to be now out of use, and, in truth, with the exception of the man just mentioned, we have seen it only in the case of some Russians at the southern point of Kamtchatka, whither no convicts have been sent for a long time. The mark is a cruciform incision about a line wide, made at the lower edge of the nostril; and it appeared to us always to give the profile of the face a revolting, crafty look. The same class of offenders have also the word *vor*—that is to say, "thief"—branded on the forehead; the *o* being in the middle and the other two letters on the temples. These marks were not visible on the individuals whom we saw, because, perhaps, they had completely healed up, or were covered with the hair; but we believe that the nickname *vornak*, which is given at times to the convicts in Siberia, is derived from *vor* and *snak*, a mark; and is, consequently, a memorial of the more ancient and cruel criminal justice.

From Okhotsh we crossed the sea to St. Peter and St. Paul's, in Kamtchatka. This peninsula, which is of an elliptical figure, forming the south-eastern extremity of Siberia, extends from the latitude of 51° to 59° north, and from 155° to 165° east

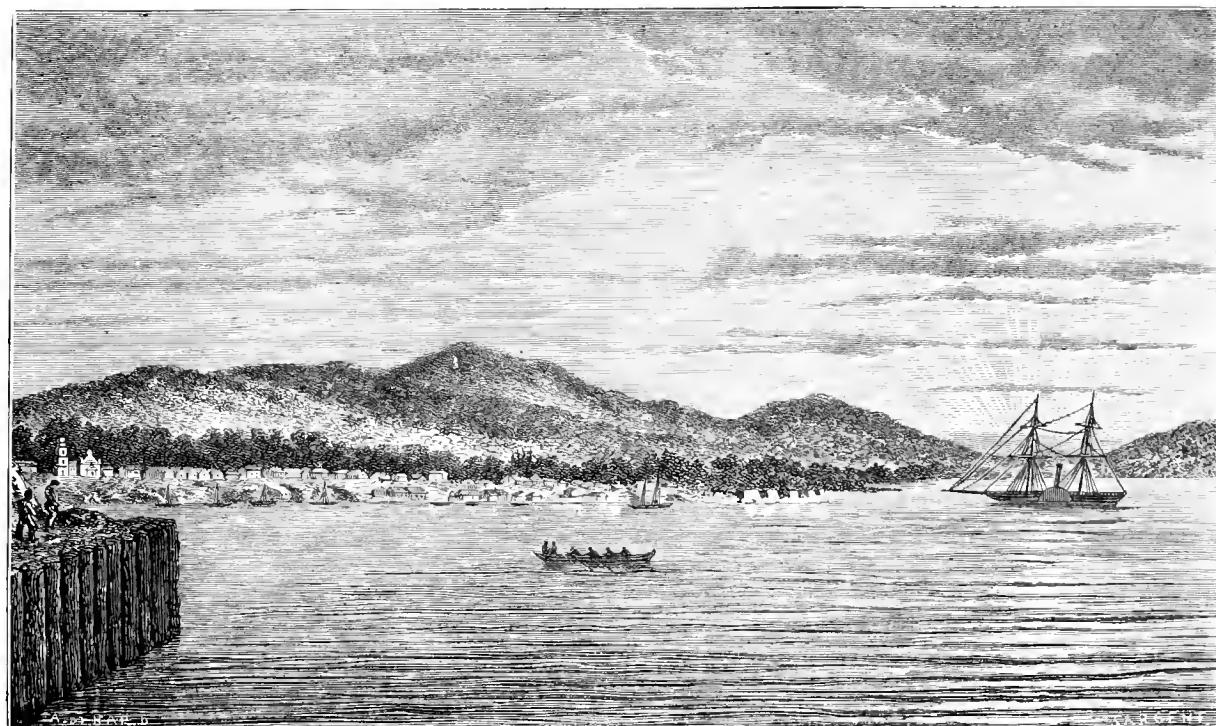
longitude. It is bounded, on the west by the Sea of Okhotsh, on the east and south by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by the country of the Koriaks. A chain of mountains, with numerous volcanic peaks, traverses its whole length from north to south. The only navigable river is the Kamtchatka, which, after a long course towards the north



Kamtchdale.

and north-east, falls into the Eastern Ocean, in latitude $56^{\circ} 30'.$ north. It admits vessels of one hundred tons one hundred and fifty miles up. All the rivers abound in fish. There are, also, numerous lakes; so that, except when these are frozen, there is no intercourse between the several parts of the peninsula. It abounds in timber fit for ship-building; but corn and vegetables seldom come to perfection, in consequence of the

severity of the climate. The winter is long and severe; in spring and autumn there are heavy rains; the greatest heat is in July. The inhabitants depend for subsistence on fish, wild animals, and wild game, all of which are in great abundance; they likewise mix the bark of trees with wild or uncultivated vegetables. The natives are supposed to be a different race from the other inhabitants of Siberia; they are short, broad, with slender arms and legs, black hair, and round face. The whole population is supposed to not exceed ten thousand. The number of real Kamtchatdals who retain their ancient usages is very small; they reside on the northern coast. The rest of the inhabitants are established in villages, built in the old Russian style. Formerly, the Kamtchatdals received their principal articles of commerce from the Japanese; but from the beginning of this century, the Russians have supplied them with coarse



Nikolayevsk on the Amoor.

cloth, knives, tobacco, sugar, iron, &c., in exchange for furs and skins. Kamtchatka is said to have been first discovered by a Cossack, in 1696; it was finally subdued by the Russians in 1711, but did not attract attention as a commercial station till subsequently to the discovery of the Aleutian, Beering, and Fox Islands.

At Okhotsh, circumstances had occurred which determined us to return to Moscow, which we did by ascending the Amoor and the Shilka, up to Nertchinsk, from whence we proceeded to Kiatehta, Selenginsk, and Irkutsk.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the Russians had advanced as far as the River Amoor; here they subdued some Tunguzian chiefs, and began to erect fortresses. The Chinese having entertained similar designs, it became necessary to

form some amicable arrangement, not, however, before hostilities had actively begun. By the treaty the Russians not only lost an extensive territory, but also the navigation of the Amoor. In 1854, however, the Russians, resuming their plans of conquest, sent a large military force into the country of the Amoor, and established the Russian rule upon a lasting basis. A ukase of 1856 proclaimed the union of the lower part of the Amoor country with Kamtchatka, and made Nikolayevsk the seat of government. By the treaty of Aigoon, 1858, the whole country of the Amoor was ceded by China to Russia, and the Amoor itself became a Russian river.

At Malaya, Narymka, in our way to Irkutsk, we crossed the Russian frontier, for the sake of gratifying ourselves by a harmless incursion on the Celestial Empire. An officer and a few men at the station were all that were left to mark the boundaries of the two empires. We forded the little stream which forms the actual limit, and, seating ourselves on a stone on the left bank, were soon lost in reverie. It was about midnight; the moon, apparently full, was near her meridian, and seemed to encourage a pensive inclination. What can surpass that scene we know not; some of the loftiest granite mountains, spreading in various directions, enclosing some of the most luxurious valleys in the world; yet all deserted! all this fair and fertile tract abandoned to wild beasts, merely to constitute a neutral territory! The first Chinese settlement is eighty miles from Malaya.

[94]



TRANSYLVANIA
AND
THE TURKISH PRINCIPALITIES.

TRANSYLVANIA AND THE TURKISH PRINCIPALITIES.



AT GIURGEVO, where we leave the Danube, there is no attraction to detain the traveller, and refusing the offered *caleche* and post-horses of the innkeeper, we modestly seated ourselves on the fresh straw in the bottom of the very rustic vehicle wherein we were to make our journey to Bucharest. To describe this *birdj* briefly, it is a great four-wheeled, springless wagon, with a leather top and a rack behind filled with hay for the horses.

The luggage is placed inside, and the traveller accommodates himself upon it as best he may, climbing in and out through windows in the leather top. The road we take is very broad, regularly laid out, and lately mended, it appears, with loads of small stones. The telegraph poles which follow it mark it out clearly enough, but of all the vehicles which pass, not one will go over the new, rough road. They deviate to right or left upon the bare ground of the steppe, tracing roads for themselves, which soon become impassable from having been used too much, while the real highway remains impassable for lack of use. As we go on we meet, from time to time, long files of transport wagons going to the Danube. They have come all the way from Leipsic, laden with merchandise destined for Turkey and the shores of the Black Sea. Very large, and covered with canvas or woven rushes, these wagons have a most wild and primitive air; their wheels are extremely solid, and they are so heavily loaded that their timbers creak like those of a vessel straining hard in a heavy sea. A little space in front is left clear for the driver, who is sometimes accompanied by his whole family; and the cooking-utensils hung up around suggest an emigrant train. The team consists of ten or a dozen horses, harnessed three or four abreast with long traces of rope. They are small, wiry animals, their heads half hidden by masses of shaggy hair.

Towards noon we stopped for dinner at an attractive-looking inn, at the foot of a steep hill, and found ourselves in the midst of a gay gathering of villagers. Along the outside of the building extended a very broad veranda, the roof decorated with freshly cut branches of trees, diffusing with their refreshing shade a delicious

odor of the woods. Under this shade were collected a dozen rustic groups,—young men and girls, waiting for the dance to begin;—for it chanced to be a holiday, as we were soon informed; mothers with handsome babies in their arms; old peasants sunburnt to the eyebrows under their round sheepskin caps, smoking, as imperturbable as Turks; Transylvanian teamsters with broad-brimmed hats, watching their wagons left out in the road, and their panting horses, which under the blazing noonday sun had drawn near together as if mutually to furnish each other a little shade, and bending their meagre necks hid their lowered heads, making grotesque groups that seemed to consist of nothing but an infinite number of slender legs entangled among long ropes.

Near us, on the left, a limpid brook glided silently by under the willows. In a meadow beyond, five or six tents had been pitched, and a group of gypsy children, from three to twelve years old, were paddling in the water, uttering cries like startled ducks.

We had now the opportunity to study, in all its graceful simplicity, the Wallachian costume, as it has been handed down from parent to child for hundreds of years.

The young men have a kindly and gentle air; they are not tall, and are of slender rather than robust figure. To the illustration we only need add that the frock and trousers are of white linen, the short jacket of black cloth embroidered with gold thread and bright-colored silks, and the cap of black lambskin,—to give a perfectly accurate idea of the man's costume. For the girl's dress, we must supply nearly similar coloring,—the full waist and underskirt white, the jacket black, embroidered with high colors, the scarf fastened around the waist bright scarlet, and the outer skirt and apron some rich dark-striped material, woven, we were told, by their own



Wallachian Peasant.

hands. The married women cover the head with light linen drapery, which makes a pleasing setting for the face, and falls in a point at the back of the neck. Young girls wear no head-gear save clusters of flowers, drooping just behind the ears ; their faces are extremely animated and expressive, and seem to indicate more character than do those of the young men.



Wallachian Girl.

nearly the same moment, our reluctant driver, casting many a longing, lingering look behind, flogged his three horses into a brisk gallop, and we were whirled away in a cloud of dust.

The afternoon passed with alternations of village, forest, and open country ; and it was already near sunset when we approached Bucharest. At a considerable distance from the city, numerous pointed towers, and many little white and red belfries, with domes of copper or tin, appear clearly cut above the purple haze which hides the mass of buildings from our sight. As we draw nearer, it would seem that churches and houses are scattered, without order, up and down an immense and luxuriant garden. But one must not trust to the graceful visions of Oriental architecture

Dancing was just about to begin, as our driver came to announce to us that the wagon was ready for departure. Two gypsy musicians, whose approach was heralded by a piercing *ritournelle*, had made their solemn entry, followed by a crowd of children. One was performing on a kind of bagpipe, the other twanged the copper strings of a mandoline. The latter was clad in a long robe like a fakir's, and coifed with an almost imperceptible skull-cap ; he looked like a meditative old bonze, with his impassive face and half-closed eyes. The former, less majestic, wore the dress of a Roumanian peasant ; but he too had that mysterious expression which is one of the traits of their race. Whatever he is doing or saying, the gypsy never loses his dreamy, thoughtful look.

The two musicians took up their position at one end of a gallery adjoining the front of the inn, and the dance began. At

evoked by this distant view. Entering the suburbs, we are disagreeably surprised by the degradation, the disorder, and general wretchedness of the streets. The pavement of the principal street is so broken and irregular, and worn into ruts so deep, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could brace ourselves to avoid fearful concussions. After an hour of this severe exercise in gymnastics, we reached the hotel. Night had arrived before us, and it must be owned that, in the lighting of its streets, the Roumanian capital leaves as much to be desired as it does in their paving.

The city of Bucharest is situated in an extensive plain, traversed by the river Dimbovitza. Its ill-defined limits, at least fifteen miles in circumference, contain more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, of which five or six thousand are foreigners of various European nations, five thousand are Jews, and nine thousand are Zigani.

The city is as difficult to describe as it is to visit. In the centre is the commercial quarter, consisting of four principal streets, remarkable for their handsome shops, their frescoed cafés, and their bazaars supplied with foreign wares of every description,—English hats and garments, German furniture of pretentious patterns, saddlery and carriages from Vienna, arms from every country in Europe, fashions,

View of Bucharest.



and dress-goods, and even books, from Paris. In this portion of the town we observe also the theatre and the prince's palace, neither of them buildings of any architectural merit.

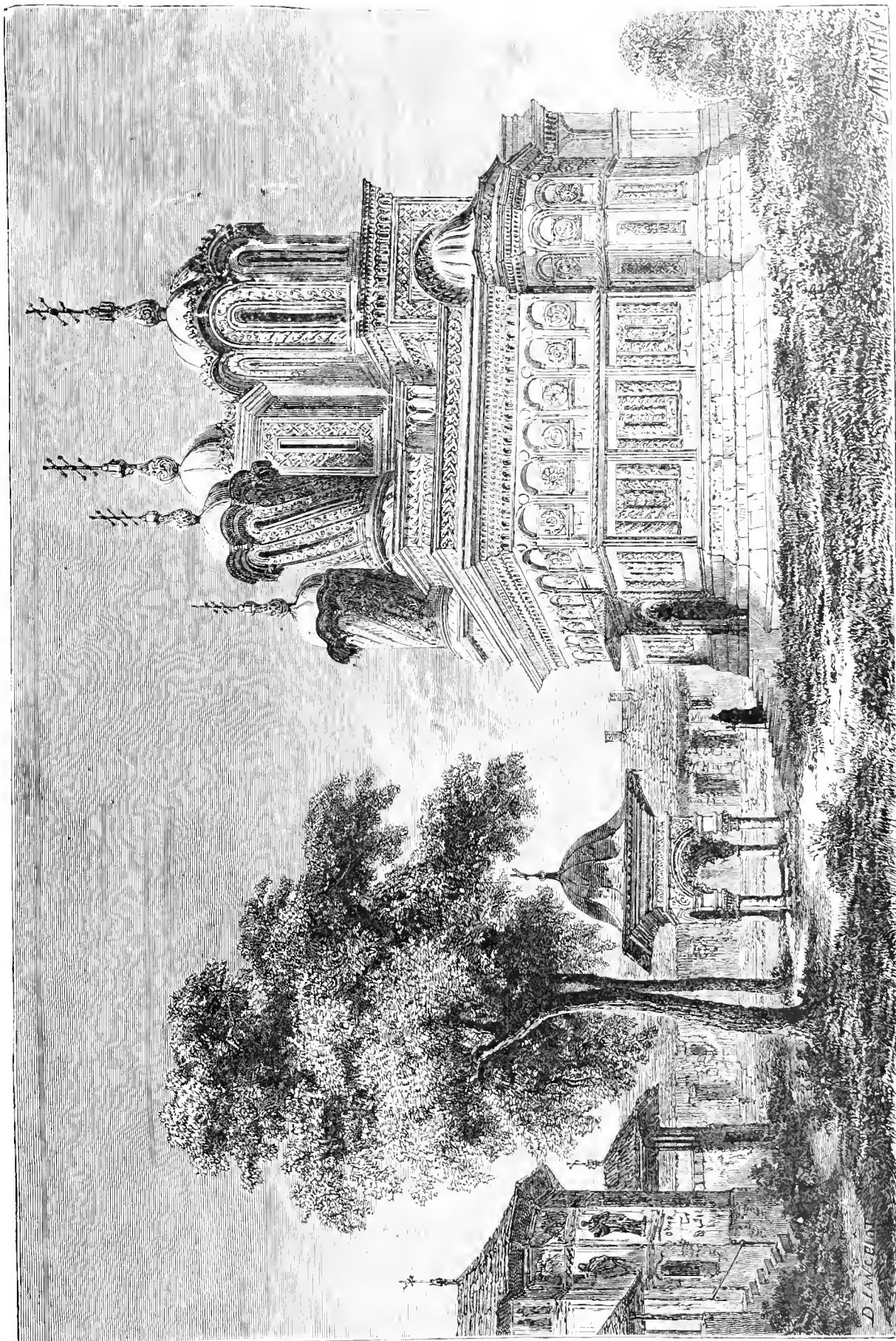
The rest of the city is nothing more than a collection of hamlets scattered along four wide streets, which lead out from the commercial quarter, and are prolonged into roads towards the four cardinal points. The eye is shocked by the miserable hovels of the poorer classes,—the wretched, tortuous lanes, the absolute lack of all that makes life endurable,—contrasted with the extreme elegance and luxury of the houses of the aristocracy. This contrast, however, does but make visible to the eye the moral status of the population. The aspect of Bucharest is perfectly suited to express the condition of the country, awakened to ideas of liberty and reform; emulous of the civilization of Western Europe, yet struggling at every step with the



Fountain near the Monastery of Argis.

demoralizing influence of the Turkish and the Russian principles, which have so long been its rules of action. It cannot be doubted that both the nation and the capital will eventually be brought into harmony with modern ideas; the atmosphere of the century pervades even this land, and there is a popular party ever on the alert for reform.

Meantime, a few wide streets are laid out, a few public squares opened, and a few large buildings erected; and, it must be owned, the city is far more proud of these things than ashamed of its lack of the absolute necessities of life. We may hope, however, that the time will soon come when churches and palaces, boulevards and public gardens, shall here become so numerous that there will be leisure to add those more accurate tokens of ameliorated manners,—pavements and gas-lamps, fountains and the sweeping of the streets.

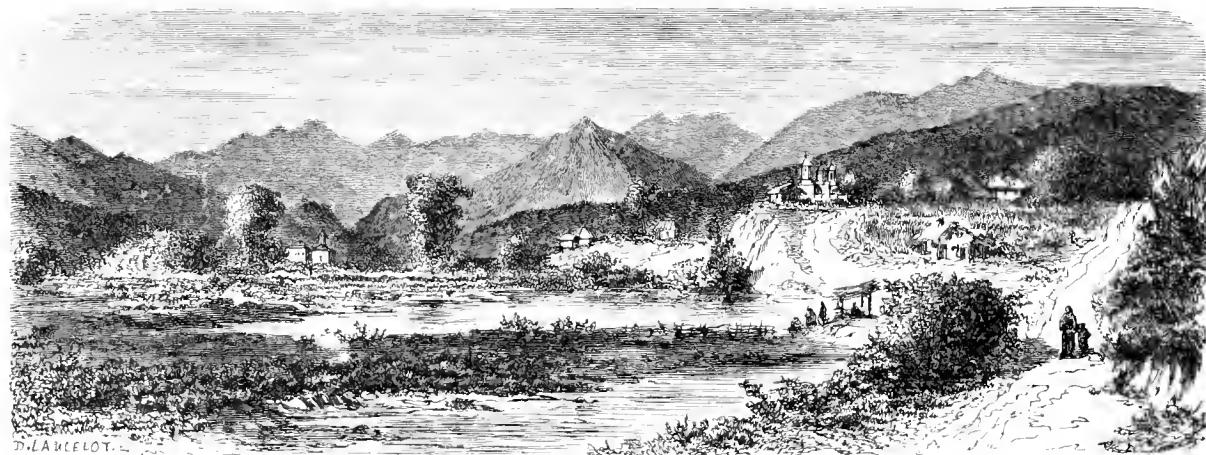


CHURCH OF ARGIS.

D'ANGELO

The most frequented public garden makes a fine display of rare shrubs, extensive lawns dotted with clumps of shade-trees, and a pretty winding brook of pellucid water. Hither the people of the city resort every evening, yet rather to see and to be seen than to enjoy the park; it is the fashion to promenade incessantly in a broad avenue where the dust blows in clouds. Their style of dress is almost invariably French; a few, so infrequent that they may be counted, still cling to the old national costume, which has been, as a rule, abandoned to the peasantry. One must admit that this preference for French fashions is, with most, the index of a praiseworthy sentiment. In contrast to the Hungarian people, who preserve to the utmost all the traditions of their free and glorious past, the Wallachians seem eager to forget all that recalls the odious days of their thraldom. If we must regret the ancient dress for the sake of its picturesque grace, we still cannot blame the people who abandon it with the joy of a liberated slave, free at last to rid himself of the livery of his servitude.

The numerous churches in Bucharest are, for the most part, hidden in obscure cor-



View of Argis.

ners, difficult of access, to which the stranger only by chance will find his way. Their architecture, an offshoot of the Byzantine style, is singular, and often very pleasing. Everywhere we remark a curious elaboration of ornament where carving and painting unite in producing effects of the most novel originality. Unfortunately the older and more characteristic of these structures, those which national feeling should have been most solicitous to preserve, are in a state of deplorable neglect and dilapidation. Every building of importance recently erected is in the German Gothic style,—a style which, whatever may be its merits, is certainly out of place in the Roumanian capital.

The Church of St. Spiridion is a curious instance of bad taste. A false notion of architectural embellishment has heaped upon an original foundation rather in the Byzantine style, all the decorations of the Gothic, without perceiving that in carrying up the octagon towers to a disproportionate height, in order to cover them, from base to summit, with all known forms of Gothic ornament, one is guilty of something more than

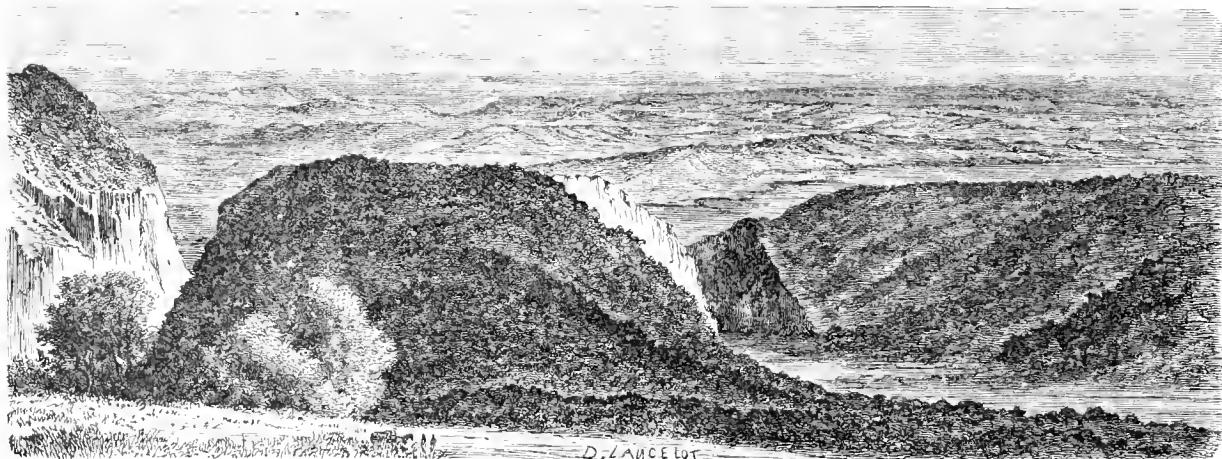


YOUNG WALLACHIAN WOMAN.

folly — of heresy. The towers have become minarets; the church is like a mosque. A Turk would feel at home in it.

From the time of the Ottoman occupation there remains in Bucharest no building of note save the old *khan* of Mamuk-Bey, now a rendezvous for Transylvanian teamsters, German peddlers, small traders of Bulgarian, Greek, or Turkish nationality, and rogues of every description. The influence of Turkish ideas appears, however, in the plan of many of the dwelling-houses, which have an air of seclusion and mystery about them quite attractive to the eye.

However, the day came when we had seen enough of Bucharest; and we gladly accepted a proposal, made us by Prince Brancovano, to whom we had brought letters of introduction, to pay a visit to the old city of Argis, once the capital of Wallachia, and still, for the sake of its monastery and church, regarded with veneration as a religious centre.



View from the Monastery of Polvoradj.

We set off on our expedition in a light open carriage, drawn by eight horses, and taking a road which led towards the west, followed it for some hours till we reaehed the river Argis, then turned northward along the river, arriving at the place of our destination on the evening of the second day. A few words may be bestowed upon our manner of locomotion, which was really extraordinary. The horses are harnessed in couples, each pair at a good distance from the next: there are two postilions, one at the head of the team, the other in the middle; and, once in the saddle, they seem to have no other idea than to get over the ground at the greatest possible speed. The road may be good, or it may be bad, the postilion cares nothing for that; with heel, and whip, and voice, he urges his horses forward, and nothing less than an uninterrupted gallop satisfies him.

Our route through the valley afforded many pleasing pictures of rural life. It is a fertile region and extremely well cultivated; the wide plain through which the river flows was yellow with ripening grain, while the cornfields on the remote hill-



CASCADES OF THE RISTINGA.

sides were in the most luxuriant perfection. This wealth of vegetation gives all the poor hamlets through which we pass a cheerful and holiday air. The houses stand remote from the road; wide fields of thick grass surround them, interspersed with willows and oaks whose aged trunks are wreathed with ivy, and plum-trees whence hang waving garlands of some kind of giant convolvulus.

To reach the Monastery of Argis we pass through the village,—a long row of wooden farm-houses, lying on either side the road; from a distance, the four timbered domes of the church are the central point of a picture, framed by the severe and angular outlines of the first escarpments of the Carpathian range, which shut the valley in on all sides. Arriving at the Monastery, we enter through a postern gate,



Grotto of Polvoradj.

beneath a lofty tower pierced with loopholes like a mediaeval donjon. We find ourselves in a courtyard containing stables and carriage-houses, whence we pass into an inner court, formed by the four buildings composing the monastery, the church itself standing in the centre. Here we were received with truly Oriental hospitality by the venerable bishop, who was sitting, as we entered the courtyard, in a wide balcony overhung with light lattice-work, three or four long-bearded, long-haired monks, clad in black, standing respectfully near him. We were consigned to the care of one of them, Father Athanasius, who showed us the most friendly attention during our stay, and recounted to us with much detail the history of the religious foundation of which he was a member.

The story of the Wallachian principality begins, it seems, at Argis, which was its first religious and political capital, founded by Black Rodolph in 1241. This prince, driven out of Transylvania by a Tartar invasion, came into Wallachia with a great band of emigrants, formed alliance with the nomad tribes already on the ground, and established himself as the first Duke of Roumania. Both himself and his immediate successors were very favorable to the church, and bestowed many political rights and much wealth upon the clergy. It was, however, not until 1518, in the time of Nagu I., that the white marble church was erected,—this strange work of art which has been the attraction of our present journey.

The building, in its plan, with its square towers, its solidity of structure, and its simplicity of outline, is the exact reproduction of a Byzantine shrine. It appears that the architect must have taken for a model one of those beautiful specimens of goldsmiths' work, and reproduced all its capricious nicely of detail and grotesque difficulties of execution; as, for example, the narrow apertures twisted in spirals, of the two smaller towers. In its ornamentation there is something suggestive of the Saracenic architecture, both in the heavy cornices, and in the geometric character of the decorative lines.

Concerning the ornamentation, the monks tell a marvellous story, which may, however, be quite true. It is said that the same arrangement of lines is nowhere repeated, and that the different combinations are three hundred and sixty-five in number.

The most mysterious circumstance about this building is, that its architect evidently has borrowed no aid from foreign sources; and yet it is hard to explain the existence of a school of architecture so advanced, in a country where all other arts and sciences were, so to speak, unknown. The construction is, indeed, patient and careful, rather than skilful. The nave and the choir, a massive cross, sustain by the mere thickness of their walls the whole weight of towers and cupolas designed with the utmost simplicity.

Within, the walls are covered with paintings on gold backgrounds. Apocalyptic subjects and the figures of saints are handled in that Byzantine manner which makes less account of the life-like appearance than of richness of costume and splendor of accessories. The portrait of Nagu, the founder, of gigantic proportions, and taller by a head than any of the saints, as befits so zealous a builder of monasteries, occupies the place of honor: he is clad in a rich Hungarian costume, embroidered with gold and pearls, and bears on his forehead a crown sparkling with precious stones. The only truthful detail in the whole picture may be, perhaps, the long, blonde hair, which falls over the shoulders.

The choir is separated from the nave and closed in by the *catapetasma*, the "veil of the sanctuary," a screen carved in open work, and painted in brilliant colors,

with the addition of much gilding. Figures of the Virgin and the Christ, with gold backgrounds, also adorn it. This screen opens by three doors, the centre one used by the priest, the other two by the acolytes. From the centre of the domes hang chandeliers of gilded copper, whose countless lights are reflected from shrines and reliquaries in choir and nave, and from the holy pictures with painted hands and faces, and garments of wrought gold and gems. The light of day scarcely penetrates into the building through the narrow apertures in the domes, and through a few loopholes in the lateral walls.

Around the church are grouped the monastery buildings, the comfortless cells of the monks, the refectories and guest-chambers, which testify to an hospitality the most generous; just opposite is a modern chapel, covered with frightful frescos more grotesque than mystical; and at the foot of the church-steps is an elegant little building, which contains suspended beneath its vaulted roof the bar of beaten iron on which are struck with a hammer the hours of service.

Outside of the monastery grounds there is also a little structure, quite ancient and a good deal dilapidated, from the base of which springs through three small apertures a fresh and limpid stream of water. A legend of the building of the church tells us how Maniol, the master-builder, having walled his wife up in the foundation, fell from the roof as a punishment for his crime, when the splendid edifice stood in its finished glory, and that in the place where he fell now springs a fountain—"a fountain of clear water, bitter and salt water, mingled with tears, with bitter tears." Is this, we queried, the fountain of the legend,—"the fountain of salt water mingled with bitter tears"? We drank, and found it sweet. The women fill their water-jars at it, and ducks splash in the little brook which flows from it, and runs, with murmur that is gay, not sad, down to the river.

The principality of Wallachia is separated from Transylvania, as the reader will remember, by the Carpathian Mountains, or Transylvanian Alps, and from these mountains run out innumerable spurs, rendering all the northern half of Wallachia a mountain country, wild and picturesque in an eminent degree.

At Argis we found ourselves on the edge of this region, and decided to explore it, keeping a generally westward course, and proposing to strike the Danube again in the neighborhood of the Iron Gate, on the edge of Transylvania. A further inducement was offered by the fact that our halting-places from night to night would be at certain Roumanian monasteries, some of them very ancient and interesting, and all of them hospitable towards any stranger, and sure to be specially friendly to ourselves, as introduced by letters from Prince Brancovano.

Accordingly, leaving Argis, we crossed the river, followed a road up the valley for half an hour, then turned towards the northwest, leaving the river at our right. From the top of the first hill we looked back to catch a farewell glimpse of the

monastery, lying, sheltered and tranquil, in its green nest far below; a few steps further, and Nature unveiled to us her wildest aspect. The foot-hills of the Carpathian range resemble a confused heap of giant pyramids, slightly rounded on the angles and at the summit, and rising one behind another, each higher than the last. With infinite toil and pains you climb by circuitous roads half-way up one, only to find yourself at the base of another. At last we reached the summit of the ridge, and having crossed it, descended by moderate slopes to a little village, where we sought to obtain fresh horses. Our chagrin may be imagined to learn that the road we were proposing to take was impracticable, or, to speak more correctly, that it did not exist! Should we persist in going in that direction, it was doubtful whether our carriage would arrive in safety, and absolutely certain that no horses could drag it up the steep ascents we should be obliged to cross. Only oxen could accomplish this tedious and very wearisome work. No alternative existed; we accepted the oxen, and in the morning resumed our route, with our team of six patient beasts, in charge of three peasants, each with his axe slung over his shoulder.

Space fails us to recount the day's adventures. It is but fair to add, that, well equipped as we had thought ourselves, we had need of much extra assistance both of men and oxen, before we reached the Monastery of Cosia, on the river Olto, our resting-place for the night.

This religious house, one of the most ancient in Wallachia, is much fallen into decay; its buildings are irregular, its church small, sombre, and crumbling like the rest. The Superior who received us bade us welcome with a melancholy and penitential tone which belied his words. In congratulating himself upon our arrival, he had the air of pitying us for having come. Especially did he apologize for the negligence of his attire; and, truth to tell, never had we encountered dignitary so oddly, so wretchedly appareled.

The next day we were guided in our expeditions about the neighborhood by a young brother, who was, we were informed, much versed in Roman traditions; and, first of all, he directed our attention to Trajan's Rock, on the opposite shore of the Olto.

"La piétra lui Trajane," as it is called in the Rommanian language, is an enormous mass of stone, standing across the river, and obstructing it in at least one third of its breadth. It seems to be an outlying portion of an immense rocky wall, rising to a perpendicular height of five hundred feet, whose summit forms many irregular platforms, on one of which Trajan is believed to have erected a tower. The great rock in the river was separated from the mass to give passage to the Roman road, whose extensive levels and pentagonal paving-stones can be distinctly seen at many points.

Between the perpendicular wall and the isolated crag, the passage measures

perhaps twenty feet; a succession of irregular steps leads to the top of Trajan's Rock, which is a level terrace, shaded by a clump of trees growing out of a rift just below the summit. Tradition relates, so said our guide, that from the top of this rock, where a tent had been erected for the occasion, the great emperor looked down on his legions defiling past. This incident, which may very likely have occurred, gives to the scene a wonderful life and color. How well they looked, those old, sun-burned legionaries, proudly defiling along this road which they had engineered! how fine was the imperial tent of purple cloth with fringes of gold, under this splendid sky! how triumphant the sound of the Roman clarions among the mighty echoes of these giant cliffs!

We had not before met a Wallachian so proud of his nationality, and so well informed upon his country's traditions, as our young monk; he was not, however, an exception. We encountered many afterwards; and along with this pride of origin they possess a steady confidence in the future rehabilitation of their race.

All the Roumanian people, whether in Moldavia, Wallachia, or Transsylvania, have the same enthusiasm. They have a saying, "*Roman no péré*," "the Roman shall not perish." Trajan is the great ancestor of them all; and they multiply appellations which may keep this name before their minds. Everything in nature that seems to have a marked superiority or a particularly individual character, is identified with him: a mountain higher than others, an isolated peak, is Trajan's Castle, or Trajan's Tower; the plains are Trajan's Camps; the avalanche or the thunder is his voice; he is everywhere. The very Milky Way in the sky is associated with his name: the Wallachian child, gazing at it with ecstasy, will tell you it is "Trajan's Road"!

The following day we left Cossia, and took the road down the river. The country grows more level as we go southward; the gorge of the Oltei widens into a fertile and well-cultivated valley. At Romnic (ancient Romnila, *little Rome*), where we stopped to change horses, the hills stand far back from the river, leaving a wide lake of verdure, varied by orchards and cornfields.

Towards evening we came into the region of vines, and turning to the right, made our way up a little valley for an hour, in complete solitude, till we reached Intrulemn'ü, our place of destination for the night.

The building is a convent, once of considerable importance. There remains now only the church and the seigneurial building, in which are Prince Brancovano's private apartments, to which our companion, the prince's secretary, made us welcome. The cells and refectories of the nuns are in ruins, and the religious family themselves are established a few miles further, at Surpatele. One priest remains here in charge of the church, and an old nun takes care of the apartments. This fact would have been hardly worth naming, had it not been that she had with her the handsome young

woman, her brother's only child, as she with pride informed us, whose picture we have presented on page 103.

After a day's quiet rest at Intrulemnă, and a second spent in visiting the convent at Surpatăle, we were again *en route*, this time for Bistriza, a monastery situated far up among the mountains. During the earlier part of the day our road lay through a delightful, well-cultivated country; cheerful hamlets scattered under the trees; little isolated farms nestled in verdurous nooks; at cross-roads, curious groups of crosses with multiplied arms; twice or thrice, on some little elevation, the pyramidal shingled roof of a village church, and near it, like a Cossack post of observation, the bell-tower, in which hangs, for lack of bell, the iron bar, whereon are struck the hours of service.

The ever-changing pictures of the day's journey had nothing remarkable or imposing about them, but by the rapidity with which they succeeded one another, we seemed to be turning the leaves of an illustrated book; and the blue sky, the fresh sweet air, and the radiant sunshine, gave an infinite charm to each one of the pages, whether the picture were but some rustic home on the roadside, or some stately group of giant oaks overhanging a ravine, or the far-off summits of the Carpathian Mountains appearing beyond the nearer hill-tops, clad in the purple haze of distance.

The Monastery of Bistriza, built by Prince Stirbey, and a favorite resort of his, enjoys a very high reputation throughout Wallachia. It is built on a modern plan very shocking to tradition, and the architect has been so unlucky as to give it the air of a handsome and well-constructed barrack. It presents a cold, correct façade, surmounted on the left by a pseudo-Gothic tower, and, nearly in the middle, by the dome of the church, which fails utterly to harmonize with the rest of the structure. Furthermore, the building is crushed and overpowered by the grandeur of the scenery about it. Behind the monastery opens a gorge with immense perpendicular walls of rock, at first sheltering the well-kept gardens attached to the house, but soon growing narrower, till it scarcely leaves room for the wild leaping waters of the Bistriza, which fall from rock to rock in foaming cascades. The little stream, at one point, passes under a curious natural arch formed by two enormous rocks that lean against and support each other; just under this arch the waters divide and plunge into a deep, black pool, beneath whose surface one can vaguely see great greenish rocks, that seem to vibrate under the whirling water.

The Superior of the monastery received us in a most friendly manner, and we did not fail to appreciate the delicious trout from the Bistriza, which he caused to be served to us for our breakfast. More difficult was it to express proper admiration for the pictures in the great refectory, likenesses of all the hospodars of Wallachia.

After breakfast we visited the church, decorated also with great wealth of gilding and painting. Of the gilding nothing need be said save that it cost dear to those who paid for it. As to the paintings, they differed either too much, or not enough, from

the Byzantine tradition; the figures were intended to be skilful and sincere, expressive and devout; they succeeded in being pretentious; and seemed the more so, since, at the moment, not ten steps off stood a peasant woman, who, holding up a beautiful, half-naked child in her arms, was obliging him to touch with his lips a picture of the Virgin. Her eyes humbly cast down, her mouth smiling faintly, one knee bent, and the upper part of the figure a little inclined forward under the weight of her precious burden, she presented an adorable picture, uniting in perfect harmony the grace of natural beauty and of spiritual emotion. This was the only truly religious picture in the church.

From Bistriza we went on to Polovradj, a monastery situated a few miles distant, at the northern extremity of a very elevated table-land. The view from the front of the buildings is very singular; the mountain opposite is cleft by an enormous ravine, many leagues in length and absolutely inaccessible to human foot. In this ravine the Oltezu (the Little Olto) takes its rise. The ridge of rock which bars the entry to this chasm is about fifteen hundred feet in height, and can only be scaled by many zigzags. Its summit is a level terrace covered with shapeless ruins. Here, tradition avers, a mighty chief once dwelt, in a strong castle; and a rich treasure, the fruit of his rapines, lies hidden somewhere underneath these ruins. The monk who was our guide evidently cherished the dream of discovering this treasure; he struck the ground with his stick, seeking for some hollow place, and now and then lifting up some large stone, peered curiously beneath it. But he only brought to light a few fragments of blackish pottery, quite destitute of any distinctive mark.

Meanwhile we surveyed the wide and desolate landscape. As far as the eye could see, not a village nor a town; only the great mountains rising higher and higher in the distance to the Carpathian wall, all across the northern and western horizon; and at our feet the little cluster of the monastery buildings, so pitifully small and few. No wonder the poor monk sought for a treasure which might open to him a way out of this inexpressibly sad abode!

The next day we were escorted in grand procession by the Superior, two monks, and three guides, to visit a stalactiferous grotto, which is regarded as the wonder of the neighborhood. It opens upon the great mountain chasm; one reaches it by a path along the Oltozu, which roars with dulled sound three hundred feet below. The rocky crest which serves for a path is here six feet wide,—there, two; ascends, goes down, climbs again, ends suddenly; three poles with branches interlaced, continue it; a ladder of fifteen rounds scales a perpendicular cliff; still we make our way onward as best we can, always at our left the precipice, and far below the little river.

At last we reach the grotto. It is very extensive, more than three miles in

length, they say, and consists of a main gallery, from which open dangerous sideways to the right and left. The scene was fairy-like; the brilliant mica of the walls, the strange, fantastic architecture of the columns, the drops of water trembling, transparent and rose-colored, in the light of the torches, made a picture of extraordinary beauty.

And yet, far more satisfying to the eye and to the soul was the beauty of the great forest to the north of Polovradj, through which we made an excursion on the following day, hoping to find traces of the ancient iron mines worked by the Romans — probably also by the Dacians — in the first centuries of the Christian era.

Our road lay through the gorge of Baia-de-Fier; a clear little brook murmured in the depths of the ravine, its rocky bed covered with iron scoriae, and seemingly stained with rust. Emerging into the open country, we rested awhile, then followed the road, now only a path under the giant beeches, tall as masts of vessels. A fallen tree barred our way; in ten minutes our guides had cut out steps in the trunk. Suddenly even the path ceased utterly. An impenetrable thicket forced us to descend to the bed of the brook, and make our way for half an hour by leaping from rock to rock. A series of little waterfalls compelled us to abandon this method of advance. From the condition of aerobats we passed to that of monkeys; we clung to uprooted trees, to drooping branches, and found ourselves at last in the depths of a sombre glen, far in the virgin forest, where the sun's heat scarcely penetrated, and its rays have never fallen. Here we found the object of our search. The guides showed us three or four excavations lined with masonry, and they disinterred for us some fragments of bricks blackened by smoke. Are they Dacian remains? Are they Roman? One cannot say; only this is certain, that the whole region is extremely ferruginous, as the name of the little brook suggests, — Baia-de-Fier, "the Iron-bath."

Reluctantly we left Polovradj; and that our way lay now towards the lands of modern civilization was rendered all too clear to us by the telegraph-poles that lined the road.



A Forest Path.

For an hour or two before reaching Tîrgu-Giulu, we remarked throughout all the region some evidently unusual excitement: bands of peasants on foot and on horseback were traversing the plain; mounted messengers were dashing back and forward between them and the town; women and children in crowds were gazing up towards the mountains, whence rose clouds of dense smoke, and in whose ravines immense fires were burning. In the town the houses were shut, the streets deserted; even the prefect was not to be found. Some public calamity seemed imminent.

Towards night everybody returned, victorious and exultant. There had been an attack, a desperate battle,—and the grasshoppers were in full retreat! The invading hosts had come down along the northern bank of the Danube, and were just making their way across the mountain wall which comes down at nearly a right angle to the river. The advance guard being observed, messengers had been sent out to raise the country; from far and near the peasants had rallied; they repaired to the mountains, and over a space of eighteen miles had set on fire the dry grass, and



Village near Tîrgu-Giulu.

the bushes and branches of trees cut down for the purpose. It was this enormous conflagration which we had observed as we approached. The fire was burning still, and would burn for a week longer. But the harvests were safe. The grasshoppers, driven back by the smoke, would perish with cold far up the mountains,—unless, a thing unhappily possible, they might get safe across into Transylvania.

For two days and two nights the prefect had been on horseback at the head of his zealous band of incendiaries. He was fatigued, but rejoicing; and shortly rallied sufficiently to show us the town,—a beautiful promenade, a bridge, ponds, some manufactories, a pottery, and a new church.

Much more picturesque, however, was the little village through which we passed on the following day, soon after leaving Tîrgu-Giulu. Here we remarked, besides the usual quaint, pointed-roofed thatched cottages, one of those many-armed crosses so characteristic of Wallachia, and an enormous haystack, of a kind which, heretofore, we had usually seen only in the open country, quite at a distance from any habitation.

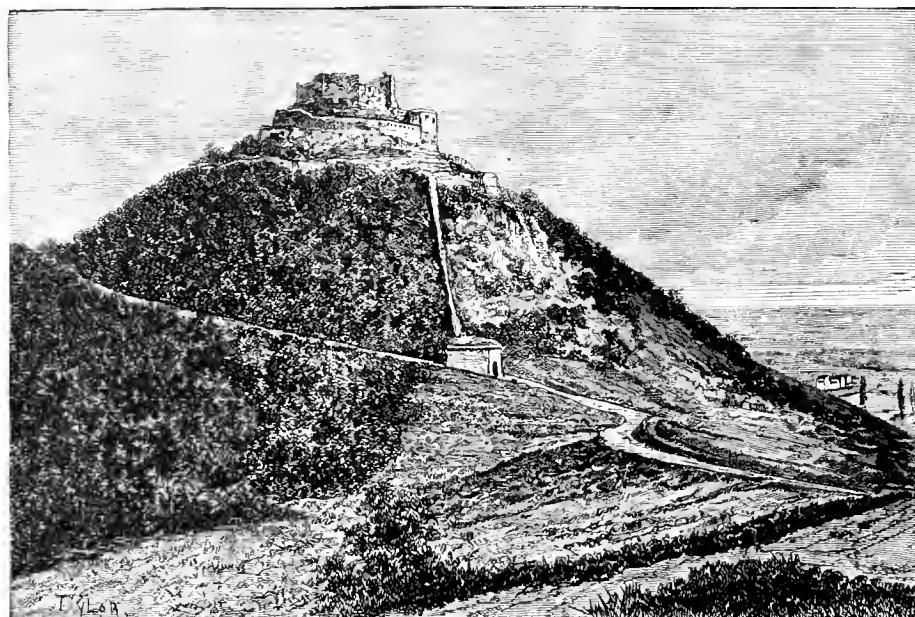
A week later found us on the other side of the mountains, and in the wildest part of Transylvania. It is a region abounding in Roman ruins. Towers, changed into churches, the columns and broken walls of theatres and palaces, betray the Roman town Ulpia Trajana, and leading from it towards the mountains ran the



Roman Mausoleum.

great road called by the name of the imperial conqueror, of which vestiges are yet plainly visible. In all this region, however, nothing is so strangely attractive as a great solitary mausoleum, evidently of Trajan's time, which either must have been used as a church, or has served in some way to consecrate the ground about it, since a little hamlet of rustic crosses has gathered at its base.

Past the Roman ruins of this district of Hatszeg now runs a well-built and perfectly equipped railway. It is a branch of the great main line which makes the circuit of Transylvania, and its existence is due to the discovery of remarkable coal beds in this high Carpathian valley. The road at first follows the banks of the Strel, keeping along the southern base of a range of high hills; then reaching the eastern corner of the level ground, it begins to climb, in long curves, the slopes of the Carpathian Mountains. At every curve a new picture delights the eye: now we see the great plain of Hatszeg, with its groups of poplar and elm trees, the sparkling river gleaming at intervals through their foliage; now, only the rocky mountain sides, or long declivities covered with forests. The train—very long on account of the coal-wagons that are going up to be filled—writhes around projecting masses



The Old Castle of Deva.

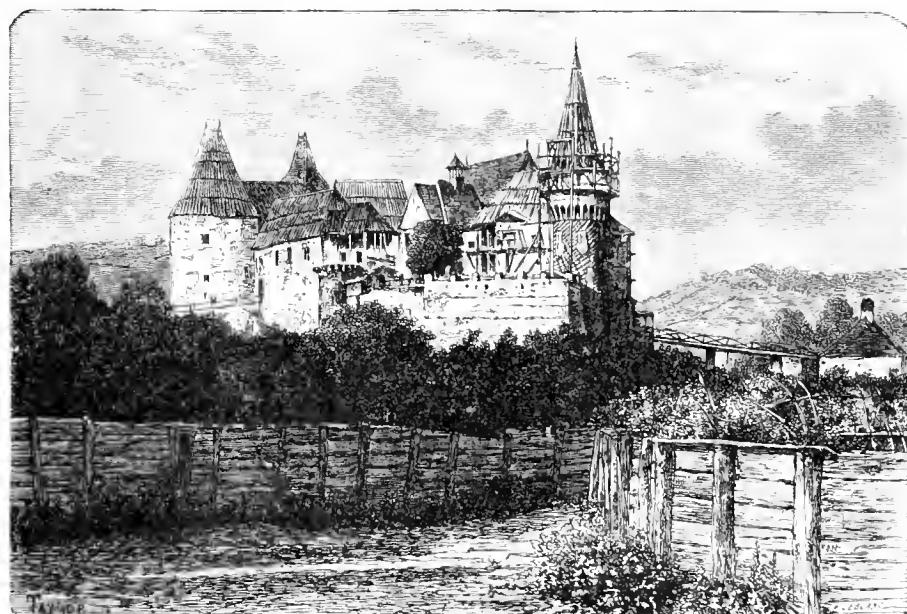
of rock, and through sinuous cuts; the track lies in folds, like a monstrous snake, and we often come out directly above the place where we were a few minutes before.

The town of Petroseny, the mining head-quarters, which we reach at last, offers nothing to the traveller who is in search of the picturesque; and yet it is interesting to see a town which, ten years earlier, was but a wretched hamlet occupied by a few almost barbarous peasants, and is to-day a busy centre of traffic, comprising a population of more than seven thousand inhabitants. Petroseny is laid out in rectangular fashion,—the houses of the miners standing each by itself in its little garden. At regular intervals occur more pretentious dwellings, adorned with balconies and verandas, occupied by the superintendents.

The mines are very easily worked, the strata, in all about one hundred and twenty feet in depth, lying in parallel rows, not far under ground, and presenting

their edges on either side of the valley. Here the miners are at work in the daylight, under the open sky; they are not so capable laborers as the English or the Belgian, and yet the Hungarian miner gets out nearly two tons of coal daily, so great are the advantages under which he works.

Turning northward, two remarkable monuments of the historic past attract us: one, the ancient fortress of Deva; the other, the castle of Vayda-Hunyade. The fortress of Deva, situated on the bank of the Maros, crowns the summit of a trachytic rock, in shape nearly a perfect cone. The buildings were constructed "in the time of the fairies," the peasants say; and it is evident that this point, just at the entrance to the interior plains of Transylvania, must have been of great strategic importance from the earliest ages. Even as late as 1849, the old fortress was



Castle of Vayda Hunyade.

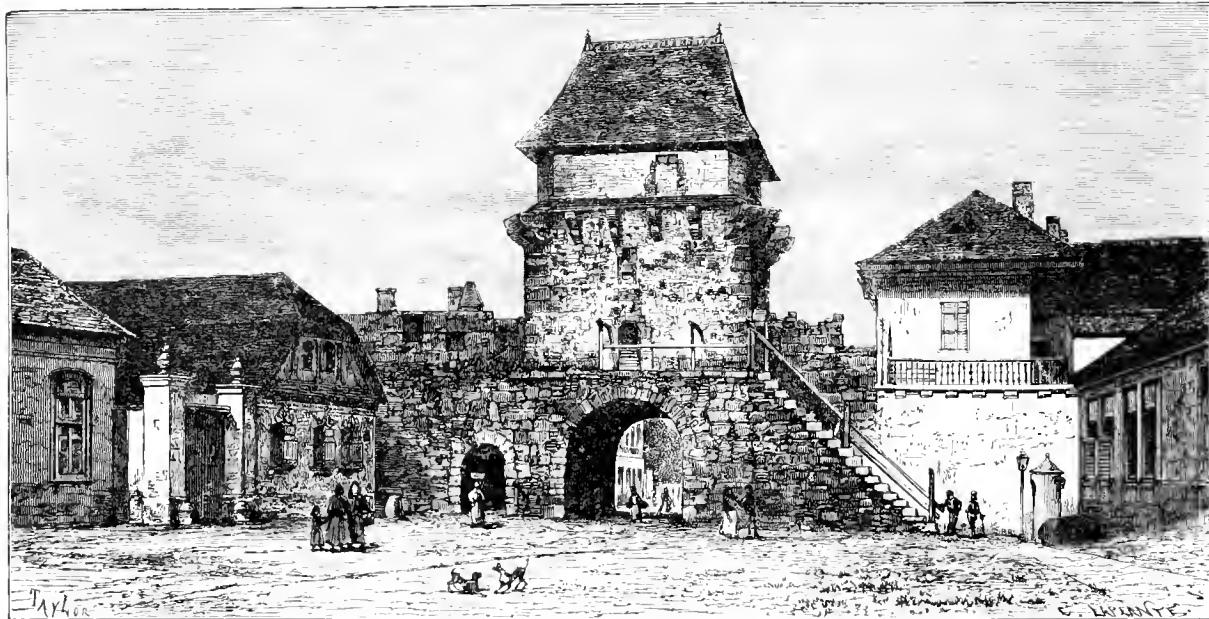
a bone of contention between the Hungarians and the Imperialists, and, finally, either by accident or treachery, was in great part destroyed by the explosion of the powder-magazine, the small Hungarian garrison being buried under the ruins.

Not far distant, in a little valley watered by an affluent of the Maros, stands the other castle, less ancient, but not less famous in the annals of the land. It has preserved the name of its founder, the Vayda (or Voivode) Hunyade. This warrior of the fifteenth century, belonging to both the great nationalities of the Carpathians,—since he was Roumanian by birth, and Hungarian (or "Hun") in manners and alliances,—has remained with the Transylvanians the most popular of their heroes, and visitors come from every part of the country to his castle, as pilgrims to a shrine.

The edifice, though surrounded by high walls, and built upon a rocky plateau

on the river bank, seems rather a country seat than a fortress. King Matthias Corvinus, whose wife was an Italian, had the amiability to invite artists from over the mountains to construct upon one of the bastions "a Venetian gallery," adorned with paintings, mirrors, *faïences*, and carved stone-work. From this circular promenade the queen could, if she liked, behold condemned prisoners thrown into the den of bears far beneath,—an incident of not infrequent occurrence, we are told. It might have been an amusement to her, but the memory of it makes the place sombre.

The work of restoration and embellishment, begun five or six years ago, goes on slowly; the plans of the architect are on a scale so large that a period of twenty years was fixed as the needful time for their complete execution; and, as lack of funds brings



Ancient Gate in Kolosvar.

the work occasionally nearly to a standstill, it is probable that a much longer time will be required.

A few hours by rail brought us to Kolosvar, the capital of the Hungarian part of Transylvania. Probably no other city in Europe of thirty thousand inhabitants has so many small white houses as has this one; but there is an air of great neatness about it, and the streets are broad and edged with sidewalks. It is really quite a German town; the original Roman colony had dwindled to a wretched Roumanian hamlet, when the Germans seized upon it at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They rebuilt the town, and transformed its Latin name Clusia into Klausenburg; then, according to their custom, scorned by the brave Magyars, they inclosed it with strong walls. These ramparts still exist in part, and serve as curiously incongruous walls for some of the modern dwelling-houses; there remain also two or three of the gates, giving a somewhat feudal air to most prosaic neighborhoods.

From Kolosvar we made an expedition into the mountain region of central Transylvania, a remarkable mining district abounding in salt, and in gold, lead, iron, and quicksilver.

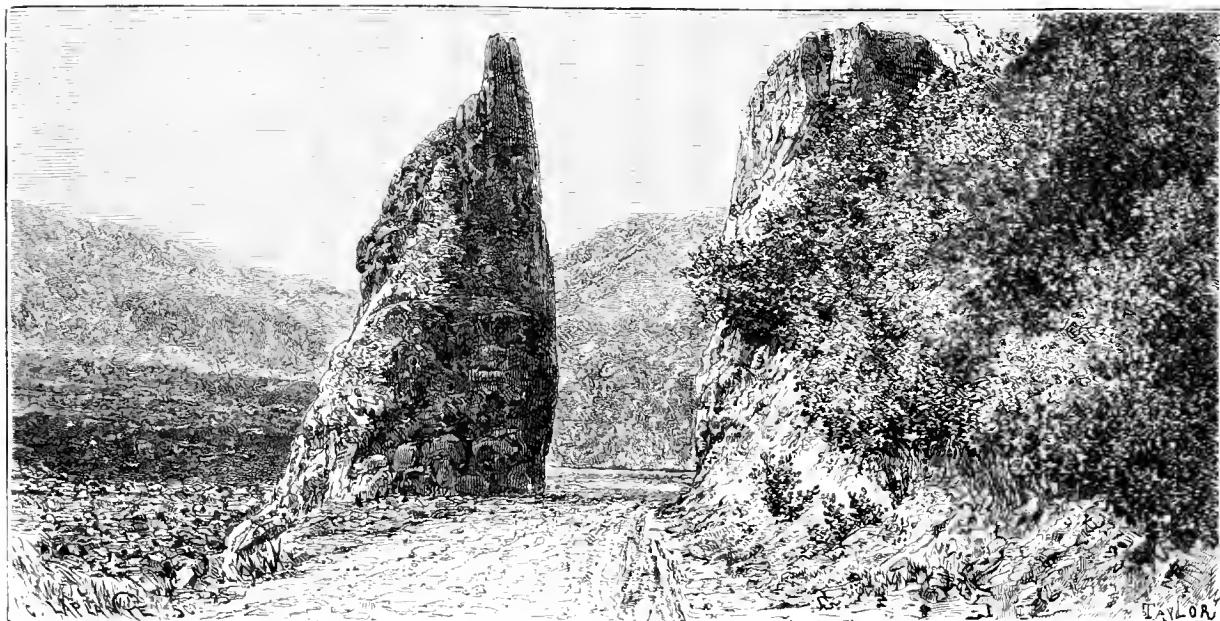
Our first day was occupied with the salt-mines of Thorda, which lie to the north of the town of the same name. We entered through a narrow gallery in the side of the hill, and soon found ourselves on a sort of cornice overhanging one of the great halls of excavation. From below came up a dull sound of echoes and of voices. A light mist seemed to fill the undefined space, which the eye vainly sought to penetrate. Minute, luminous points, or rather veiled lights, were moving in this immense well, but not a figure could be distinguished, nor even the vague shadow which suggests the human form. We sought vainly some fixed point whereby to measure the depth into which we looked; it was absolutely measureless to the eye. In point of fact, it is four hundred and eighty feet from the floor to the roof of this strange underground hall, a height nearly equal to that of the spire of Strasburg cathedral. An interminable winding staircase, cut in the crystalline salt, permitted us to descend to the floor of the hall, and brought us into the midst of a busy world of miners. Standing two by two, along a kind of step cut in the saline rock, they work to detach it from the mass. All their motions are regular and rhythmic; they bend and raise themselves again at the same instant; their picks keep time upon the line which marks the separation between one block and the next. At first they detach the mass laterally, then work at it beneath with horizontal strokes. The sound of the blow tells them at last when the mass is free; they test it with a lever, and go on to the next.

The shape of the excavations has varied a good deal at different periods. They have now the form of bells or cupolas, as being that best fitted to resist the enormous superincumbent weight. Quite recently the mode has been adopted of excavating the rock in long galleries, whose lateral walls meet in arches overhead, like those of casemates.

After our curiosity was satisfied in this underground world, the guide led us up a narrow staircase, cut, like all the rest, in the solid salt. Soon a gleam of daylight sparkled through the brilliant crystal around and above us; the guide lifted a trap-door, and we emerged into the open air. The region around was a true desert of Sahara. Banks of grayish clay hid the horizon of plain and mountain; ridges of crude salt lifted their crystals, tinged with rose-color, blue, and green by the substances that were mingled with the salt; the meagre vegetation of the sea-shore peeped from crannies here and there; along a hollow a line of glittering salt indicated the bed where, in the rainy season, ran a brook; pools of salt water, edged with a rim white as snow, stood in cup-shaped cavities; and over all shone down a sun pitiless as that of Africa.

The next day, in the early morning, we were crossing the fertile plain where the undisciplined Dacian people vainly strove to stand against the shock of Trajan's armies, and noticed with delight how the mountain-door widened as we drew near, through which we were to enter the once famous mining region which was to Europe, before the discovery of America, the principal treasure-house of precious metals.

The entrance to the gorge, a real triumphal arch, is formed by a cutting engineers have made for the road through the porphyry rock. The irregular obelisk left at the north of the torrent bears the name of Leany-Ko, or the Maiden's Rock. The legend is that a young princess, besieged in a castle near by, escaped from her enemies, a Tartar horde, and sought refuge by night on this lofty pedestal. One must needs believe she had fairy help to blind their eyes when daylight came, for no more conspicuous biding-place could well be imagined than the summit of the "Maiden's Rock."

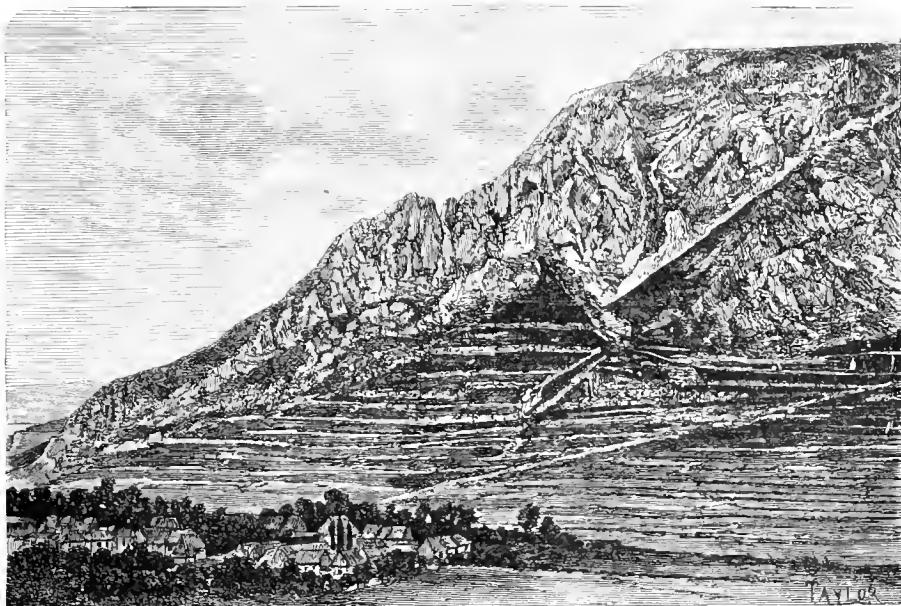


The Maiden's Rock.

The mines nearest Thorda are those of Torotzko; to reach them, we crossed the lower slopes of the Szekel-ko, or Szeklers' Rock. This hill is extremely famous in Transylvanian history. On its summit once stood a stronghold which the Mongols besieged in the thirteenth century. Its defenders, reduced to the last extremity, were about to surrender, when a band of Szeklers, a peasant race, descendants of the ancient Huns, rushing forth from some valley of the Carpathians, fell upon the Asiatics, and put them to flight. From that time the hill belonged to those who had rescued it, and the few fragments of walls yet remaining on its top are the ruins of the fortifications they erected. The anniversary of the victory is yet celebrated, and on that day the inhabitants of Torotzko, obedient to an ancient custom, set up tall poles bearing little flags, like the lances of the Szekler warriors.

The "Rock" is nearly four thousand feet high, and noticeably resembles a couchant lion with lifted head. Its aspect is singularly sombre. All the fields rescued from its slopes are arranged in terraces, and walled up with rough stones: no tree breaks the desolate uniformity of these gray steps. After the harvest, when all traces of husbandry have disappeared, this idea of giant steps is irresistibly presented to the observer.

From the summit, which we reached by a circuitous route without much difficulty, the view is, if possible, even more sombre. The eye rests upon the houses of Torotzko, all exactly alike, and disposed in unequal rows around the great square. Gardens and orchards make a belt of verdure around it, but outside of that, the barren earth stretches its desolate waste. In almost every land the country is more verdant than the immediate neighborhood of towns; here the contrary is true; the town is an oasis in the midst of a desert.



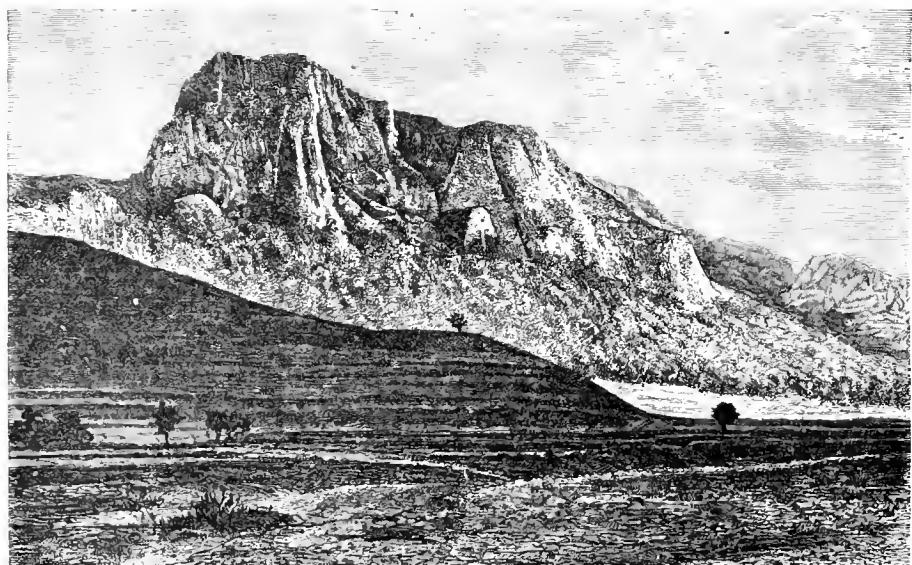
The Szeklers' Rock.

Offenbanya, "the town of gold," is in a valley far more cheerful than Torotzko, "the town of iron." Rivulets come down in rapids and in cascades towards the river; poplar trees and elms grow beside the running water; the houses and cabins are scattered in the fields and along the hill-sides. The traveller may stop with pleasure to visit this charming neighborhood, but he soon learns that the gold mines, which in the mediaeval period made the place famous, are now little else than a matter of tradition; and not very much more important are those of Veres-Patak, where there are government works, with great parade of efficiency and industry.

Between Kolosvar and Nagy-Várág the railway follows the valley of the Körös, and reveals to the traveller a world of charming scenery. At many points are tunnels, often making a frame for some lovely picture; and all along in the valley it is a

pleasure to see how the country deserves its name of Transylvania, or perhaps rather Sylvania, "the land of forests." On every side, not only on gentle slopes, but on rocky escarpments, wherever a fissure affords room for the roots to cling, there is a tree, or a cluster of trees, well-grown and tall, and relieved against the gray chalk or the dark-red sandstone. Emerging from each tunnel, we find the forest still there, and its fragrance comes to us on the wind. One cannot, however, see without regret the prodigality with which this sylvan wealth is squandered. Wood-cutters seem to be at work everywhere; the Sebes Körös—the *rapid* Körös, as this branch of the river is called—bears on its arrowy current an endless train of pine logs; saw-mills are humming at every waterfall, and wagons loaded with lumber stand waiting at all the stations.

From Nagy-Várág, which the Germans call Gross-Wardein, we made a long expedition by rail across the great Hungarian plain, reaching the Danube near the mouth of the Drave. Here we made some days' stay at Essek, and planned our journey thence by the Save, Agram, and Laibach, to Trieste.

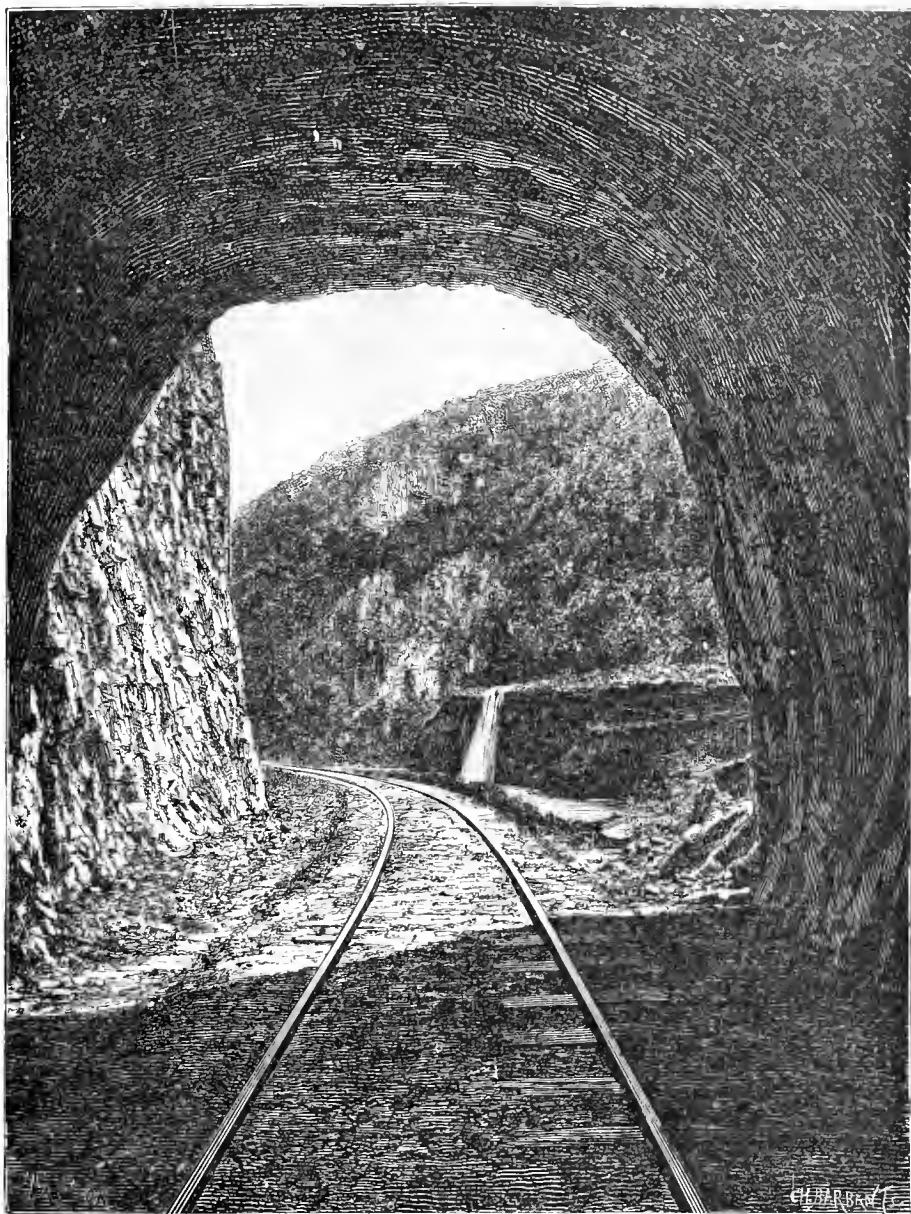


The Szeklers' Rock as seen from Torotzko.

The population of Essek, considered ethnologically, is composed of Jews, Germans, Magyars, and Slaves. If we regard the religions, the diversity is yet greater: we find Israelites, Catholic Germans and Protestant Germans, Catholic Magyars and Protestant Magyars, Catholic Slaves and United-Greek Slaves, and, lastly, quite a small number who belong to the Eastern Church. In addition to this resident population, we find bands of gypsies encamped outside the town, as is the case in every country in Europe where there is much unimproved land.

One of the characteristic traits of Slavie manners among the peasantry is a peculiar association founded on relationship, a sort of co-operative society for the use and improvement of the common property. The descendants of the same grandfather remain together as a family; and it is not, as with us, the individual, but the family

that receives and transmits the patrimony. Ordinarily, the oldest man conducts the affairs of this community, and exercises a certain authority over the rest; but this is not invariably the case, and it has even occurred that a son, chosen by common consent to the chief position, has, in virtue of his office, exercised authority over his father. Whether designated by age, or by the free will of the rest, this individual



The Valley of the Sebes-Körös.

is the agent of the society in its dealings with the world outside; his signature is valid, his bargains binding upon all.

Some of these groups are very numerous; the one which we visited comprised nineteen couples or their representatives. Their home was a fine farm, under good cultivation; they received us with much hospitality, and we passed an hour or two very pleasantly in their society. The men are much fairer than the Magyars, and

have blonde or brown hair. Many of the women, tall and slender, are really pretty. Their eyes especially, clear and brilliant, blue or dark gray in color, have much beauty. The lower part of the face is less pleasing, the chin generally too prominent, and the lips somewhat thick.

Their costumes suggested those of the Orientals. The men wear black felt hats with the brim turned up all around, linen shirts, and loosely-fitting trousers. This is the every-day dress, as we saw it in the mild weather of autumn; a few men whom we met, however, wore in addition a sort of vest of blue cloth, adorned in front with rows of metal buttons, and embroidered in the back with yellow braid.

The women remind one of the Greek girls of Attica. In some cases they wore but a single garment reaching to the ankles and belted around the waist; others added a sleeveless jacket edged with gold cord; but all alike were coiffed with a

kind of kerchief falling on the shoulders, or fastened under the chin; and all wore necklaces, consisting of metal discs and beads, wound many times around the neck.

From Essek we crossed the country to the town of Brod, on the Save, where we had to await the boat coming up from the Danube, and being delayed a few hours, improved the time in visiting the town on the Bosnian side of the river. Since the friendly relations between the Turkish and Austrian governments allow the people on either side of the Save to communicate freely, there has arisen, opposite the Austrian town, a little Bosnian town, which is rapidly increasing in importance. The Bosnian peasants bring hither their mutton, eggs, and fowls, which Jewish traders buy in quantities, to sell again in the markets of Agram and Pesth.

We were quickly attracted, thanks to the ringing music of a gypsy performer,

to a certain *cabaret* where dancing was going on,—dancing in the purely Oriental style,—a spectacle simply, which the audience were assembled to admire. In the East there are but few dances in which the two sexes take part together; and even when this does occur, as in some forms of the Romaic dance, it is only a sort of promenade, in which the men first join, holding each other by the hand, and afterwards the women in the same manner: there is no dancing in couples. Even in the Romaïka,



Peasant Woman near Essek.



BOSNIAN DANCING GIRL.

only he who leads the train dances ; the rest merely form a procession, marching after him. With the exception of this exercise, which recalls the Homeric chorus, and in which a whole village may take part, the Oriental dance is little more than a spectacle, like our ballets ; the audience pay for admission ; the performer dances to be admired for beauty of costume, and grace and suppleness of movement.

After the dancing ceased, we walked about the streets for an hour or two, and made a few small purchases to serve as souvenirs of the country. Our shopping ended, we came down to the river's edge, and while the ferry-boat was employed in transporting to the Austrian side a drove of cattle bought in Bosnia, we amused ourselves with regarding the picturesque variety of types and costumes before us.

Not far from where we stood, a gypsy tinker had set up his flying workshop, and at the moment was mending a caldron which a woman had brought. Around him on the ground were scattered various implements of his trade; curiously enough, he was dressed completely in white, and though probably the garments had been worn for some weeks, they actually appeared white still, from the contrast with the bronze-black skin of his arms and throat. The owner of the caldron, who sat on the ground near by, watching him as he worked, was also arrayed in white, but made a fine contrast to the gypsy, with her blue eyes and fair complexion, and very light hair.

A few steps further lounged a group of Mussulman Bosnians, silently surveying the



Bosnian Merchant.

scene; and another Bosnian, a trader in small wares, stood leaning against his shop-wall with an air of consummate self-satisfaction. The Christian part of the population of Bosnia are distinguished by their dress, especially by the turban, which with them is usually black and red, while the Mussulman's is white, gray, or green; the latter wears also a full beard, while the Christian has only a moustache. Our Bosnian trader was clad in a long red pelisse, edged with fur, and his black turban and shaven chin declared him a member of one of the three Christian confessions.

Meantime the sun had set. Reluctantly we abandoned the river bank, and in a few minutes the ferry-boat had landed us on the Austrian side. At ten o'clock the same evening we embarked on the little steamboat from Senulin, and at half past nine the following night arrived at Sissek, in Croatia.

From Sissek we go by rail to Agram, thence to Laibach, the capital of Carniola, and so to Trieste and the sea.

The traveller who embarks at Trieste to visit the eastern coast of the Adriatic, will find the journey long and tedious, unless he is prepared to amuse himself with minute observations of the shore near which he sails. And if the long chain of Dalmatian Mountains, which a native writer disrespectfully likens to heaps of ashes solidified by the rain and sun, at last becomes monotonous, the vigorous outlines of the narrow Illyrian islands, with their scanty and sombre vegetation and their miniature capitals, and the old cities along the coast of the mainland, offer a satisfactory compensation for the fatigues and annoyances of four days in the very small and ill-appointed steamer of the Austrian Lloyd.

On the evening of the fourth day, however, it was with real pleasure that we entered the roads of Gravosa, and an hour later found ourselves established in the hotel near the Porta Pille, which the guide-book calls the most comfortable in Ragusa, and which doubtless is so, inasmuch as it is the only one the city affords. This little fact gives an idea into what decay the once proud republic has fallen,—this city which, in the sixteenth century, was able to bear the loss of eighty ships-of-war in a day, without being utterly cast down by this enormous disaster.

Ragusa is one of those cities of which it is difficult to speak by halves. If one stays there more than twelve hours, he should remain six months, and could find employ for all his time, whether he cares for historic souvenirs, or revels in the beauty of landscape merely. It has been often called the Slavic Venice, and originally had canals for streets, like its poetic and superb rival; but the earthquake of 1667 filled up the canals with the ruins of the buildings, and to-day in their place are wide streets laid out at right angles, and paved with solid stones. The principal street divides the city into two nearly equal parts, and leads from the Porta Pille to the palace of the ancient doges, now occupied by the *capitano-circolare*, or sub-prefect of the circle of Ragusa. It is a very handsome building of the fifteenth century, and the whim took us to make a sketch of it, to the great scandal of the sentinel, who seized upon us promptly. The *capitano-circolare* was notified, and came down to investigate the case. The soldier, in much excitement, explained that an Englishman had lately endeavored to make a plan of the buildings, and that an order had been given to arrest all persons making similar attempts. The captain explained to him that this order concerned solely the fortifications, and apologized to us for the incivility of the subaltern. In further conversation he advised us to ascend

Mount Malastiza, an hour and a half from Ragusa, in Turkish territory, assuring us that from the summit we should enjoy a fine view of a part of Herzegovina. We accordingly made an expedition thither, one fine morning, and had reached the base of the hill, when a beardless and chubby-faced sentinel rushed towards us wildly, and breathlessly inquired what we were about to do. "To ascend this hill?" "For what purpose?" "Per vedere lo paese" (to see the country). "There is no use in that; *non e paese quâ*" (there is no country over there). For this model soldier there existed nothing at all beyond the frontier of the states of the emperor and the king.

From Ragnsa we continued our journey southward along the coast, and landed at Spizza, in Antivari, whence we crossed the mountains to the foot of the Lake of Scutari, a long, narrow lake, which gives access to the inland country of Montenegro.

It was with emotion easy to be understood that we found ourselves at last gazing upon that glorious little land which for four centuries has held in check all the power of the Ottoman empire.

Near the northern extremity of the lake, on the right, we remark the mouth of the river Morateha, a stream which waters the fertile plains of Zetta and Leschopolia: an isolated hillock, seen with difficulty through the fog, bears an Ottoman fortress, Jabliak, Turkey's lost sentinel on this frontier. Lost, one well may call it, for the Montenegrins take the fort every time they think it worth the trouble, and its history is a series of sieges and stormings.

On the left, at the very head of the lake, is the mouth of the Tsernovich, which we enter and follow for many miles, until it becomes a mere brook, over whose shallows the boatmen push our little craft, standing to the knees in the water. At a sudden turn we come upon Rjeka, a small hamlet consisting of a monastery and a group of houses. This monastery has its place in history. It became the capital of Montenegro after the Turks first established themselves at Jabliak, and before Tsettinia, the present capital, existed. In 1492, there was a Slavonic printing-press established here, and we were shown, when at Tsettinia, a missal printed at Rjeka, bearing that date. Among this people, considered but semi-civilized, the art of printing existed then, at a period when it was yet unknown to two thirds of civilized Europe, almost half a century before it was, in France, the object of Francis I's Draconian severity! This printing-press disappeared in some way, it is not known when; but in our time, the Vladika Peter III., obeying one of those happy inspirations frequent with him, established a Slavie printing-press on the same spot, and had printed there some religious and national works, a collection of his own poetry, and the precious Montenegrin register known under the name of the *Grlitza*. But immediately upon his death,—an event which occurred in the winter of 1852, and at the time of Omer Pacha's invasion, at a moment of great scarcity, the types were melted down and run into bullets; and the printing-press has never been re-established.



PEASANTS IN THE VICINITY OF ESSEK.

At Rjeka we engaged a strong mountain pony to carry our luggage, and set out in a pouring rain, on the footpath leading to Tsettinia. The Prince of Montenegro, who has done much to help his nation in respect to material and moral progress, has never—and with good reason—attempted to improve the roads of the principality. A fine military road might easily be constructed, but it would be fatally advantageous to an enemy in case of invasion. Consequently, it was by a footpath, and that of the rudest kind, that we made our way to the capital of Montenegro.

Nor does this capital present an appearance more in accordance with European ideas. It is probably the smallest village in the principality, and was for a long time nothing more than a monastery. Its position near the western frontier of the state made it preferable as a residence for the *cladikas*, and by degrees seven or eight houses gathered about the church. To-day there are sixteen in all; and if one excepts the public buildings, the monastery, the palace, the arsenal, the hotel, and the house of the minister, there are not a dozen for private individuals.

If the capital city of Montenegro is not large, it is at least laid out with regularity. It forms a sort of T, and is composed of two streets meeting at right angles; at the point of junction is a triangular open space, in this space a tree, and under this tree a well, which represents the *forum* of Tsettinia. The only important building which adorns this place is the hotel, a house built in European fashion, and but recently erected, since some few travellers have had the happy idea of visiting Montenegro, in search of that element of the picturesque now become so rare in Europe. The hotel is comfortable; the host is a Dalmatian Servian, with a merry face, not a distinguished polyglot, it must be owned, and yet, from long practice, skilled in understanding the language of signs.

When the traveller is at leisure, he may amuse himself by sitting at the window, and looking out upon the *boulevard*—so to speak—of Tsettinia. Around the well are gathered some young girls, whose beauty is perhaps rather masculine, but whose air of robust health is delightful to the eye; they have come to draw water, also to exchange that neighborly gossip wherein the fair sex no more fails at Tsettinia than in any village of New England. One could not aver that no glances were exchanged between this group and that which, a few steps off, is talking politics, under pretence of watching the exciting incidents of a game of ball. Around the players are gathered the *élégants* of the place,—handsome fellows, formidably armed, who smoke chibouques, discuss the game, and incidentally talk over the Eastern question, the recent revolt, and the probable intention of the great powers. On a fine lawn which stretches to the angle of the street, some warriors of maturer age are seated in a ring. From a distance it looks like a banquet; on nearer view, we perceive that

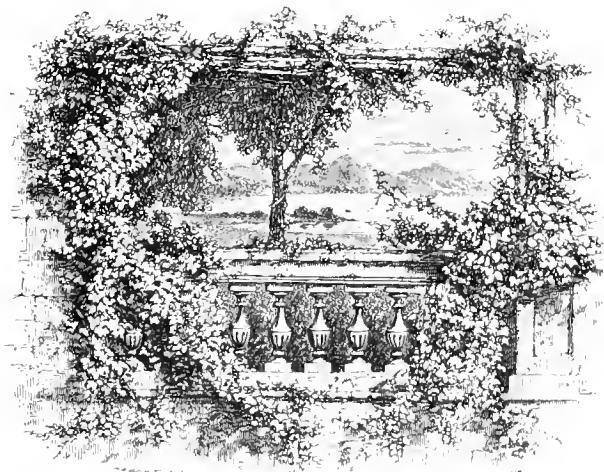
these fathers of their country, senators, royal guards, or simple peasants, are amusing themselves with a rustic game of cards.

We left Tsettinia by a footpath leading westward over the mountains to Cattaro. The valley of Niegosch, through which we passed, is perhaps the most beautiful in Montenegro. Trees, cultivated fields, villages of cheerful aspect, agreeably surprise the traveller, saddened by the general aridity of the country. We passed near the two hamlets of Niegosch and Dujido, one at the right and the other at the left of the road. Mountains of moderate height shut in the horizon at the north and south; at the west the view ends with one of those rude lines which tell the experienced traveller that some steep escarpment lies before him. And, indeed, on reaching the edge of the plateau, we looked down the dizziest precipice in all Europe. At the bottom of a funnel-shaped basin gleamed like a sapphire a little lake no larger than one's hand. It was the Bay of Cattaro; the town itself hidden by angles of the cliffs. Moving along the edge we came in sight of the houses, and it seemed as if one might drop a pebble straight down into any chimney.

It seemed as if we were not more than fifteen minutes distant from the town. We dismounted and took a path whose endless zigzags brought us in an hour and a half to the banks of a broad mountain torrent, which emerges from the rocks, and has but a ten minutes' course before it falls into the bay; it is one of the outlets of the subterranean streams of Montenegro. The breakneck path by which we had come down is much frequented by the Montenegrins who come to market at Cattaro, and when they have no mules, load one of the party with the produce which they bring for sale; and the man is no less surefooted than the beast. Half-way down the descent, a broad imperial road takes the place of the path, and indicates the frontier of Austria.

The same evening we were in Cattaro, forgetting the day's fatigue over an excellent supper at the Hotel Maria-Theresa, and the next morning were on our way back to Trieste.

[131]



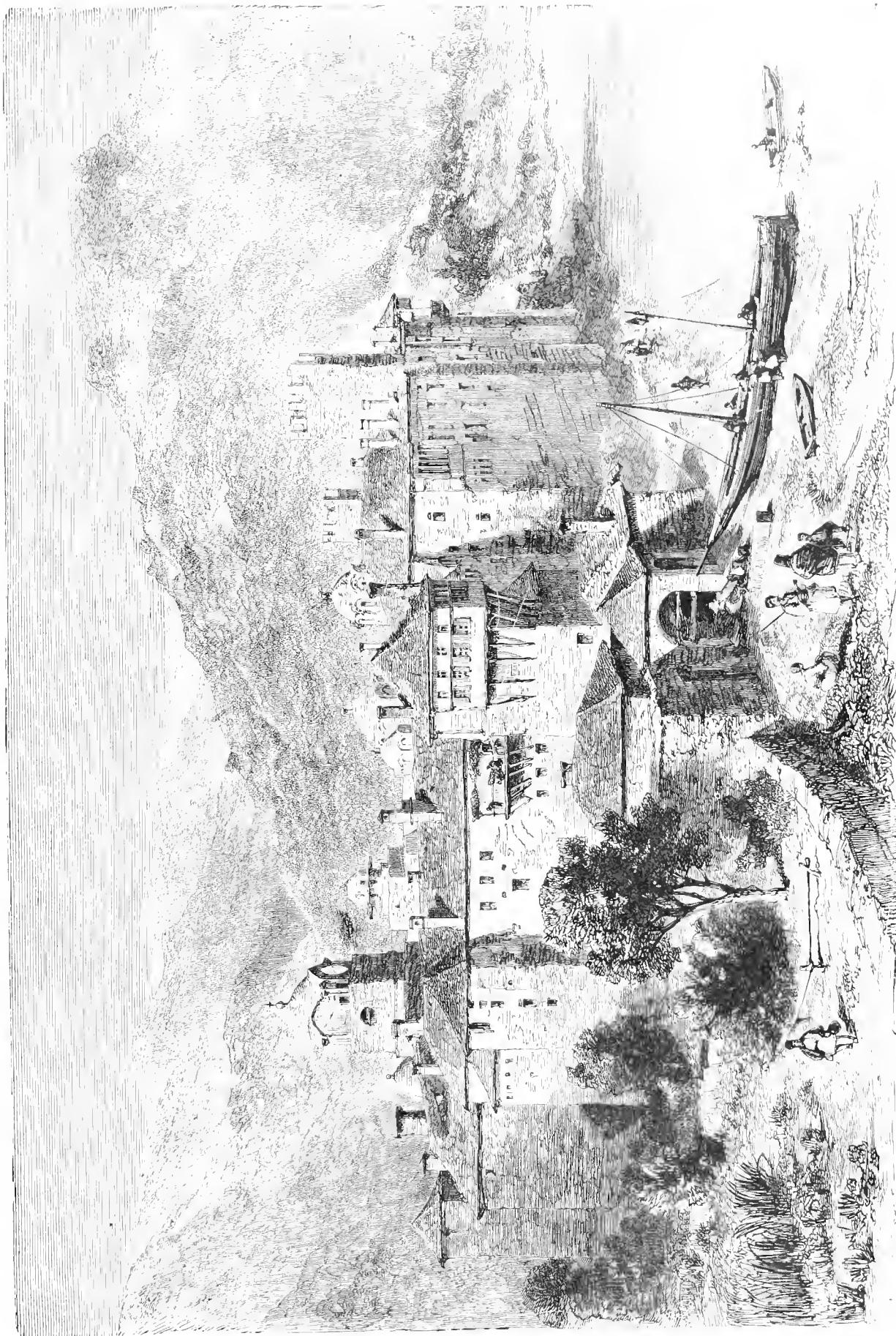


MOUNT ATHOS AND ATHENS.



FROM the southern coast of Turkey, eastward of the Greek peninsula, three long and narrow promontories stretch out into the sea. Of these, two are wild and mountainous tracts, scantily peopled, and in no way attractive to the visitor, while the third, Mount Athos,—though but rarely visited, it is true,—is in some regards one of the most interesting little corners of Europe, and is the home of a population absolutely peculiar in its character and mode of life, its form of government, its literary, and especially its artistic efforts. It is, in a word, a land of monasteries and of monks, the little territory, about thirty miles long and four or five in breadth, containing no less than twenty of these religious establishments, and, in addition to these, the mountain sides abounding in solitary cells and hermitages, each with its devout inhabitants. By a curious superstition in the Greek church it is regarded as a kind of profanation for one priest to officiate in the

same sanctuary with another, so that these monasteries and hermitages are supplied with the almost incredible number of nine hundred and fifty churches or chapels. Some of



VIEW OF THE CONVENT OF ESPHIGMENOU.

these are, of course, very small, but many are large and costly structures, richly decorated with gilding and paintings in fresco, after the Byzantine fashion.

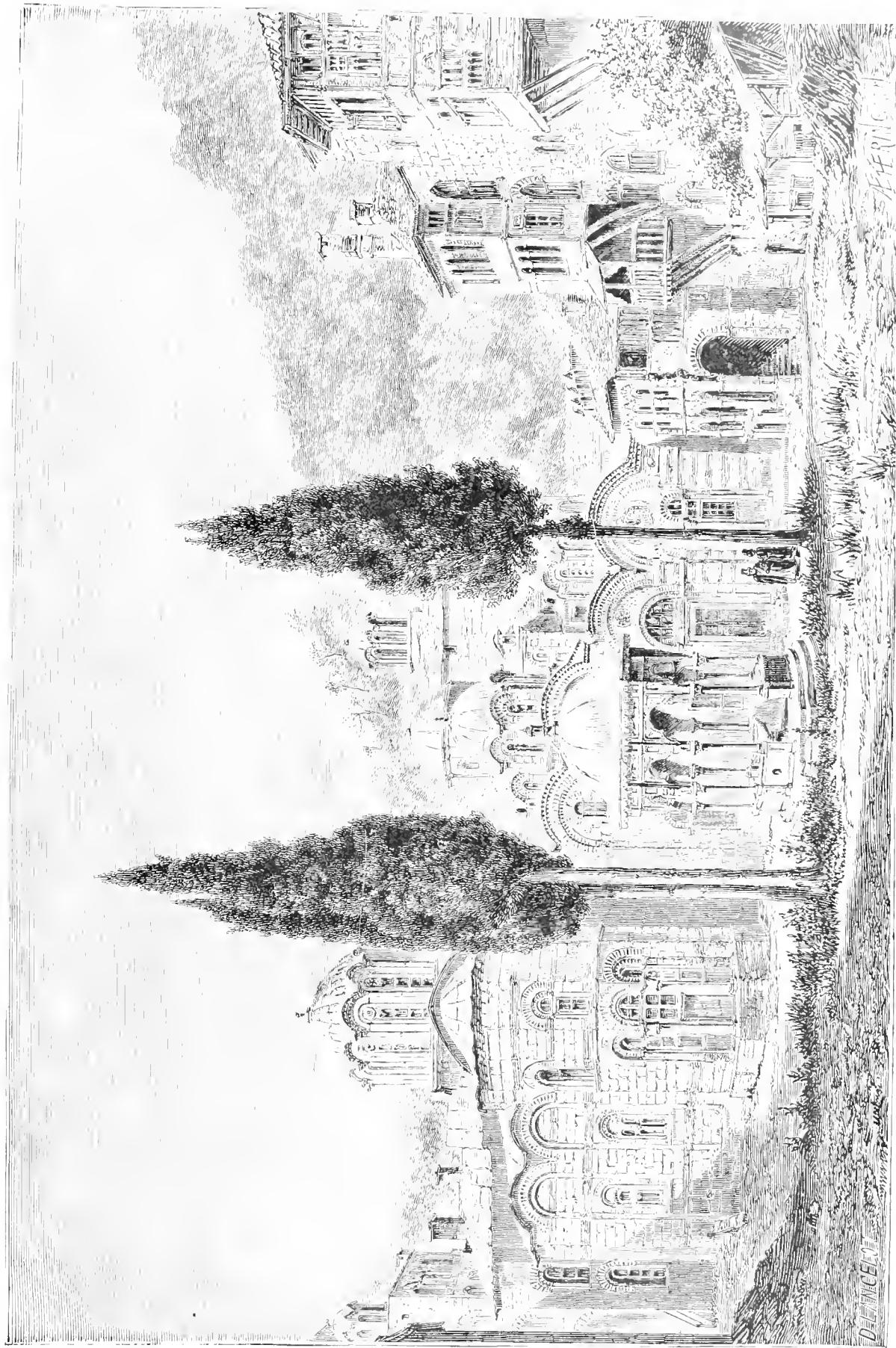
The mountain is governed by twenty *épistes*, representing the twenty monasteries; a president, elected every four years by this assembly, shares the executive power with the representatives of the four oldest and most important monasteries. These four representatives, with the president, administer public affairs, and render account to the general assembly, which, besides its other functions, takes cognizance of crimes and misdemeanors. All laws must bear the imprint of the public seal, which is cut in quarters, one fourth being in the keeping of each representative, and the president holding the key by which the four parts are reunited, so that the consent of the five is signified by the stamp. The Turkish government has recognized, ever since the taking of Constantinople, this little monachal republic, on condition of a payment of five hundred thousand piasters annually. This the pious brethren are well able to afford, for their revenues are large: besides the almost fabulous wealth of gold and precious stones in their shrines and upon their pictures, their receipts from the sale of wood, almonds, and olives, are very considerable, and they also own large domains in Wallachia, in the island of Thasos, and along the sea-coast of Turkey in Europe.

The history of Mount Athos is obscure from the time of Christ to the tenth century. The monks ascribe to Constantine the founding of the Monastery of Lavra, but this is hardly authentic. It is, however, certain that the monasteries of Athos played an important part in the time of the Byzantine emperors; and patriarchs of the Greek Church, who sometimes even disposed of the imperial crown, were chosen thence. The great Athonite painter, Manuel Panselinos, whose works have been ever since copied and re-copied in the monastery studios, was born some time during the twelfth century.

Of the twenty monasteries of Mount Athos, seventeen are occupied by Greek monks, one by Greek and Russian, and two by Servian and Bulgarian brethren. The illustration on page 131 represents Esphigmenou, one of the finest of the Greek monasteries.

Of the two occupied by Slavic monks, Kiliandari (page 135) is rather the most important. Behind it, the mountain rises abruptly, making an exquisite background of foliage for the picturesquely irregular roofs and cupolas of the buildings. The library of Kiliandari is rich in Slavic manuscripts, and its gardens, dedicated to St. Tryphon, patron of gardeners, are the best cultivated in the whole region.

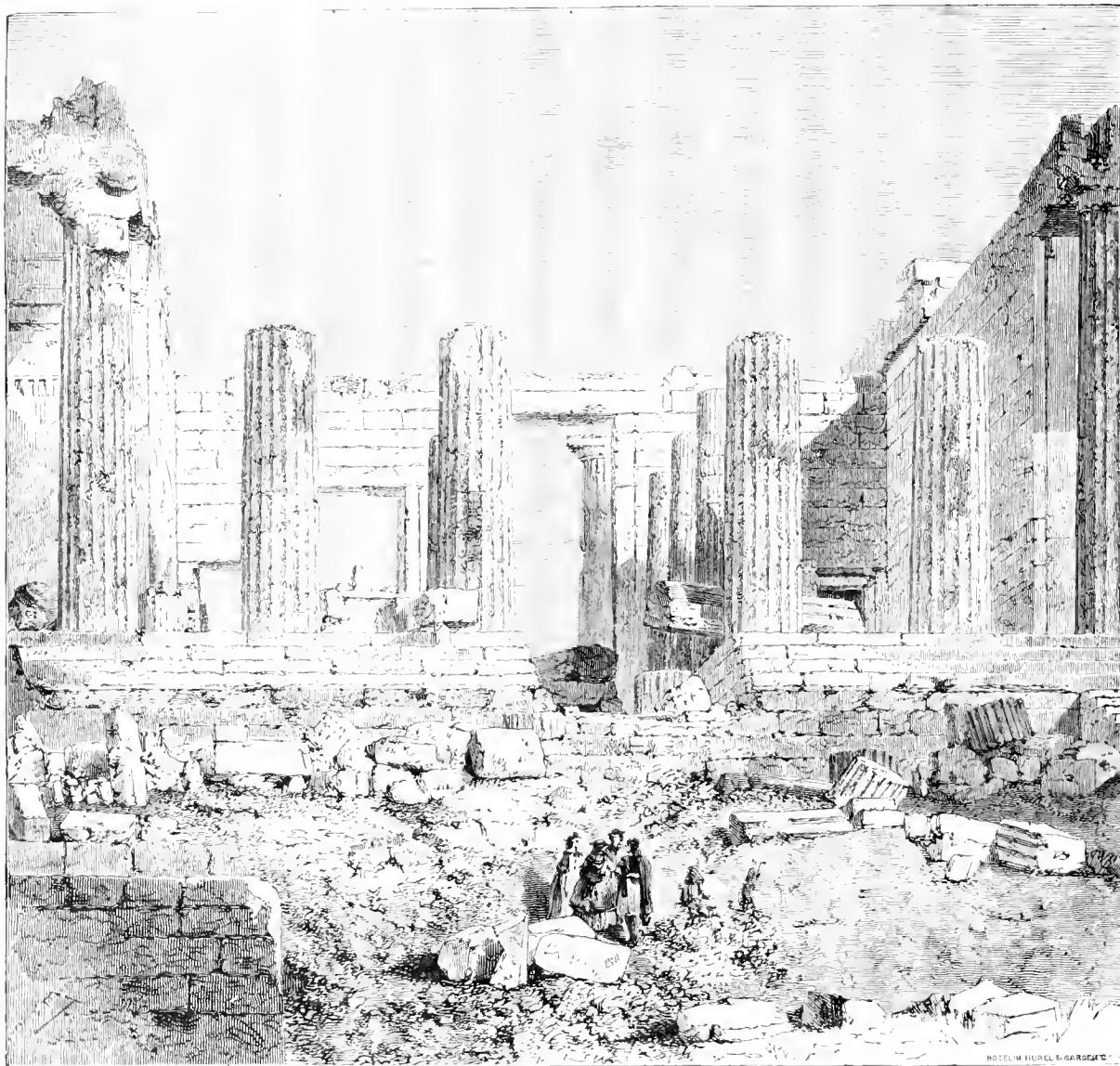
Besides painting, which with the Athonite monks is rather a handicraft than an art, — so rigid and mechanical is the method they follow in preparing their frescos, — decorative work of all kinds is practised in the monasteries. Mosaics and tiles of glass and terra-cotta are prepared by them to be used in pavements of churches in connection with slabs of marble and porphyry. Wood-carving is also carried to a great degree of perfection. The traveller is shown crosses and triptychs, images, and stalls, of wonderful delicacy and originality. We are accustomed to think that



CONVENT OF KILIANDARI

this exquisite work in wood ceased with the German mediaeval artists whose master-pieces are preserved in the museums of Europe; but no longer ago than 1855, a monk of Mount Athos, Father Agatangelos, exhibited at the French Exposition carved work in wood which Veit Stoss himself might have been proud to own.

A tranquil and undisturbed life is that of Mount Athos. Once only has the rumor of war come near them. In 1821, a few of the monks sided with the Greek patriots,



The Propylaea.

and drew upon themselves and the sacred mountain the displeasure of the Porte. An engagement took place near Mount Athos in which the Greeks were victorious; but the Turks returned in great force, and the Greeks were driven away. Then terror spread over Mount Athos. The monks abandoned the open country, placed their treasures on shipboard, and took shelter in two of their strongest monasteries. The Turkish pacha did not venture openly to attack these formidable ramparts, but made propositions of peace to the monks; permitted to enter, he instantly gave up everything

to pillage. Happily the monks had removed all their treasures and reliques to Greek vessels, and they were transported safely to Egina, whence they were brought back at the close of the war. A strong feeling against the Turkish oppressor still lingers in the monasteries, and of all Christian tributaries of the Porte who will rejoice at its downfall, not the least enthusiastic will be the Byzantine monks of Mount Athos.

It is the Bavarians who have selected the site of modern Athens, and we cannot



The Temple of the Wingless Victory.

regard their choice as fortunate. Instead of sheltering the city behind the Acropolis, they have exposed it to the severity of the north winds; and instead of imitating Adrian's veneration for the city of Theseus, they have erected their cumbersome structures upon the ruins of the ancient city. There is not a hand's breadth of ground in this Attic plain which is not precious, and it should have been left intact for the research and the veneration of all future time.

Looking down from the heights of the Acropolis, this great dull town of forty-

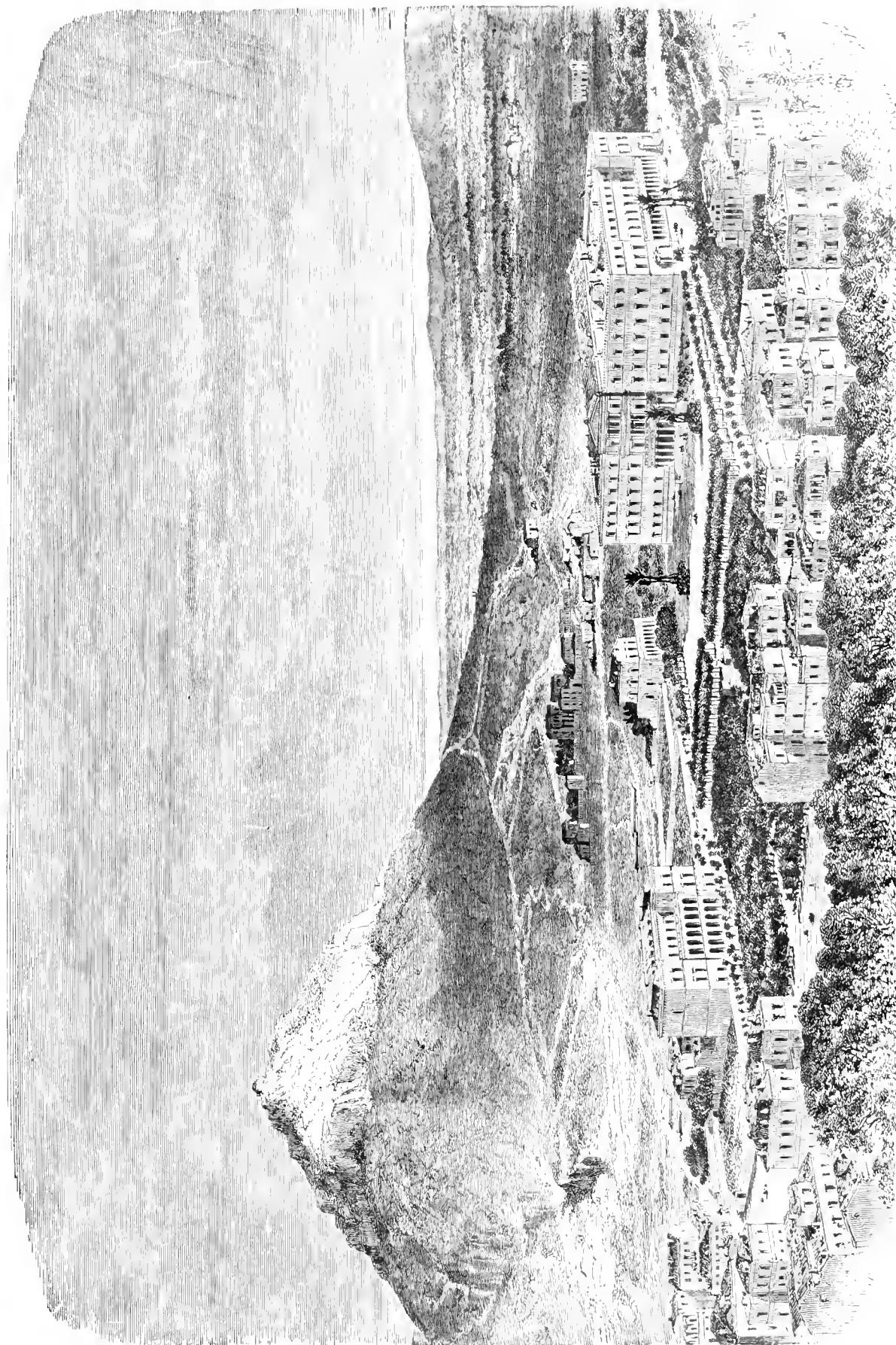
five thousand inhabitants is the single discordant note in the harmonious concert of nature. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than this arid Attica, like a blood-horse whose every vein and muscle is discernible through the skin. At first, this surprises one, but we come to find in it at last an infinite charm, a savor far more delicate than that of more violent contrasts and oppositions. To this fascination of outline must be added the magic effect of light and purity of atmosphere which gives it its value.

There is no sky in the world so pure as that of Athens. No vapor, even in the farthest distance, impairs the freedom of the drawing. This misty blending of far-off sky and land, so common in the north, is unknown in Greece; there is no rude contrast of light and shade; only one soft tint of indescribable harmony. This purity of atmosphere, a savant tells us, is due to the absence of vegetation. Whatever be its cause, its effect is wonderful.

The rock of the Acropolis commands the entire modern town, and is itself the most precious portion of ancient Athens. Much has been written upon it, and it is, indeed, a vast field for observation. Here the rudest ignorance yields to emotion, and the most ardent aspirations bow down before the strong and mighty calm of the genius whose work consecrates the place. But lately the secret of this tranquil beauty has been mathematically explained. A geometrician has made accurate and thorough measurements of these wonderful Greek edifices, and has ascertained that in this architecture, as in nature, all the lines obey a certain curve and inclination. These Greek buildings were designed from nature, we may say; and the absolute harmony of their lines with the lines environing them is the cause of that perfection which no modern art has been able to attain. Greek art knew how to interpret nature and go on with the divine work; that is to say, it was not unmindful whether its structure was destined for valley or mountain-top; and the Parthenon crowns and completes the Acropolis as the pediment of Phidias crowns and completes the Parthenon. Only after long study can we understand the discreet simplicity of these combinations, so unassuming and so natural seems the result.

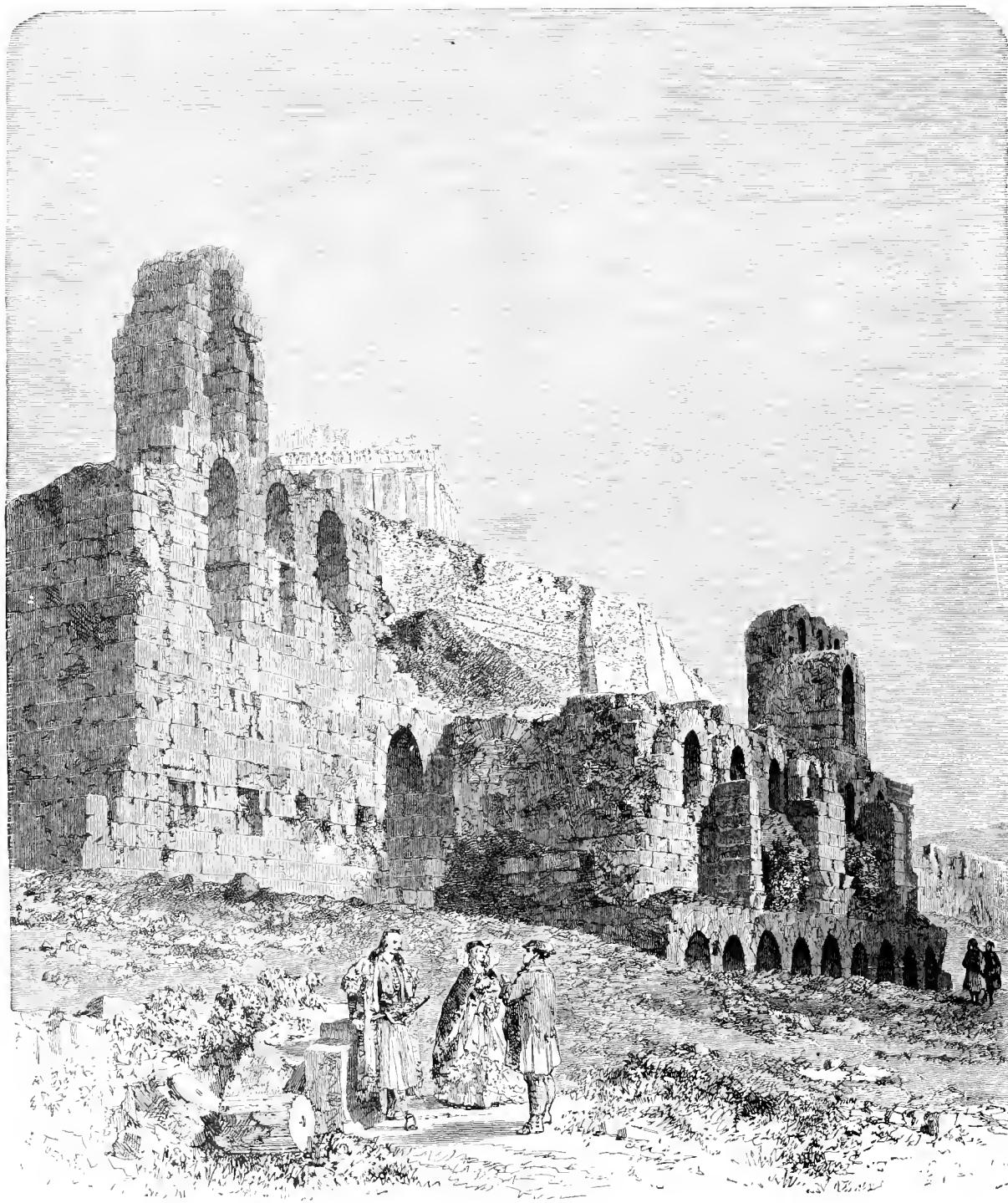
We can form no idea of Greek art from the models borrowed from it, and for a twofold reason: we have neglected this essential harmony with external nature, and we have fallen far short of the faithfulness with which the Greek architect wrought.

The passage-way by which one enters the walled enclosure of the Acropolis passes under two sombre archways, and emerges near the two Propylaea. A part of their columns have been thrown down by the explosion of a powder-magazine, but the walls yet remain firm, and better than anywhere else we can study the astonishing precision with which the Greeks built up their marble blocks without cement. The enormous stones seem laid in place but yesterday, and the masculine severity of this titanic work contrasts singularly with the delicacy of the little temple of the



VIEW OF ATHENS FROM THE ACROPOLIS.

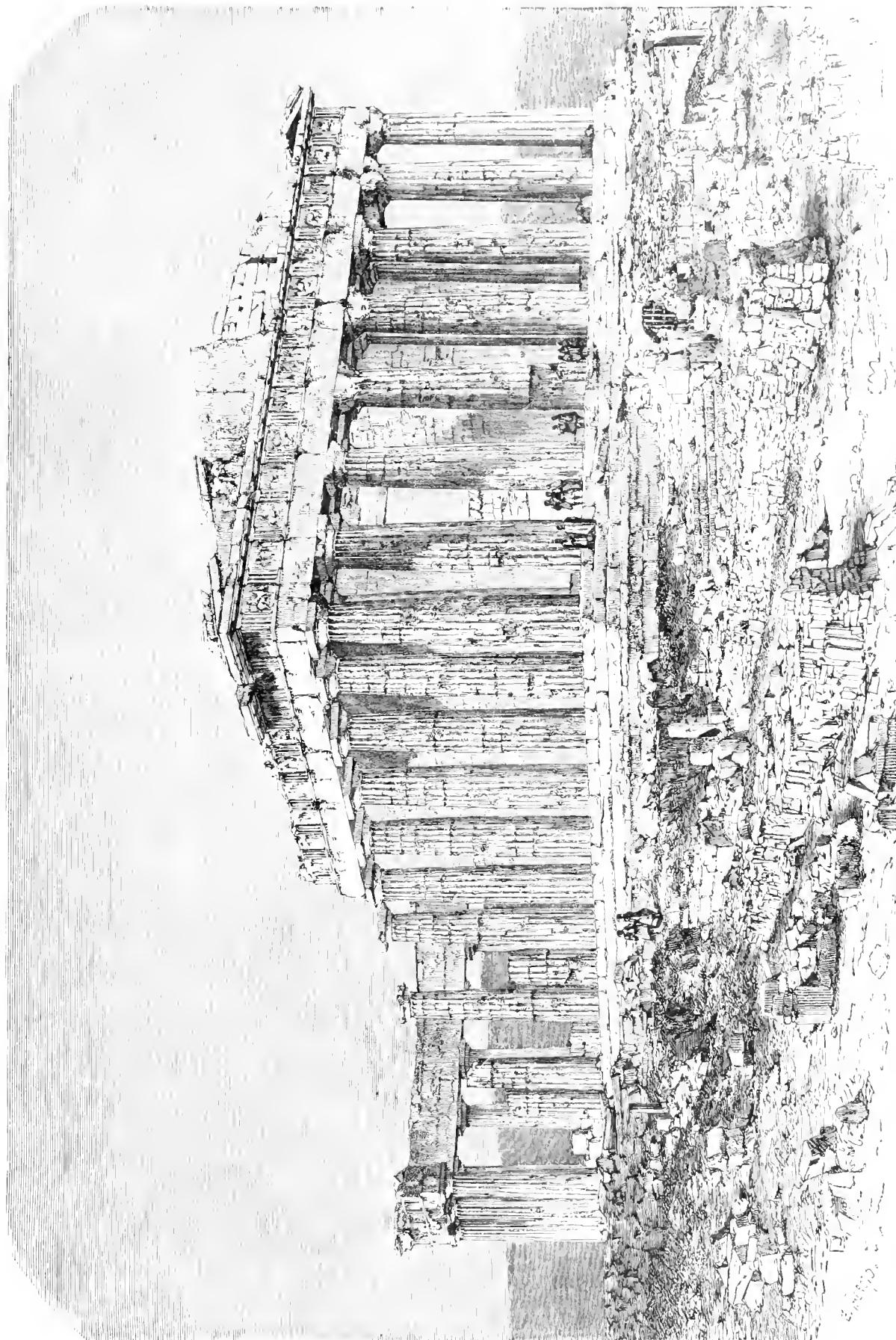
Wingless Victory situated at its right. The façade of this dainty structure is composed of four monolithic columns, surmounted by Ionic capitals. Its name, the "Wingless Victory," has given rise to much dispute; some assert that it was so named,



The Theatre of Herod.

indicating that Theseus, on his return from Crete, had not sent word in advance of the victory he had obtained there; others maintain that it was raised to that Victory who, being wingless, should never more depart from Athens.

But the Parthenon itself is the great marvel of the Acropolis; it stands, one

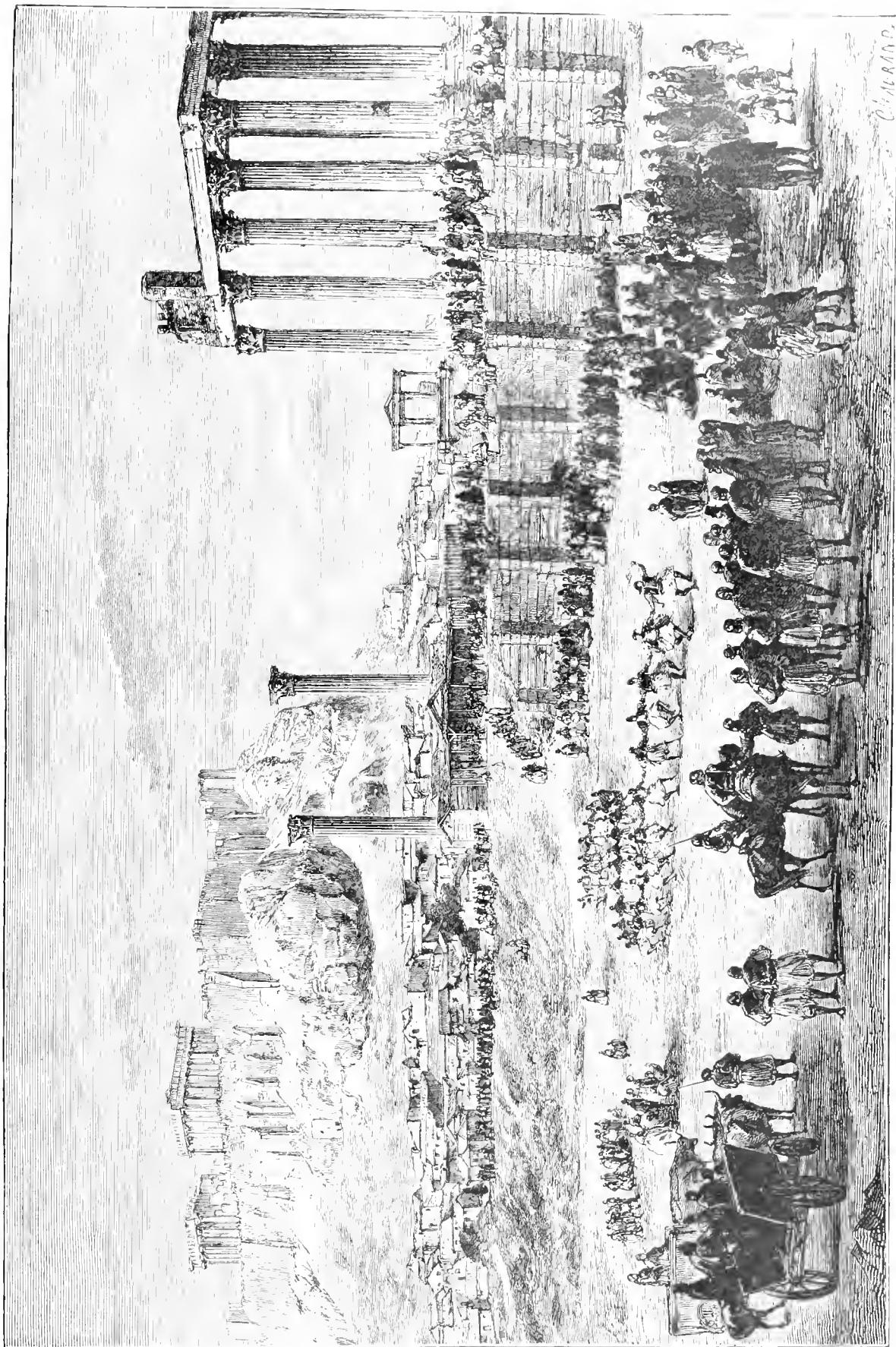


THE PARTHENON.

side torn out by the oft anathematized bomb of the Genoese Morisini, and outlines against the sky its silhouette dismantled by Lord Elgin. Says Sir William Gell: "It is, without exception, the most magnificent ruin in the world, both for execution and design. Though an entire museum has been transported to England from the spoils of this temple, it still remains without a rival." The building stood on the highest platform of the Acropolis, which was so far elevated above its western entrance that the pavement of the Parthenon was upon the same level as the capitals of the columns of the Propylaea. It was commenced about the year 448 b. c., and, by comparison of historic dates and events, sixteen years is the utmost extent of time that can possibly have been employed in the construction of the entire edifice, with its range of eleven hundred feet of sculpture, containing upwards of six hundred figures, some of which were of colossal size, enriched by painting and probably by golden ornaments. The building itself was one hundred and one feet in front, two hundred and twenty-seven in length, sixty-five in height, built from the most durable white marble, and with the exquisite finish of a cameo. No cement was used in the construction, but the masonry is fitted with the utmost accuracy, and held together by iron clamps run with lead, and the cylindric blocks which form the columns have their upper and lower surfaces adjusted and secured by wooden pins and plugs.

The Parthenon was erected in those brilliant years of peace which followed the Persian wars, and was designed as the national sanctuary of Attica. It took the place of an earlier structure which had been built by the tyrant Pisistratus, not really as a temple, but as a storehouse for the treasures of the goddess of the city. The former edifice had been called the Hecatompedon, from its breadth of one hundred feet: the new structure received its name from the goddess Athena Parthenos, the "Virgin Athena," the invincible goddess of war. The Parthenon was recognized as a temple, and contained the statue of the goddess, a colossal figure forty feet in height,—the figure of ivory, and the robes and ornaments of solid gold; the building was also employed as the public treasure-house, and, thus blending the fulfilment of political and religious ends, served to represent the piety and the artistic culture, the wealth and the festal splendor,—in a word, all the glories which Athens had achieved by her valor and wisdom.

On the south-eastern slope of the Acropolis stand the ruined walls and arches of a building (see page 140) known as the Theatre of Herod Atticus, believed to have been erected by that generous patron of the arts, in memory of his wife Regilla. This theatre, which is said by Pausanias to have excelled all similar structures in Greece, was hollowed for the most part out of the rock; the seats were part of the solid mass, but were cased with marble, as were the walls and ornamental parts of the proscenium. Its roof, shaped like a tent, was held to be a copy of the tent pitched



CARNIVAL NEAR THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

by Xerxes on the soil of Greece, and the beams supporting it were made from the masts of Persian vessels.

Still further south-east from the Parthenon stand sixteen gigantic columns of Corinthian architecture (see page 143), each six and a half feet in diameter, and more than sixty feet high. This group of columns, of Pentelic marble, is all that remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and no sketch of the chief antiquities of Athens would be complete without mention of these ruins, representing as they do another age and nation from that to which belong the splendors of the Acropolis. The original Olympieum was one of the most ancient of the Athenian temples, a legend referring its origin to Dencalion. In 530 b. c. a new and splendid building was projected by Pisistratus; but not until the time of Antiochus Epiphanes was the work really commenced, and at the expense of the Syrian king. A century later than this, Sylla carried off the columns of the unfinished building to ornament the temple of the Capitoline Jove at Rome. "In the time of Augustus, a sort of joint-stock company of kings, states, and wealthy individuals," says Stuart, "undertook the completion of the building; but the spell was not yet broken, and the work remained unfinished till the munificence of Adrian, under happier auspices, finished and dedicated the temple, and set up in it the statue of the god, nearly seven centuries after its foundation by Pisistratus."

Not a tenth part of the original structure now remains, and what particulars we have are singularly scanty in respect to an edifice of such magnitude and dignity as a really worthy imitation, in a later and inferior age, of the illustrious achievements of the palmy days of Greece. "It is hardly possible to conceive," says Wordsworth, "where and how the enormous masses have disappeared of which this temple was built. Its remains are now reduced to a few columns, standing together at the south-east angle of the great platform which was once planted, as it were, by the long files of its pillars. To compare great things with small, they there look like the few remaining chess-men, which are drawn into the corner of a nearly vacant chess-board, at the conclusion of a game."

And now, beneath these columns, caring nothing for their date or their builders, the people of Athens gather to hold carnival year by year. Long troops of dancers wind in and out, to the sound of lyre and drum; and when the dancing is over, here in the open air they inaugurate Lent, with a fast-day meal of olives, caviare, and parched corn.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 677 586 5